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POLITICAL EDUCATION.

AMONG the many demands which are made upon our schools and colleges at the present day, none is more universally voiced than the demand for a fuller course of political education. And for this there is good reason. With the growing complexity of modern life, the difficulties of social organization and government are increasing. With the growing pressure toward specialized training for varied spheres of usefulness, the danger that we shall sacrifice the general basis of higher education which will enable us to cope with these difficulties is also increasing. It is not enough for our schools to fit men and women to be parts of a vast social machine; it must prepare them to be citizens of a free commonwealth. If our educational system fails to do this, it fails of its fundamental object.

But in thus recognizing the importance of training for citizenship, there is danger that we shall make mistakes as to the particular kind of training which will secure the results desired. A true political education is a very different thing from much that passes current under this title. To begin with, it is not a study of facts about civil government. A man may possess a vast knowledge with regard to the workings of our social and political machinery, and yet be absolutely untrained in those things which make a good citizen. This distinction is of special importance at the present day, because these topics have so large a place in many of the schemes

of education which are now being urged by social reformers. We hear on every side calls for more teaching of sociology and politics and civics and finance, and all manner of studies intended to inform the young American concerning the mechanism of the political world in which he lives. I shall not try to judge the value of these studies from the pedagogical standpoint, or to estimate whether the undoubted advantage which they possess in awakening interest is more than balanced or less than balanced by the danger of cramming which connects itself with their teaching. But when the plea is urged, as it so often is, that they constitute a necessary and valuable training for citizenship, we are justified in making a direct protest. Except within the narrowest limits, they do harm rather than good. As ordinarily taught, they tend to fix the attention of the pupil on the mechanism of free government rather than on its underlying principles; to exaggerate the tendency, which is too strong at best, toward laying stress on institutions rather than on character as a means of social salvation; to prepare the minds of the next generation to look to superficial remedies for political evils, instead of seeing that the only true remedy lies in the creation of a sound public sentiment. Not that I would underrate the value of knowledge of political fact to the man or woman who is first well grounded in political ideals, but that the endeavor to cram with facts as a substitute for the development

of ideals is at best an inversion of the true order of education, and may easily become a perversion of its true purpose. For the sake of a plentiful and immediate crop of that mixture of wheat and chaff which is known as civics, we run the risk of unfitting the soil for the reception of that seed which should result in the soundest and best growth of which the field is capable.

Nor is it right to conceive of political education as being primarily a training in those scientific principles which regulate the activity of governments. It is true that the teaching of science is a far higher ideal than the teaching of facts, and that the pupil who has received this training enjoys a position of inestimable vantage in judging social events of the day. But it is also true that the study of political science is an extremely difficult one; and that if we depended for the success of our political education upon the truth of the abstract doctrines of politics which have been taught, the outlook would be dark indeed. One political science, and only one, has reached a high degree of exactitude. This is jurisprudence; and just because it is an exact science, people have ceased to pretend that it is easy, and do not attempt to teach it in the schools. Next to jurisprudence in exactness comes political economy, certain parts of which have been developed in the hands of experts to a satisfactory stage of clearness and precision. But that which is taught as political economy in the majority of institutions is very far from having this scientific character. And what is true of the current teaching of political economy is, I think, true in even higher degree of the various branches of sociology and politics, as they are presented in the classrooms of the present day. As a rule, the teaching of sociology is better when it is called by the plain name of history, the teaching of politics better when it is made an incident in the unpretentious study of geography. Under

the old-fashioned name of history or geography, the description of social phenomena arrogates to itself less claim as an exact science than its enthusiastic devotees desire. But the really essential elements in science are truthfulness and precision; and I fear there can be no doubt that the substitution of the new names for the old has been accompanied by a loss in these respects. Next to an education in political facts without ideals, I can imagine no worse training for the future citizen of the country than an education in political principles without exactitude.

It must constantly be borne in mind that the training of the free citizen is not so much a development of certain lines of knowledge as a development of certain essential qualities of character and habits of action. Courage, discipline, and loftiness of purpose are the things really necessary for maintaining a free government. If a citizen possesses these qualities of character, he will acquire the knowledge which is essential to the conduct of the country's institutions, and to the reform of the abuses which may arise. If he does not possess these qualities, his political learning and that of his fellow men will not save the state from destruction. If he has not the courage to exercise his political rights in the face of possible intimidation, no amount of acquaintance with constitutional law will save his vote from suppression or prevent popular government from becoming a mere mockery. If he has not the discipline to subject his will to the restraints of law, no amount of knowledge of the beneficent effects of these restraints will save the people from that revolution and anarchy which invite tyranny from within or conquest from without. If he does not possess a measure of political idealism and disinterestedness of aim, no amount of knowledge of the needs of the country and the ways of meeting them will lead to the formation of an active public sentiment, or prevent the institutions of the

nation from degenerating into a more and more rigid formalism.

If there is one thing which distinguishes the great writers on politics from the petty ones, it is the recognition of this overwhelming importance of character and public opinion, as compared with the particular institutions in which that character and public opinion may choose to embody its organized activity. Unfortunately, their words on this matter do not always find ready hearing. The details of the organization are so much easier to see than the underlying spirit which gives it life that everybody looks at the former, and few have the sense to see the latter. Every one knows that Aristotle divided governments into monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; very few know that Aristotle said that there was a more fundamental division of governments into those which were legitimate and those which were not, the former being based on the consent of the governed and acting in the interest of the whole, while the latter were based on the authority of a class and exercised in the interests of that class. Every one knows that Rousseau's Social Contract was a powerful means for the promotion of democracy in Europe, and identifies him with the doctrine that majorities should rule. Few know that Rousseau protested against the abuse of this doctrine with which his name was connected; that he said emphatically that the majority of the people was not the people and never could be; and that he only called for the determination of the public will by majority votes as being a better means than any other which had been devised of approximating to that real public sentiment which, after all, was the only legitimate power. Let us not adopt a line of education which shall emphasize in the minds of our children those details which were trivial in Aristotle and those which were pernicious in Rousseau. Let us rather impress upon them their responsibility as members of

a body politic in the formation of that sentiment running throughout the whole body, which is behind the laws of a free state, and without which all law becomes either a mockery or a means to the tyranny of some over others.

But what is this public sentiment, about which so much is said and so little understood?

"Man," says Aristotle, "is a political animal." Many attempts have since been made to restate this proposition in an improved form, but on the whole none is so good as the original. The instinct for forming communities which shall be the unit and centre of action is a distinguishing mark of the human species. And in the formation of these communities, the thing which holds them together and marks them out from those about them is not so much a distinction of physical character, or even of mental quality, as a distinct system of political ethics. A man under the influence of this code of political ethics imposed by the community will do things which may seem to militate, and sometimes actually do militate, against his self-interest as an individual. Under its influence he will encounter personal danger to promote public safety, will submit his passions and desires to the restraints of irksome discipline, and, hardest of all, will in modern times perform disinterestedly as a trustee in behalf of the community those powers which the voice of that community has intrusted to his charge.

On that feeling which gives effect to those political virtues we have bestowed the name of public sentiment. It may be said to perform the same functions in the world of political morality which the individual conscience performs in the wider domain of personal morality. And just as codes of private morals are unmeaning or formal unless there is a sturdy conscience to give them effect, so legal regulations and police discipline are but a vain reliance unless public sentiment stands behind them and comes to their

aid. We may carry the analogy one step further, and say that just as in private morality there is an alternative between self-government by one's own conscience and the compulsion of external authority, so in public morality there is a similar alternative between self-government by public sentiment and the tyranny of a dominating power.

It will be readily seen that public sentiment, as thus described, is a very different thing from much that passes under that name. If a large number of people want a thing, we not infrequently hear it said that there is a public sentiment in its favor. It would be much more correct to say that there is a widespread personal interest in securing it. The term public sentiment can only be applied to those feelings and demands which people are willing to enforce at their own cost, as well as at that of others. The desire for better municipal government on the part of the man who is not willing to labor for that end, the effusive patriotism of the man who hopes thereby to lead other people to enter upon a war of which he may celebrate the glories and enjoy the fruits, the denunciation of trusts by the man who has tried to do what they do and has not succeeded, can never be regarded as expressions of public sentiment in any true sense. They are but instances of the selfishness, the vaingloriousness, and even the envy of large sections of the community. There is perhaps nothing which more severely cripples economic reform than a failure to distinguish between a disinterested condemnation of that which we should despise in ourselves no less unsparingly than we denounce it in others, and the interested outcry of those who object to an evil, real or alleged, simply because some one else happens to be its beneficiary.

There is just as much need for the training of this public conscience or public sentiment, by whatever name we choose to call it, as for the training of the individual conscience in the affairs of pri-

vate life. In fact, there is all the more need for such training, because the functions of the public conscience are less perfectly understood and the matters with which it deals are much more complex. In the practice of ordinary personal virtues a man or woman cannot go far astray without being brought up with a round turn by social disqualification, if not by the police or the reformatory. But in matters which concern the public interest, the transgressor, under our present system, is often entirely safe from the condemnation of the law, and largely so from any active exercise of social disqualification on the part of his fellow men. The greater the complexity of our social phenomena, the less clear are the applications of some of our standards of personal morality in their conduct, and the more does this education of public morality become an indispensable thing for the community that would preserve its integrity.

The means for this education have not kept pace with the need. In some respects we have actually gone backward. Grand as is the work which is done by the courts of the present day, it is doubtful whether their function as public educators stands where it did a century ago. Partly on account of the increasing difficulty of the cases with which they have to deal, partly on account of a theory of legal authority which dates from the beginning of the present century, our judges have contented themselves more and more with the application of precedents, and have been less and less concerned with the elucidation of reasons which should appeal to the non-technical mind. Add to this the fact that the performance of jury duty, once an all but universal educator in the principles underlying some of the most important branches of the law, has now become a burden which men seek to avoid, and we see how the judiciary has been largely shorn of those educational functions which in the

history of the human race have been even more important than the purely technical duties of the office.

A still more serious retrogression has perhaps taken place in the educational influence of our public orators and debaters. It is hardly more than a generation since the utterances of political leaders in and out of Congress were a mighty power for the shaping of public opinion. Calhoun and Clay, Webster and Lincoln, formed by their speech the sentiment of large bodies of men on matters of public duty. We may differ in our judgment as to the rightness or wrongness of the conclusions which they drew. The man who agreed with Calhoun will disagree with Lincoln. But, now that the clouds of strife have passed away, all can agree that Calhoun and Lincoln alike appealed to something higher than personal interest, created something with more cohesive power than a mere enlightened selfishness — that each, in short, was inspired by a high ideal of the public conscience to which he appealed, and helped others to realize that ideal. To-day, on the other hand, it is almost proverbial that the effective speeches are those which voice a prepossession already felt, and give a rallying cry to partisan or personal interests. The system of district representation has gone far to make legislation a series of compromises between the interests of the several parts concerned, rather than an attempt to meet the needs of the whole. So far as this change has taken place in our legislation, it has become inevitable that the debate by which such legislation is preceded should be not so much an attempt to discuss the interest of the whole and to subordinate thereto the interests of the several parts by an appeal to self-sacrifice, as a skillful conduct of a negotiation where each speaker represents his sectional demands, which he strives to enforce by his superior adroitness as one among many players in the game of politics.

It is a common saying, and on the whole a true one, that newspapers have taken the place of orators as the educators of public sentiment. That the change has been attended with some advantages, none but the blindest pessimist would deny. The average citizen learns more facts through his newspapers in a day than he learned from his public speakers in a month. Materials for judgment are thus brought home to him far more promptly, and on the whole, I am inclined to think, rather more truthfully, than they were under the old régime. But whatever advantages the modern newspaper offers, it does not, with some honorable exceptions, recognize the duty of educating public sentiment as a paramount one. From the very circumstances of the case, the daily newspaper is under a strong pressure to emphasize what is ephemeral as compared with what is permanent; to throw into high relief what is crude rather than what has been thoroughly digested; to make more use of that which is sensational than of that which is sedative. Too often it is compelled by pressure of necessity to subordinate everything else to partisan ends. Even where the editor himself has a high ideal of the possibilities of his vocation, he finds himself hindered by a lower conception of journalistic duty which prevails among the public at large. Whatever the reason, and wherever the blame, we cannot rely on the average newspaper of the present day to furnish that training in disinterestedness which is the essential basis of a really powerful public sentiment.

All these facts increase the responsibility which is placed upon our institutions of learning. The more inadequate the means for forming a disinterested public opinion in other ways, the more urgent is the need that our colleges should make this one of their chief functions. It will not do to have our higher education a purely technical one. However completely the citizens of the

next generation may be fitted for the exercise of their several callings, our Constitution will not be safe unless they are also trained in the principles which enable them to govern themselves and their fellow men.

It is an interesting thing to see how the higher education of different countries reflects in its organization and character the political institutions of the nations concerned. In France and in Germany, where the citizen is part of a public machine, university life is occupied with an almost purely technical training, which fits each man for his place in that machine. In England and America, on the other hand, where the citizen is regarded primarily as part of a governing body, we have had a system of college education less closely adapted to technical needs, but more efficient in the creation of public sentiment. England and America have a system of liberal education in a sense which France and Germany have not, — an education whose liberality consists not in the superior quantity of knowledge, but in the relation of that knowledge to civil liberty.

How shall our colleges continue to give the education which is liberal in this higher sense, — education in the virtues of the freeman as distinct from those of the slave? In the answer to this question is bound up the whole future of the American college as an institution; not only its form, but perhaps its very existence.

Its course of study, in the first place, must deal with subjects which are non-professional. The student who begins at too early a period of his education to occupy himself with matters pertaining to the gaining of bread and butter is from that very fact in danger of losing sight of his broader privileges and duties as a citizen. The moral influence of having the student's mind fixed, during some of the most plastic years of his mental life, on things whose value is independent of their money-making power

for him individually is a thing of incalculable value.

In the second place, the course of study must deal with things which are permanent and not ephemeral. The man who would govern a nation and lead its public sentiment must not be swayed by the misjudgments and distortions of the moment. There is no power which in the long run has more commanding influence over the people than the power of a strong man to adhere to fixed standards where weaker men are unbalanced and unsettled by momentary confusion. It is this quality of permanence, I believe, more than any other, which has given to classical literature its commanding place in the educational systems of countries like England and America. I would not confine the term "classic" to the literature of Greece and Rome; but I would insist with confidence that the education of free citizens should be grounded in the study of those works which have proved their greatness, not by the appeal to a single generation or even to a single country, but by living long enough and spreading far enough to serve as a permanent basis of thought amid the shifting views and ideals of different communities.

In the third place, it must deal with large affairs rather than small ones. In some of our modern methods of work there is a real danger that this need may be disregarded. Controlled as our studies are by persons who see in every brilliant scholar a possible candidate for the degree of doctor of philosophy, there is a tendency in some quarters to substitute thoroughness and minuteness of detail for breadth of view, and to use, in those general studies which are intended to enlarge the mental horizon, methods of training which are more fit for those who would pursue them for technical purposes. It cannot be too strongly impressed on the teaching force of the country, in these days of specialization,

that a liberal education has in view purposes different from those which control the specialist, and in some degree opposed to them. Original research, of which so much is said, is a valuable thing in its place; but it will not do to have the citizens of our republic regard the muck-rake as the chosen instrument of higher learning. I would not undervalue for one moment the importance of hard and thorough work; but unless our teachers can find methods of securing this work on broad lines instead of narrow ones, the collegiate education of the country, in its older sense, is bound to pass away, because it will no longer be fulfilling its definite function in the training of the citizen.

But by no means the largest part of the education in public spirit which a college ought to give is to be sought in its course of study. The education given by the students to one another, and resulting from the spirit of the place, is that on which we most rely for the development of loyalty and self-devotion and those moral elements which are necessary as a basis of public sentiment in a self-governing community. It is perhaps not too much to say that the chief importance of the choice of studies in the collegiate training of citizens lies in the fact that the right selection of studies attracts the right kind of student material. The school which is purely technical, which enables its graduates to get large salaries at the sacrifice of breadth of character, inevitably attracts, as the years go on, those persons to whom money-making is the prime object. The school whose course is crammed with things of momentary rather than of permanent interest attracts those persons who value the superficial or transitory rather than the profounder things of life. The school whose methods of instruction are microscopic rather than telescopic attracts the minds that are narrow instead of broad. But with a

course of study arranged independently of preparation for professional life, dealing with the things of all time more than with the interests of the moment, and aiming to give all possible breadth of intellectual interest, we are reasonably sure of attracting a student body capable of educating one another in disinterestedness, in stability of purpose, and in that sense of proportion which goes with largeness of vision. Nor is the influence of such students confined to those who are immediately associated with them. A few successive classes of this kind can build up a system of traditions and of sentiments which are hard to explain to those who have not come under their influence, but which, to those whose privilege it has been to feel their force, constitute the profoundest element in the political education furnished by a college course. This influence is not confined to any one department of college activity. It is manifested alike in the classroom, in the society, or on the playground. It carries those who feel it outside of themselves, and makes them part of a college life whose freedom trains them for the freedom of the larger national life into which they are just entering. Taking our boys — and, in the present generation our girls also — from different sections of the country, it makes them acquainted with their fellow men or women in a broader and more national sense than is possible in the secondary school, and under circumstances which contribute to the development of wider ideals than are possible in a system of technical training. May the time be far distant when these elements in our college life shall be crowded out by the pressure of professional studies, or weakened by schemes of education which lay more stress on the things which lie immediately before us as individuals than on those which fit us to be members of a free commonwealth and makers of the world's history!

Arthur Twining Hadley.

THE FOREIGNER.

I.

ONE evening, at the end of August, in Dunnet Landing, I heard Mrs. Todd's firm footstep crossing the small front entry outside my door, and her conventional cough which served as a herald's trumpet, or a plain New England knock, in the harmony of our fellowship.

"Oh, please come in!" I cried, for it had been so still in the house that I supposed my friend and hostess had gone to see one of her neighbors. The first cold northeasterly storm of the season was blowing hard outside. Now and then there was a dash of great rain-drops and a flick of wet lilac leaves against the window, but I could hear that the sea was already stirred to its dark depths, and the great rollers were coming in heavily against the shore. One might well believe that Summer was coming to a sad end that night, in the darkness and rain and sudden access of autumnal cold. It seemed as if there must be danger offshore among the outer islands.

"Oh, there!" exclaimed Mrs. Todd, as she entered. "I know nothing ain't ever happened out to Green Island since the world began, but I always do worry about mother in these great gales. You know those tidal waves occur sometimes down to the West Indies, and I get dwellin' on 'em so I can't set still in my chair, nor knit a common row to a stocking. William might get mooning, out in his small bo't, and not observe how the sea was making, an' meet with some accident. Yes, I thought I'd come in and set with you if you wa'n't busy. No, I never feel any concern about 'em in winter 'cause then they're prepared, and all ashore and everything snug. William ought to keep help, as I tell him; yes, he ought to keep help."

I hastened to reassure my anxious guest by saying that Elijah Tilley had told me in the afternoon, when I came along the shore past the fish houses, that Johnny Bowden and the Captain were out at Green Island; he had seen them beating up the bay, and thought they must have put into Burnt Island cove, but one of the lobstermen brought word later that he saw them hauling out at Green Island as he came by, and Captain Bowden pointed ashore and shook his head to say that he did not mean to try to get in. "The old Miranda just managed it, but she will have to stay at home a day or two and put new patches in her sail," I ended, not without pride in so much circumstantial evidence.

Mrs. Todd was alert in a moment. "Then they'll all have a very pleasant evening," she assured me, apparently dismissing all fears of tidal waves and other sea-going disasters. "I was urging Alick Bowden to go ashore some day and see mother before cold weather. He's her own nephew; she sets a great deal by him. And Johnny's a great chum o' William's; don't you know the first day we had Johnny out 'long of us, he took an' give William his money to keep for him that he'd been a-savin', and William showed it to me an' was so affected I thought he was goin' to shed tears? 'T was a dollar an' eighty cents; yes, they'll have a beautiful evenin' all together, and like 's not the sea 'll be flat as a doorstep come morning."

I had drawn a large wooden rocking-chair before the fire, and Mrs. Todd was sitting there joggling herself a little, knitting fast, and wonderfully placid of countenance. There came a fresh gust of wind and rain, and we could feel the small wooden house rock and hear it creak as if it were a ship at sea.

"Lord, hear the great breakers!" ex-

claimed Mrs. Todd. "How they pound! — there, there! I always run of an idea that the sea knows anger these nights and gets full o' fight. I can hear the rote o' them old black ledges way down the thoroughfare. Calls up all those stormy verses in the Book o' Psalms; David he knew how old sea-goin' folks have to quake at the heart."

I thought as I had never thought before of such anxieties. The families of sailors and coastwise adventurers by sea must always be worrying about somebody, this side of the world or the other. There was hardly one of Mrs. Todd's elder acquaintances, men or women, who had not at some time or other made a sea voyage, and there was often no news until the voyagers themselves came back to bring it.

"There's a roaring high overhead, and a roaring in the deep sea," said Mrs. Todd solemnly, "and they battle together nights like this. No, I could n't sleep; some women folks always goes right to bed an' to sleep, so's to forget, but 'taint my way. Well, it's a blessin' we don't all feel alike; there's hardly any of our folks at sea to worry about, nowadays, but I can't help my feelin's, an' I got thinking of mother all alone, if William had happened to be out lobsterin' and could n't make the cove gettin' back."

"They will have a pleasant evening," I repeated. "Captain Bowden is the best of good company."

"Mother'll make him some pancakes for his supper, like's not," said Mrs. Todd, clicking her knitting needles and giving a pull at her yarn. Just then the old cat pushed open the unlatched door and came straight toward her mistress's lap. She was regarded severely as she stepped about and turned on the broad expanse, and then made herself into a round cushion of fur, but was not openly admonished. There was another great blast of wind overhead, and a puff of smoke came down the chimney.

"This makes me think o' the night Mis' Cap'n Tolland died," said Mrs. Todd, half to herself. "Folks used to say these gales only blew when somebody's a-dyin', or the devil was a-comin' for his own, but the worst man I ever knew died a real pretty mornin' in June."

"You have never told me any ghost stories," said I; and such was the gloomy weather and the influence of the night that I was instantly filled with reluctance to have this suggestion followed. I had not chosen the best of moments; just before I spoke we had begun to feel as cheerful as possible. Mrs. Todd glanced doubtfully at the cat and then at me, with a strange absent look, and I was really afraid that she was going to tell me something that would haunt my thoughts on every dark stormy night as long as I lived.

"Never mind now; tell me to-morrow by daylight, Mrs. Todd," I hastened to say, but she still looked at me full of doubt and deliberation.

"Ghost stories!" she answered. "Yes, I don't know but I've heard a plenty of 'em first an' last. I was just sayin' to myself that this is like the night Mis' Cap'n Tolland died. 'Twas the great line storm in September all of thirty, or maybe forty, year ago. I ain't one that keeps much account o' time."

"Tolland? That's a name I have never heard in Dunnet," I said.

"Then you have n't looked well about the old part o' the buryin' ground, no'th-east corner," replied Mrs. Todd. "All their women folks lies there; the sea's got most o' the men. They were a known family o' shipmasters in early times. Mother had a mate, Ellen Tolland, that she mourns to this day; died right in her bloom with quick consumption, but the rest o' that family was all boys but one, and older than she, an' they lived hard seafarin' lives an' all died hard. They were called very smart seamen. I've heard that when the

youngest went into one o' the old ship-pin' houses in Boston, the head o' the firm called out to him: 'Did you say Tolland from Dunnet? That's recommendation enough for any vessel!' There was some o' them old shipmasters as tough as iron, an' they had the name o' usin' their crews very severe, but there wa'n't a man that would n't rather sign with 'em an' take his chances, than with the slack ones that did n't know how to meet accidents."

II.

There was so long a pause, and Mrs. Todd still looked so absent-minded, that I was afraid she and the cat were growing drowsy together before the fire, and I should have no reminiscences at all. The wind struck the house again, so that we both started in our chairs and Mrs. Todd gave a curious, startled look at me. The cat lifted her head and listened too, in the silence that followed, while after the wind sank we were more conscious than ever of the awful roar of the sea. The house jarred now and then, in a strange, disturbing way.

"Yes, they'll have a beautiful evening out to the island," said Mrs. Todd again; but she did not say it gayly. I had not seen her before in her weaker moments.

"Who was Mrs. Captain Tolland?" I asked eagerly, to change the current of our thoughts.

"I never knew her maiden name; if I ever heard it, I've gone an' forgot; 't would mean nothing to me," answered Mrs. Todd.

"She was a foreigner, an' he met with her out in the Island o' Jamaica. They said she'd been left a widow with property. Land knows what become of it; she was French born, an' her first husband was a Portugee, or somethin'."

I kept silence now, a poor and insufficient question being worse than none.

"Cap'n John Tolland was the least smartest of any of 'em, but he was full smart enough, an' commanded a good brig at the time, in the sugar trade; he'd taken out a cargo o' pine lumber to the islands from somewheres up the river, an' had been loadin' for home in the port o' Kingston, an' had gone ashore that afternoon for his papers, an' remained afterwards 'long of three friends o' his, all shipmasters. They was havin' their suppers together in a tavern; 't was late in the evenin' an' they was more lively than usual, an' felt boyish; and over opposite was another house full o' company, real bright and pleasant lookin', with a lot o' lights, an' they heard somebody singin' very pretty to a guitar. They wa'n't in no go-to-meetin' condition, an' one of 'em, he slapped the table an' said, 'Le's go over an' hear that lady sing!' an' over they all went, good honest sailors, but three sheets in the wind, and stepped in as if they was invited, an' made their bows inside the door, an' asked if they could hear the music; they were all respectable well-dressed men. They saw the woman that had the guitar, an' there was a company a-listenin', regular highbinders all of 'em; an' there was a long table all spread out with big candlesticks like little trees o' light, and a sight o' glass an' silver ware; an' part o' the men was young officers in uniform, an' the colored folks was steppin' round servin' 'em, an' they had the lady singin'. 'T was a wasteful scene, an' a loud talkin' company, an' though they was three sheets in the wind themselves there wa'n't one o' them cap'ns but had sense to perceive it. The others had pushed back their chairs, an' their decanters an' glasses was standin' thick about, an' they was teasin' the one that was singin' as if they'd just got her in to amuse 'em. But they quieted down; one o' the young officers had beautiful manners, an' invited the four cap'ns to join 'em, very polite; 't was a kind of public house, and

after they'd all heard another song, he come to consult with 'em whether they would n't git up and dance a hornpipe or somethin' to the lady's music.

"They was all elderly men an' ship-masters, and owned property; two of 'em was church members in good stand-in'," continued Mrs. Todd loftily, "an' they would n't lend themselves to no such kick-shows as that, an' spite o' bein' three sheets in the wind, as I have once observed; they waved aside the tumbler of wine the young officer was pourin' out for 'em so freehanded, and said they should rather be excused. An' when they all rose, still very dignified, as I've been well informed, and made their partin' bows and was goin' out, them young sports got round 'em an' tried to prevent 'em, and they had to push an' strive considerable, but out they come. There was this Cap'n Tolland and two Cap'n Bowdens, and the fourth was my own father." (Mrs. Todd spoke slowly, as if to impress the value of her authority.) "Two of them was very religious, upright men, but they would have their night off sometimes, all o' them old-fashioned cap'ns, when they was free of business and ready to leave port.

"An' they went back to their tavern an' got their bills paid, an' set down kind o' mad with everybody by the front windows, mistrusting some o' their tavern charges, like's not, by that time, an' when they got tempered down, they watched the house over across, where the party was.

"There was a kind of a grove o' trees between the house an' the road, an' they heard the guitar a-goin' an' a-stoppin' short by turns, and pretty soon somebody began to screech, an' they saw a white dress come runnin' out through the bushes, an' tumbled over each other in their haste to offer help; an' out she come, with the guitar, cryin' into the street, and they just walked off four square with her amongst 'em, down toward the wharves where they felt more

to home. They could n't make out at first what 't was she spoke, — Cap'n Lorenzo Bowden was well acquainted in Havre an' Bordeaux, an' spoke a poor quality o' French, an' she knew a little mite o' English, but not much; and they come somehow or other to discern that she was in real distress. Her husband and her children had died o' yellow fever; they'd all come up to Kingston from one o' the far Wind'ard Islands to get passage on a steamer to France, an' a negro had stole their money off her husband while he lay sick o' the fever, an' she had been befriended some, but the folks that knew about her had died too; it had been a dreadful run o' the fever that season, an' she fell at last to playin' an' singin' for hire, and for what money they'd throw to her round them harbor houses.

"'T was a real hard case, an' when them cap'ns made out about it, there wa'n't one that meant to take leave without helpin' of her. They was pretty mellow, an' whatever they might lack o' prudence they more'n made up with charity: they did n't want to see nobody abused, an' she was sort of a pretty woman, an' they stopped in the street then an' there an' drew lots who should take her aboard, bein' all bound home. An' the lot fell to Cap'n Jonathan Bowden who did act discouraged; his vessel had but small accommodations, though he could stow a big freight, an' she was a dreadful slow sailer through bein' square as a box, an' his first wife, that was livin' then, was a dreadful jealous woman. He threw himself right onto the mercy o' Cap'n Tolland."

Mrs. Todd indulged herself for a short time in a season of calm reflection.

"I always thought they'd have done better, and more reasonable, to give her some money to pay her passage home to France, or wherever she may have wanted to go," she continued.

I nodded and looked for the rest of the story.

"Father told mother," said Mrs. Todd confidentially, "that Cap'n Jonathan Bowden an' Cap'n John Tolland had both taken a little more than usual; I would n't have you think, either, that they both was n't the best o' men, an' they was solemn as owls, and argued the matter between 'em, an' waved aside the other two when they tried to put their oars in. An' spite o' Cap'n Tolland's bein' a settled old bachelor they fixed it that he was to take the prize on his brig; she was a fast sailer, and there was a good spare cabin or two where he'd sometimes carried passengers, but he'd filled 'em with bags o' sugar on his own account an' was loaded very heavy beside. He said he'd shift the sugar an' get along somehow, an' the last the other three cap'ns saw of the party was Cap'n John handing the lady into his bo't, guitar and all, an' off they all set tow'ds their ships with their men rowin' 'em in the bright moonlight down to Port Royal where the anchorage was, an' where they all lay, goin' out with the tide an' mornin' wind at break o' day. An' the others thought they heard music of the guitar, two o' the bo'ts kept well together, but it may have come from another source."

"Well; and then?" I asked eagerly after a pause. Mrs. Todd was almost laughing aloud over her knitting and nodding emphatically. We had forgotten all about the noise of the wind and sea.

"Lord bless you! he come sailing into Portland with his sugar, all in good time, an' they stepped right afore a justice o' the peace, and Cap'n John Tolland come paradin' home to Dunnet Landin' a married man. He owned one o' them thin, narrow-lookin' houses with one room each side o' the front door, and two slim black spruces spindlin' up against the front windows to make it gloomy inside. There was no horse nor cattle of course, though he owned pasture land, an' you could see rifts o' light right through the

barn as you drove by. And there was a good excellent kitchen, but his sister reigned over that; she had a right to two rooms, and took the kitchen an' a bedroom that led out of it; an' bein' given no rights in the kitchen had angered the cap'n so they were n't on no kind o' speakin' terms. He preferred his old brig for comfort, but now and then, between voyages, he'd come home for a few days, just to show he was master over his part o' the house, and show Eliza she could n't commit no trespass.

"They stayed a little while; 't was pretty spring weather, an' I used to see Cap'n John rollin' by with his arms full o' bundles from the store, lookin' as pleased and important as a boy; an' then they went right off to sea again, an' was gone a good many months. Next time he left her to live there alone, after they'd stopped at home together some weeks, an' they said she suffered from bein' at sea, but some said that the owners would n't have a woman aboard. 'T was before father was lost on that last voyage of his, an' he and mother went up once or twice to see them. Father said there wa'n't a mite o' harm in her, but somehow or other a sight o' prejudice arose; it may have been caused by the remarks of Eliza an' her feelin's tow'ds her brother. Even my mother had no regard for Eliza Tolland. But mother asked the cap'n's wife to come with her one evenin' to a social circle that was down to the meetin'-house vestry, so she'd get acquainted a little, an' she appeared very pretty until they started to have some singin' to the melodeon. Mari' Harris an' one o' the younger Caplin girls undertook to sing a duet, an' they sort o' flatted, an' she put her hands right up to her ears, and give a little squeal, an' went quick as could be an' give 'em the right notes, for she could read the music like plain print, an' made 'em try it over again. She was real willin' an' pleasant, but that did n't suit, an' she made faces

when they got it wrong. An' then there fell a dead calm, an' we was all settin' round prim as dishes, an' my mother, that never expects ill feelin', asked her if she would n't sing somethin', an' up she got, — poor creatur', it all seems so different to me now, — an' sung a lovely little song standin' in the floor; it seemed to have something gay about it that kept a-repeatin', an' nobody could help keepin' time, an' all of a sudden she looked round at the tables and caught up a tin plate that somebody 'd fetched a Washin'ton pie in, an' she begun to drum on it with her fingers like one o' them tambourines, an' went right on singin' faster an' faster, and next minute she begun to dance a little pretty dance between the verses, just as light and pleasant as a child. You could n't help seein' how pretty 't was; we all got to trottin' a foot, an' some o' the men clapped their hands quite loud, a-keepin' time, 't was so catchin', an' seemed so natural to her. There wa'n't one of 'em but enjoyed it; she just tried to do her part, an' some urged her on, till she stopped with a little twirl of her skirts an' went to her place again by mother. And I can see mother now, reachin' over an' smilin' an' pattin' her hand.

"But next day there was an awful scandal goin' in the parish, an' Mari' Harris reproached my mother to her face, an' I never wanted to see her since, but I've had to a good many times. I said Mis' Tolland did n't intend no impropriety, — I reminded her of David's dancin' before the Lord; but she said such a man as David never would have thought o' dancin' right there in the Orthodox vestry, and she felt I spoke with irreverence.

"And next Sunday Mis' Tolland come walkin' into our meeting, but I must say she acted like a cat in a strange garret, and went right out down the aisle with her head in air, from the pew Deacon Caplin had showed her into. 'T was just in the beginning of

the long prayer. I wish she'd stayed through, whatever her reasons were. Whether she'd expected somethin' different, or misunderstood some o' the pastor's remarks, or what 't was, I don't really feel able to explain, but she kind o' declared war, at least folks thought so, an' war 't was from that time. I see she was cryin', or had been, as she passed by me; perhaps bein' in meetin' was what had power to make her feel homesick and strange.

"Cap'n John Tolland was away fittin' out; that next week he come home to see her and say farewell. He was lost with his ship in the Straits of Malacca, and she lived there alone in the old house a few months longer till she died. He left her well off; 't was said he hid his money about the house and she knew where 't was. Oh, I expect you've heard that story told over an' over twenty times, since you've been here at the Landin'?"

"Never one word," I insisted.

"It was a good while ago," explained Mrs. Todd, with reassurance. "Yes, it all happened a great while ago."

III.

At this moment, with a sudden flaw of the wind, some wet twigs outside blew against the window panes and made a noise like a distressed creature trying to get in. I started with sudden fear, and so did the cat, but Mrs. Todd knitted away and did not even look over her shoulder.

"She was a good-looking woman; yes, I always thought Mis' Tolland was good-looking, though she had, as was reasonable, a sort of foreign cast, and she spoke very broken English, no better than a child. She was always at work about her house, or settin' at a front window with her sewing; she was a beautiful hand to embroider. Sometimes, summer evenings, when the windows was

open, she 'd set an' drum on her guitar, but I don't know as I ever heard her sing but once after the cap'n went away. She appeared very happy about havin' him, and took on dreadful at partin' when he was down here on the wharf, going back to Portland by boat to take ship for that last v'y'ge. He acted kind of ashamed, Cap'n John did; folks about here ain't so much accustomed to show their feelings. The whistle had blown an' they was waitin' for him to get aboard, an' he was put to it to know what to do and treated her very affectionate in spite of all impatience; but mother happened to be there and she went an' spoke, and I remember what a comfort she seemed to be. Mis' Tolland clung to her then, and she would n't give a glance after the boat when it had started, though the captain was very eager a-wavin' to her. She wanted mother to come home with her an' would n't let go her hand, and mother had just come in to stop all night with me an' had plenty o' time ashore, which did n't always happen, so they walked off together, an' 't was some considerable time before she got back.

" 'I want you to neighbor with that poor lonesome creatur', says mother to me, lookin' reproachful. 'She's a stranger in a strange land,' says mother. 'I want you to make her have a sense that somebody feels kind to her.'

" 'Why, since that time she flaunted out o' meetin', folks have felt she liked other ways better 'n our'n,' says I. I was provoked, because I 'd had a nice supper ready, an' mother 'd let it wait so long 't was spoiled. 'I hope you 'll like your supper!' I told her. I was dreadful ashamed afterward of speakin' so to mother.

" 'What consequence is my supper?' says she to me; mother can be very stern, — 'or your comfort or mine, beside lettin' a foreign person an' a stranger feel so desolate; she 's done the best a woman could do in her lonesome

place, and she asks nothing of anybody except a little common kindness. Think if 't was you in a foreign land!'

" And mother set down to drink her tea, an' I set down humbled enough over by the wall to wait till she finished. An' I did think it all over, an' next day I never said nothin', but I put on my bonnet, and went to see Mis' Cap'n Tolland, if 't was only for mother's sake. 'T was about three quarters of a mile up the road here, beyond the school-house. I forgot to tell you that the cap'n had bought out his sister's right at three or four times what 't was worth, to save trouble, so they 'd got clear o' her, an' I went round into the side yard sort o' friendly an' sociable, rather than stop an' deal with the knocker an' the front door. It looked so pleasant an' pretty I was glad I come; she had set a little table for supper, though 't was still early, with a white cloth on it, right out under an old apple tree close by the house. I noticed 't was same as with me at home, there was only one plate. She was just coming out with a dish; you could n't see the door nor the table from the road.

" In the few weeks she 'd been there she 'd got some bloomin' pinks an' other flowers next the doorstep. Somehow it looked as if she 'd known how to make it homelike for the cap'n. She asked me to set down; she was very polite, but she looked very mournful, and I spoke of mother, an' she put down her dish and caught holt o' me with both hands an' said my mother was an angel. When I see the tears in her eyes 't was all right between us, and we were always friendly after that, and mother had us come out and make a little visit that summer; but she come a foreigner and she went a foreigner, and never was anything but a stranger among our folks. She taught me a sight o' things about herbs I never knew before nor since; she was well acquainted with the virtues o' plants. She 'd act awful

secret about some things too, an' used to work charms for herself sometimes, an' some o' the neighbors told to an' fro after she died that they knew enough not to provoke her, but 't was all nonsense; 't is the believin' in such things that causes 'em to be any harm, an' so I told 'em," confided Mrs. Todd contemptuously. "That first night I stopped to tea with her she'd cooked some eggs with some herb or other sprinkled all through, and 't was she that first led me to discern mushrooms; an' she went right down on her knees in my garden here when she saw I had my different officious herbs. Yes, 't was she that learned me the proper use o' parsley too; she was a beautiful cook."

Mrs. Todd stopped talking, and rose, putting the cat gently in the chair, while she went away to get another stick of apple-tree wood. It was not an evening when one wished to let the fire go down, and we had a splendid bank of bright coals. I had always wondered where Mrs. Todd had got such an unusual knowledge of cookery, of the varieties of mushrooms, and the use of sorrel as a vegetable, and other blessings of that sort. I had long ago learned that she could vary her omelettes like a child of France, which was indeed a surprise in Dunnet Landing.

IV.

All these revelations were of the deepest interest, and I was ready with a question as soon as Mrs. Todd came in and had well settled the fire and herself and the cat again.

"I wonder why she never went back to France, after she was left alone?"

"She come here from the French islands," explained Mrs. Todd. "I asked her once about her folks, an' she said they were all dead; 't was the fever took 'em. She made this her home, lonesome as 't was; she told me she had n't been in France since she was 'so

small,' and measured me off a child o' six. She'd lived right out in the country before, so that part wa'n't unusual to her. Oh yes, there was something very strange about her, and she had n't been brought up in high circles nor nothing o' that kind. I think she'd been really pleased to have the cap'n marry her an' give her a good home, after all she'd passed through, and leave her free with his money an' all that. An' she got over bein' so strange-looking to me after a while, but 't was a very singular expression: she wore a fixed smile that wa'n't a smile; there wa'n't no light behind it, same's a lamp can't shine if it ain't lit. I don't know just how to express it, 't was a sort of made countenance."

One could not help thinking of Sir Philip Sidney's phrase, "A made countenance, between simpering and smiling."

"She took it hard, havin' the captain go off on that last voyage," Mrs. Todd went on. "She said somethin' told her when they was partin' that he would never come back. He was lucky to speak a home-bound ship this side o' the Cape o' Good Hope, an' got a chance to send her a letter, an' that cheered her up. You often felt as if you was dealin' with a child's mind, for all she had so much information that other folks had n't. I was a sight younger than I be now, and she made me imagine new things, and I got interested watchin' her an' findin' out what she had to say, but you could n't get to no affectionateness with her. I used to blame me sometimes; we used to be real good comrades goin' off for an afternoon, but I never give her a kiss till the day she laid in her coffin and it come to my heart there wa'n't no one else to do it."

"And Captain Tolland died," I suggested after a while.

"Yes, the cap'n was lost," said Mrs. Todd, "and of course word did n't come for a good while after it happened. The letter come from the owners to my uncle, Cap'n Lorenzo Bowden, who was

in charge of Cap'n Tolland's affairs at home, and he come right up for me an' said I must go with him to the house. I had known what it was to be a widow, myself, for near a year, an' there was plenty o' widow women along this coast that the sea had made desolate, but I never saw a heart break as I did then.

"'T was this way : we walked together along the road, me an' uncle Lorenzo. You know how it leads straight from just above the schoolhouse to the brook bridge, and their house was just this side o' the brook bridge on the left hand ; the cellar's there now, and a couple or three good-sized gray birches growin' in it. And when we come near enough I saw that the best room, this way, where she most never set, was all lighted up, and the curtains up so that the light shone bright down the road, and as we walked, those lights would dazzle and dazzle in my eyes, and I could hear the guitar a-goin', an' she was singin'. She heard our steps with her quick ears and come running to the door with her eyes a-shinin', an' all that set look gone out of her face, an' begun to talk French, gay as a bird, an' shook hands and behaved very pretty an' girlish, sayin' 't was her fête day. I did n't know what she meant then. And she had gone an' put a wreath o' flowers on her hair an' wore a handsome gold chain that the cap'n had given her ; an' there she was, poor creatur', makin' believe have a party all alone in her best room ; 't was prim enough to discourage a person, with too many chairs set close to the walls, just as the cap'n's mother had left it, but she had put sort o' long garlands on the walls, droopin' very graceful, and a sight of green boughs in the corners, till it looked lovely, and all lit up with a lot o' candles."

"Oh dear !" I sighed. "Oh, Mrs. Todd, what did you do ?"

"She beheld our countenances," answered Mrs. Todd solemnly. "I expect they was telling everything plain

enough, but Cap'n Lorenzo spoke the sad words to her as if he had been her father ; and she wavered a minute and then over she went on the floor before we could catch hold of her, and then we tried to bring her to herself and failed, and at last we carried her upstairs, an' I told uncle to run down and put out the lights, and then go fast as he could for Mrs. Begg, being very experienced in sickness, an' he so did. I got off her clothes and her poor wreath, and I cried as I done it. We both stayed there that night, and the doctor said 't was a shock when he come in the morning ; he 'd been over to Black Island an' had to stay all night with a very sick child."

"You said that she lived alone some time after the news came," I reminded Mrs. Todd then.

"Oh yes, dear," answered my friend sadly, "but it wa'n't what you'd call livin' ; no, it was only dyin', though at a snail's pace. She never went out again those few months, but for a while she could manage to get about the house a little, and do what was needed, an' I never let two days go by without seein' her or hearin' from her. She never took much notice as I came an' went except to answer if I asked her anything. Mother was the one who gave her the only comfort."

"What was that ?" I asked softly.

"She said that anybody in such trouble ought to see their minister, mother did, and one day she spoke to Mis' Tolland, and found that the poor soul had been believin' all the time that there were n't any priests here. We'd come to know she was a Catholic by her beads and all, and that had set some narrow minds against her. And mother explained it just as she would to a child ; and uncle Lorenzo sent word right off somewheres up river by a packet that was bound up the bay, and the first o' the week a priest come by the boat, an' uncle Lorenzo was on the wharf 'tendin' to some business ; so they just come

up for me, and I walked with him to show him the house. He was a kind-hearted old man; he looked so benevolent an' fatherly I could ha' stopped an' told him my own troubles; yes, I was satisfied when I first saw his face, an' when poor Mis' Tolland beheld him enter the room, she went right down on her knees and clasped her hands together to him as if he'd come to save her life, and he lifted her up and blessed her, an' I left 'em together, and slipped out into the open field and walked there in sight so if they needed to call me, and I had my own thoughts. At last I saw him at the door; he had to catch the return boat. I meant to walk back with him and offer him some supper, but he said no, and said he was comin' again if needed, and signed me to go into the house to her, and shook his head in a way that meant he understood everything. I can see him now; he walked with a cane, rather tired and feeble; I wished somebody would come along, so's to carry him down to the shore.

"Mis' Tolland looked up at me with a new look when I went in, an' she even took hold o' my hand and kept it. He had put some oil on her forehead, but nothing anybody could do would keep her alive very long; 't was his medicine for the soul rather 'n the body. I helped her to bed, and next morning she could n't get up to dress her, and that was Monday, and she began to fail, and 't was Friday night she died." (Mrs. Todd spoke with unusual haste and lack of detail.) "Mrs. Begg and I watched with her, and made everything nice and proper, and after all the ill will there was a good number gathered to the funeral. 'T was in Reverend Mr. Bascom's day, and he done very well in his prayer, considering he could n't fill in with mentioning all the near connections by name as was his habit. He spoke very feeling about her being a stranger and twice widowed, and all he said about her being reared among the heathen was to ob-

serve that there might be roads leadin' up to the New Jerusalem from various points. I says to myself that I guessed quite a number must ha' reached there that wa'n't able to set out from Dunnet Landin'!"

Mrs. Todd gave an odd little laugh as she bent toward the firelight to pick up a dropped stitch in her knitting, and then I heard a heartfelt sigh.

"'T was most forty years ago," she said; "most everybody's gone a'ready that was there that day."

V.

Suddenly Mrs. Todd gave an energetic shrug of her shoulders, and a quick look at me, and I saw that the sails of her narrative were filled with a fresh breeze.

"Uncle Lorenzo, Cap'n Bowden that I have referred to" —

"Certainly!" I agreed with eager expectation.

"He was the one that had been left in charge of Cap'n John Tolland's affairs, and had now come to be of unforeseen importance.

"Mrs. Begg an' I had stayed in the house both before an' after Mis' Tolland's decease, and she was now in haste to be gone, having affairs to call her home; but uncle come to me as the exercises was beginning, and said he thought I'd better remain at the house while they went to the buryin' ground. I could n't understand his reasons, an' I felt disappointed, bein' as near to her as most anybody; 't was rough weather, so mother could n't get in, and did n't even hear Mis' Tolland was gone till next day. I just nodded to satisfy him, 't wa'n't no time to discuss anything. Uncle seemed flustered; he'd gone out deep-sea fishin' the day she died, and the storm I told you of rose very sudden, so they got blown off way down the coast beyond Monhegan, and he'd just got back in time to dress himself and come.

"I set there in the house after I'd watched her away down the straight road far 's I could see from the door; 't was a little short walkin' funeral an' a cloudy sky, so everything looked dull an' gray, an' it crawled along all in one piece, same 's walking funerals do, an' I wondered how it ever come to the Lord's mind to let her begin down among them gay islands all heat and sun, and end up here among the rocks with a north wind blowin'. 'T was a gale that begun the afternoon before she died, and had kept blowin' off an' on ever since. I'd thought more than once how glad I should be to get home an' out o' sound o' them black spruces a-beatin' an' scratchin' at the front windows.

"I set to work pretty soon to put the chairs back, an' set outdoors some that was borrowed, an' I went out in the kitchen, an' I made up a good fire in case somebody come an' wanted a cup o' tea; but I did n't expect any one to travel way back to the house unless 't was uncle Lorenzo. 'T was growin' so chilly that I fetched some kindlin' wood and made fires in both the fore rooms. Then I set down an' begun to feel as usual, and I got my knittin' out of a drawer. You can't be sorry for a poor creatur' that 's come to the end o' all her troubles; my only discomfort was I thought I'd ought to feel worse at losin' her than I did; I was younger then than I be now. And as I set there, I begun to hear some long notes o' dronin' music from upstairs that chilled me to the bone."

Mrs. Todd gave a hasty glance at me.

"Quick 's I could gather me, I went right upstairs to see what 't was," she added eagerly, "an' 't was just what I might ha' known. She'd always kept her guitar hangin' right against the wall in her room; 't was tied by a blue ribbon, and there was a window left wide open; the wind was veerin' a good deal, an' it slanted in and searched the room. The strings was jarrin' yet.

"'T was growin' pretty late in the

afternoon, an' I begun to feel lonesome as I should n't now, and I was disappointed at having to stay there, the more I thought it over, but after a while I saw Cap'n Lorenzo polin' back up the road all alone, and when he come nearer I could see he had a bundle under his arm and had shifted his best black clothes for his every-day ones. I run out and put some tea into the teapot and set it back on the stove to draw, an' when he come in I reached down a little jug o' spirits, — Cap'n Tolland had left his house well provisioned as if his wife was goin' to put to sea same 's himself, an' there she'd gone an' left it. There was some cake that Mis' Begg an' I had made the day before. I thought that uncle an' me had a good right to the funeral supper, even if there wa'n't any one to join us. I was lookin' forward to my cup o' tea; 't was beautiful tea out of a green lacquered chest that I've got now."

"You must have felt very tired," said I, eagerly listening.

"I was 'most beat out, with watchin' an' tendin' and all," answered Mrs. Todd, with as much sympathy in her voice as if she were speaking of another person. "But I called out to uncle as he came in, 'Well, I expect it's all over now, an' we've all done what we could. I thought we'd better have some tea or somethin' before we go home. Come right out in the kitchen, sir,' says I, never thinking but we only had to let the fires out and lock up everything safe an' eat our refreshment, an' go home.

"'I want both of us to stop here to-night,' says uncle, looking at me very important.

"'Oh, what for?' says I, kind o' fretful.

"'I've got my proper reasons,' says uncle. 'I'll see you well satisfied, Almira. Your tongue ain't so easy-goin' as some o' the women folks, an' there 's property here to take charge of that you don't know nothin' at all about.'

“ ‘What do you mean?’ says I.

“ ‘Cap’n Tolland acquainted me with his affairs; he had n’t no sort o’ confidence in nobody but me an’ his wife, after he was tricked into signin’ that Portland note, an’ lost money. An’ she did n’t know nothin’ about business; but what he did n’t take to sea to be sunk with him he’s hid somewhere in this house. I expect Mis’ Tolland may have told you where she kept things?’ said uncle.

“ ‘I see he was dependin’ a good deal on my answer,’ said Mrs. Todd, “but I had to disappoint him; no, she had never said nothin’ to me.

“ ‘Well, then, we’ve got to make a search,’ says he, with considerable relish; but he was all tired and worked up, and we set down to the table, an’ he had somethin’, an’ I took my desired cup o’ tea, and then I begun to feel more interested.

“ ‘Where you goin’ to look first?’ says I, but he give me a short look an’ made no answer, and begun to mix me a very small portion out of the jug, in another glass. I took it to please him; he said I looked tired, speakin’ real fatherly, and I did feel better for it, and we set talkin’ a few minutes, an’ then he started for the cellar, carrying an old ship’s lantern he fetched out o’ the stairway an’ lit.

“ ‘What are you lookin’ for, some kind of a chist?’ I inquired, and he said yes. All of a sudden it come to me to ask who was the heirs; Eliza Tolland, Cap’n John’s own sister, had never demeaned herself to come near the funeral, and uncle Lorenzo faced right about and begun to laugh, sort o’ pleased. I thought queer of it; ‘t wa’n’t what he’d taken, which would be nothin’ to an old weathered sailor like him.

“ ‘Who’s the heir?’ says I the second time.

“ ‘Why, it’s *you*, Almiry,’ says he; and I was so took aback I set right down on the turn o’ the cellar stairs.

“ ‘Yes ‘t is,’ said uncle Lorenzo. ‘I’m glad of it too. Some thought she did n’t have no sense but foreign sense, an’ a poor stock o’ that, but she said you was friendly to her, an’ one day after she got news of Tolland’s death, an’ I had fetched up his will that left everything to her, she said she was goin’ to make a writin’, so’s you could have things after she was gone, an’ she give five hundred to me for bein’ executor. Square Pease fixed up the paper, an’ she signed it; it’s all accordin’ to law.’ There, I begun to cry,” said Mrs. Todd; “I could n’t help it. I wished I had her back again to do somethin’ for, an’ to make her know I felt sisterly to her more ‘n I’d ever showed, an’ it come over me ‘t was all too late, an’ I cried the more, till uncle showed impatience, an’ I got up an’ stumbled along down cellar with my apert to my eyes the greater part of the time.

“ ‘I’m goin’ to have a clean search,’ says he; ‘you hold the light.’ An’ I held it, and he rummaged in the arches an’ under the stairs, an’ over in some old closet where he reached out bottles an’ stone jugs an’ canted some kags an’ one or two casks, an’ chuckled well when he heard there was somethin’ inside, — but there wa’n’t nothin’ to find but things usual in a cellar, an’ then the old lantern was givin’ out an’ we come away.

“ ‘He spoke to me of a chist, Cap’n Tolland did,’ says uncle in a whisper. ‘He said a good sound chist was as safe a bank as there was, an’ I beat him out of such nonsense, ‘count o’ fire an’ other risks.’ ‘There’s no chist in the rooms above,’ says I; ‘no, uncle, there ain’t no sea-chist, for I’ve been here long enough to see what there was to be seen.’ Yet he would n’t feel contented till he’d mounted up into the toploft; ‘t was one o’ them single, hip-roofed houses that don’t give proper accommodation for a real garret, like Cap’n Littlepage’s down here at the Landin’. There was broken furniture and rubbish, an’ he let down a

terrible sight o' dust into the front entry, but sure enough there was n't no chist. I had it all to sweep up next day.

"'He must have took it away to sea,' says I to the cap'n, an' even then he did n't want to agree, but we was both beat out. I told him where I'd always seen Mis' Tolland get her money from, and we found much as a hundred dollars there in an old red morocco wallet. Cap'n John had been gone a good while a'ready, and she had spent what she needed. 'T was in an old desk o' his in the settin' room that we found the wallet."

"At the last minute he may have taken his money to sea," I suggested.

"Oh yes," agreed Mrs. Todd. "He did take considerable to make his venture to bring home, as was customary, an' that was drowned with him as uncle agreed; but he had other property in shipping, and a thousand dollars invested in Portland in a cordage shop, but 't was about the time shipping begun to decay, and the cordage shop failed, and in the end I wa'n't so rich as I thought I was goin' to be for those few minutes on the cellar stairs. There was an auction that accumulated something. Old Mis' Tolland, the cap'n's mother, had heired some good furniture from a sister: there was above thirty chairs in all, and they 're apt to sell well. I got over a thousand dollars when we come to settle up, and I made uncle take his five hundred; he was getting along in years and had met with losses in navigation, and he left it back to me when he died, so I had a real good lift. It all lays in the bank over to Rockland, and I draw my interest fall an' spring, with the little Mr. Todd was able to leave me; but that 's kind o' sacred money; 't was earnt and saved with the hope o' youth, an' I 'm very particular what I spend it for. Oh yes, what with ownin' my house, I 've been enabled to get along very well, with prudence!" said Mrs. Todd contentedly.

"But there was the house and land," I asked, — "what became of that part of the property?"

Mrs. Todd looked into the fire, and a shadow of disapproval flitted over her face.

"Poor old uncle!" she said, "he got childish about the matter. I was hoping to sell at first, and I had an offer, but he always run of an idea that there was more money hid away, and kept wanting me to delay; an' he used to go up there all alone and search, and dig in the cellar, empty an' bleak as 't was in winter weather or any time. An' he 'd come and tell me he 'd dreamed he found gold behind a stone in the cellar wall, or somethin'. And one night we all see the light o' fire up that way, an' the whole Landin' took the road, and run to look, and the Tolland property was all in a light blaze. I expect the old gentleman had dropped fire about; he said he 'd been up there to see if everything was safe in the afternoon. As for the land, 't was so poor that everybody used to have a joke that the Tolland boys preferred to farm the sea instead. It's 'most all grown up to bushes now, where it ain't poor water grass in the low places. There's some upland that has a pretty view, after you cross the brook bridge. Years an' years after she died, there was some o' her flowers used to come up an' bloom in the door garden. I brought two or three that was unusual down here; they always come up and remind me of her, constant as the spring. But I never did want to fetch home that guitar, some way or 'nother; I wouldn't let it go at the auction, either. It was hangin' right there in the house when the fire took place. I 've got some o' her other little things scattered about the house: that picture on the mantelpiece belonged to her."

I had often wondered where such a picture had come from, and why Mrs. Todd had chosen it; it was a French

print of the statue of the Empress Josephine in the Savane at old Fort Royal, in Martinique.

VI.

Mrs. Todd drew her chair closer to mine; she held the cat and her knitting with one hand as she moved, but the cat was so warm and so sound asleep that she only stretched a lazy paw in spite of what must have felt like a slight earthquake. Mrs. Todd began to speak almost in a whisper.

"I ain't told you all," she continued; "no, I have n't spoken of all to but very few. The way it came was this," she said solemnly, and then stopped to listen to the wind, and sat for a moment in deferential silence, as if she waited for the wind to speak first. The cat suddenly lifted her head with quick excitement and gleaming eyes, and her mistress was leaning forward toward the fire with an arm laid on either knee, as if they were consulting the glowing coals for some augury. Mrs. Todd looked like an old prophetess as she sat there with the firelight shining on her strong face; she was posed for some great painter. The woman with the cat was as unconscious and as mysterious as any sibyl of the Sistine Chapel.

"There, that's the last struggle o' the gale," said Mrs. Todd, nodding her head with impressive certainty and still looking into the bright embers of the fire. "You'll see!" She gave me another quick glance, and spoke in a low tone as if we might be overheard.

"'T was such a gale as this the night Mis' Tolland died. She appeared more comfortable the first o' the evenin'; and Mrs. Begg was more spent than I, bein' older, and a beautiful nurse that was the first to see and think of everything, but perfectly quiet an' never asked a useless question. You remember her funeral when you first come to the Landing?

And she consented to goin' an' havin' a good sleep while she could, and left me one o' those good little pewter lamps that burnt whale oil an' made plenty o' light in the room, but not too bright to be disturbin'.

"Poor Mis' Tolland had been distressed the night before, an' all that day, but as night come on she grew more and more easy, an' was layin' there asleep; 't was like settin' by any sleepin' person, and I had none but usual thoughts. When the wind lulled and the rain, I could hear the seas, though more distant than this, and I don't know's I observed any other sound than what the weather made; 't was a very solemn feelin' night. I set close by the bed; there was times she looked to find somebody when she was awake. The light was on her face, so I could see her plain; there was always times when she wore a look that made her seem a stranger you'd never set eyes on before. I did think what a world it was that her an' me should have come together so, and she have nobody but Dunnet Landin' folks about her in her extremity. 'You're one o' the stray ones, poor creatur',' I said. I remember those very words passin' through my mind, but I saw reason to be glad she had some comforts, and did n't lack friends at the last, though she'd seen misery an' pain. I was glad she was quiet; all day she'd been restless, and we could n't understand what she wanted from her French speech. We had the window open to give her air, an' now an' then a gust would strike that guitar that was on the wall and set it swinging by the blue ribbon, and soundin' as if somebody begun to play it. I come near takin' it down, but you never know what'll fret a sick person an' put 'em on the rack, an' that guitar was one o' the few things she'd brought with her."

I nodded assent, and Mrs. Todd spoke still lower.

"I set there close by the bed; I'd

been through a good deal for some days back, and I thought I might 's well be droppin' asleep too, bein' a quick person to wake. She looked to me as if she might last a day longer, certain, now she'd got more comfortable, but I was real tired, an' sort o' cramped as watchers will get, an' a fretful feeling begun to creep over me such as they often do have. If you give way, there ain't no support for the sick person; they can't count on no composure o' their own. Mis' Tolland moved then, a little restless, an' I forgot me quick enough, an' begun to hum out a little part of a hymn tune just to make her feel everything was as usual an' not wake up into a poor uncertainty. All of a sudden she set right up in bed with her eyes wide open, an' I stood an' put my arm behind her; she had n't moved like that for days. And she reached out both her arms toward the door, an' I looked the way she was lookin', an' I see some one was standin' there against the dark. No, 'twa'n't Mis' Begg; 't was somebody a good deal shorter than Mis' Begg. The lamplight struck across the room between us. I couldn't tell the shape, but 't was a woman's dark face lookin' right at us; 't wa'n't but an instant I could see. I felt dreadful cold, and my head begun to swim; I thought the light went out; 't wa'n't but an instant, as I say, an' when my sight come back I could n't see nothing there. I was one that did n't know what it was to faint away, no matter what happened; time was I felt above it in others, but 't was somethin' that made poor human natur' quail. I saw very plain while I could see; 't was a pleasant enough face, shaped somethin' like Mis' Tolland's, and a kind of expectin' look.

"No, I don't expect I was asleep," Mrs. Todd assured me quietly, after a moment's pause, though I had not spoken. She gave a heavy sigh before she went on. I could see that the recollection moved her in the deepest way.

"I suppose if I had n't been so spent an' quavery with long watchin', I might have kept my head an' observed much better," she added humbly; "but I see all I could bear. I did try to act calm, an' I laid Mis' Tolland down on her pillow, an' I was a-shakin' as I done it. All she did was to look up to me so satisfied and sort o' questioning, an' I looked back to her.

"'You saw her, did n't you?' she says to me, speakin' perfectly reasonable. "'T is my mother,' she says again, very feeble, but lookin' straight up at me, kind of surprised with the pleasure, and smiling as if she saw I was overcome, an' would have said more if she could, but we had hold of hands. I see then her change was comin', but I did n't call Mis' Begg, nor make no uproar. I felt calm then, an' lifted to somethin' different as I never was since. She opened her eyes just as she was goin' —

"'You saw her, did n't you?' she said the second time, an' I says, '*Yes, dear, I did; you ain't never goin' to feel strange an' lonesome no more.*' An' then in a few quiet minutes 't was all over. I felt they'd gone away together. No, I wa'n't alarmed afterward; 't was just that one moment I could n't live under, but I never called it beyond reason I should see the other watcher. I saw plain enough there was somebody there with me in the room.

VII.

"'T was just such a night as this Mis' Tolland died," repeated Mrs. Todd, returning to her usual tone and leaning back comfortably in her chair as she took up her knitting. "'T was just such a night as this. I've told the circumstances to but very few; but I don't call it beyond reason. When folks is goin' 't is all natural, and only common things can jar upon the mind. You know plain enough there's somethin' beyond this

world; the doors stand wide open. 'There's somethin' of us that must still live on; we've got to join both worlds together an' live in one but for the other.' The doctor said that to me one day, an' I never could forget it; he said 't was in one o' his old doctor's books."

We sat together in silence in the warm little room; the rain dropped heavily from the eaves, and the sea still roared, but the high wind had done blowing.

We heard the far complaining fog horn of a steamer up the Bay.

"There goes the Boston boat out, pretty near on time," said Mrs. Todd with satisfaction. "Sometimes these late August storms 'll sound a good deal worse than they really be. I do hate to hear the poor steamers callin' when they're bewildered in thick nights in winter, comin' on the coast. Yes, there goes the boat; they'll find it rough at sea, but the storm's all over."

Sarah Orne Jewett.

THE WILD GARDENS OF THE YOSEMITE PARK.

WHEN California was wild, it was the floweriest part of the continent. And perhaps it is so still, notwithstanding the lowland flora has in great part vanished before the farmers' flocks and ploughs. So exuberant was the bloom of the main valley of the state, it would still have been extravagantly rich had ninety-nine out of every hundred of its crowded flowers been taken away, — far flowerier than the beautiful prairies of Illinois and Wisconsin, or the savannas of the Southern states. In the early spring it was a smooth, evenly planted sheet of purple and gold, one mass of bloom more than four hundred miles long, with scarce a green leaf in sight.

Still more interesting is the rich and wonderfully varied flora of the mountains. Going up the Sierra across the Yosemite Park to the Summit peaks, thirteen thousand feet high, you find as much variety in the vegetation as in the scenery. Change succeeds change with bewildering rapidity, for in a few days you pass through as many climates and floras, ranged one above another, as you would in walking along the lowlands to the Arctic Ocean.

And to the variety due to climate there is added that caused by the topo-

graphical features of the different regions. Again, the vegetation is profoundly varied by the peculiar distribution of the soil and moisture. Broad and deep moraines, ancient and well weathered, are spread over the lower regions, rough and comparatively recent and unweathered moraines over the middle and upper regions, alternating with bare ridges and domes and glacier-polished pavements, the highest in the icy recesses of the peaks, raw and shifting, some of them being still in process of formation, and of course scarcely planted as yet.

Besides these main soil beds there are many others comparatively small, reformations of both glacial and weather soils, sifted, sorted out, and deposited by running water and the wind on gentle slopes and in all sorts of hollows, pot-holes, valleys, lake basins, etc., — some in dry and breezy situations, others sheltered and kept moist by lakes, streams, and waftings of waterfall spray, making comfortable homes for plants widely varied. In general, glaciers give soil to high and low places almost alike, while water currents are dispensers of special blessings, constantly tending to make the ridges poorer and the valleys richer. Glaciers mingle all kinds of material

together, mud particles and boulders fifty feet in diameter: water, whether in oozing currents or passionate torrents, discriminates both in the size and shape of the material it carries. Glacier mud is the finest meal ground for any use in the Park, and its transportation into lakes and as foundations for flowery garden meadows was the first work that the young rivers were called on to do. Bogs occur only in shallow alpine basins where the climate is cool enough for sphagnum, and where the surrounding topographical conditions are such that they are safe, even in the most copious rains and thaws, from the action of flood currents capable of carrying rough gravel and sand, but where the water supply is nevertheless constant. The mosses dying from year to year gradually give rise to those rich spongy peat beds in which so many of our best alpine plants delight to dwell. The strong winds that occasionally sweep the high Sierra play a more important part in the distribution of special soil beds than is at first sight recognized, carrying forward considerable quantities of sand and gravel, flakes of mica, etc., and depositing them in fields and beds beautifully ruffled and embroidered and adapted to the wants of some of the hardiest and handsomest of the alpine shrubs and flowers. The more resisting of the smooth, solid, glacier-polished domes and ridges can hardly be said to have any soil at all, while others beginning to give way to the weather are thinly sprinkled with coarse angular gravel. Some of them are full of crystals, which as the surface of the rock is decomposed are set free, covering the summits and rolling down the sides in minute avalanches, giving rise to zones and beds of crystalline soil. In some instances the various crystals occur only here and there, sprinkled in the gray gravel like daisies in a sod; but in others half or more is made up of crystals, and the glow of the imbedded or loosely strewn gems and their colored

gleams and glintings at different times of the day when the sun is shining might well exhilarate the flowers that grow among them, and console them for being so completely outshone.

These radiant sheets and belts and dome-encircling rings of crystals are the most beautiful of all the Sierra soil beds, while the huge taluses ranged along the walls of the great cañons are the deepest and roughest. Instead of being slowly weathered and accumulated from the cliffs overhead like common taluses, they were all formed suddenly and simultaneously by an earthquake that occurred at least three centuries ago. Though thus hurled into existence at a single effort, they are the least changeable and destructible of all the soil formations in the range. Excepting those which were launched directly into the channels of rivers, scarcely one of their wedged and interlocked boulders has been moved since the day of their creation, and though mostly made up of huge angular blocks of granite, many of them from ten to fifty feet cube, trees and shrubs make out to live and thrive on them, and even delicate herbaceous plants, — draperia, collomia, zauschneria, etc., — soothing their rugged features with gardens and groves. In general views of the Park scarce a hint is given of its floral wealth. Only by patiently, lovingly sauntering about in it will you discover that it is all more or less flowery, the forests as well as the open spaces, and the mountain tops and rugged slopes around the glaciers as well as the sunny meadows.

Even the majestic cañon cliffs, seemingly absolutely flawless for thousands of feet and necessarily doomed to eternal sterility, are cheered with happy flowers on invisible niches and ledges wherever the slightest grip for a root can be found; as if Nature, like an enthusiastic gardener, could not resist the temptation to plant flowers everywhere. On high, dry rocky summits and plateaus, most of the plants are so small they make but little show

even when in bloom. But in the opener parts of the main forests, the meadows, stream banks, and the level floors of Yosemite valleys the vegetation is exceedingly rich in flowers, some of the lilies and larkspurs being from eight to ten feet high. And on the upper meadows there are miles of blue gentians and daisies, white and blue violets; and great breadths of rosy purple heathworts covering rocky moraines with a marvelous abundance of bloom, enlivened by humming birds, butterflies and a host of other insects as beautiful as flowers. In the lower and middle regions, also, many of the most extensive beds of bloom are in great part made by shrubs, — *adenostoma*, *manzanita*, *ceanothus*, *chamæbatia*, cherry, rose, *rubus*, *spiræa*, *shad*, laurel, azalea, honeysuckle, *calycanthus*, *ribes*, *philadelphus*, and many others, the sunny spaces about them bright and fragrant with mints, lupines, *geraniums*, lilies, daisies, goldenrods, *castilleias*, *gillias*, *pentstemons*, etc.

Adenostoma fasciculatum is a handsome, hardy, heathlike shrub belonging to the rose family, flourishing on dry ground below the pine belt, and often covering areas of twenty or thirty square miles of rolling sun-beaten hills and dales with a dense, dark green, almost impenetrable chaparral, which in the distance looks like Scotch heather. It is about six to eight feet high, has slender elastic branches, red shreddy bark, needle-shaped leaves, and small white flowers in panicles about a foot long, making glorious sheets of fragrant bloom in the spring. To running fires it offers no resistance, vanishing with the few other flowery shrubs and vines and lilaceous plants that grow with it about as fast as dry grass, leaving nothing but ashes. But with wonderful vigor it rises again and again in fresh beauty from the root, and calls back to its hospitable mansions the multitude of wild animals that had to flee for their lives.

As soon as you enter the pine woods,

you meet the charming little *Chamæbatia foliolosa*, one of the handsomest of the Park shrubs, next in fineness and beauty to the heathworts of the alpine regions. Like *adenostoma* it belongs to the rose family, is from twelve to eighteen inches high, has brown bark, slender branches, white flowers like those of the strawberry, and thrice-pinnate, glandular, yellow-green leaves, finely cut and fernlike, as if unusual pains had been taken in fashioning them. Where there is plenty of sunshine at an elevation of three thousand to six thousand feet, it makes a close continuous growth, leaf touching leaf over hundreds of acres, spreading a handsome mantle beneath the yellow and sugar pines. Here and there a lily rises above it, an arching bunch of tall *bromus*, and at wide intervals a rosebush or clump of *ceanothus* or *manzanita*, but there are no rough weeds mixed with it, — no roughness of any sort.

Perhaps the most widely distributed of all the Park shrubs and of the Sierra in general, certainly the most strikingly characteristic, are the many species of *manzanita* (*Arctostaphylos*). Though one species, the *Uva-ursa*, or bearberry, — the *kinikinic* of the Western Indians, — extends around the world, the greater part of them are Californian. They are mostly from four to ten feet high, round-headed, with innumerable branches, brown or red bark, pale green leaves set on edge, and a rich profusion of small, pink, narrow-throated, urn-shaped flowers like those of *arbutus*. The branches are knotty, zigzaggy, and about as rigid as bones, and the bark is so thin and smooth, both trunk and branches seem to be naked, looking as if they had been peeled, polished, and painted red. The wood also is red, hard, and heavy.

These grand bushes seldom fail to engage the attention of the traveler and hold it, especially if he has to pass through closely planted fields of them such as grow on moraine slopes at an elevation of about seven thousand feet,

and in cañons choked with earthquake boulders; for they make the most uncompromisingly stubborn of all chaparral. Even bears take pains to go around the stoutest patches if possible, and when compelled to force a passage leave tufts of hair and broken branches to mark their way, while less skillful mountaineers under like circumstances sometimes lose most of their clothing and all their temper.

The manzanitas like sunny ground. On warm ridges and sandy flats at the foot of sun-beaten cañon cliffs, some of the tallest specimens have well-defined trunks six inches to a foot or more thick, and stand apart in orchard-like growths which in bloomtime are among the finest garden sights in the Park. The largest I ever saw had a round, slightly fluted trunk nearly four feet in diameter, which at a height of only eighteen inches from the ground dissolved into a wilderness of branches, rising and spreading to a height and width of about twelve feet. In spring every bush over all the mountains is covered with rosy flowers, in autumn with fruit. The red pleasantly acid berries, about the size of peas, are like little apples, and the hungry mountaineer is glad to eat them, though half their bulk is made up of hard seeds. Indians, bears, coyotes, foxes, birds, and other mountain people live on them for months.

Associated with manzanita there are six or seven species of ceanothus, flowery, fragrant, and altogether delightful shrubs, growing in glorious abundance in the forests on sunny or half-shaded ground, up to an elevation of about nine thousand feet above the sea. In the sugar-pine woods the most beautiful species is *C. integerrimus*, often called California lilac, or deer brush. It is five or six feet high, smooth, slender, willowy, with bright foliage and abundance of blue flowers in close showy panicles.

Two species, *prostratus* and *procumbens*, spread handsome blue-flowered mats and rugs on warm ridges beneath the pines, and offer delightful beds to the

tired mountaineer. The commonest species, *C. cordulatus*, is mostly restricted to the silver fir belt. It is white-flowered and thorny, and makes extensive thickets of tangled chaparral, far too dense to wade through, and too deep and loose to walk on, though it is pressed flat every winter by ten or fifteen feet of snow.

Above these thorny beds, sometimes mixed with them, a very wild, red-fruited cherry grows in magnificent tangles, fragrant and white as snow when in bloom. The fruit is small and rather bitter, not so good as the black, puckery chokecherry that grows in the cañons, but thrushes, robins, and chipmunks like it. Below the cherry tangles, chinquapin and goldcup oak spread generous mantles of chaparral, and with hazel and ribes thickets in adjacent glens help to clothe and adorn the rocky wilderness, and produce food for the many mouths Nature has to fill. *Azalea occidentalis* is the glory of cool streams and meadows. It is from two to five feet high, has bright green leaves and a rich profusion of large, fragrant white and yellow flowers, which are in prime beauty in June, July, and August, according to the elevation (from three thousand to six thousand feet). Only the purple-flowered rhododendron of the redwood forests rivals or surpasses it in superb abounding bloom.

Back a little way from the azalea-bordered streams, a small wild rose makes thickets, often several acres in extent, deliciously fragrant on dewy mornings and after showers, the fragrance mingled with the music of the birds nesting in them. And not far from these rose gardens, *Rubus Nutkanus* covers the ground with broad velvety leaves and pure white flowers as large as those of its neighbor the rose, and finer in texture; followed at the end of summer by soft red berries good for bird and beast and man also. This is the commonest and the most beautiful of the whole blessed flowery fruity genus.

The glory of the alpine region in

bloomtime are the heathworts, cassiope, bryanthus, kalmia, and vaccinium, enriched here and there by the alpine honeysuckle *Lonicera conjugialis*, and by the purple-flowered *Primula suffruticosa*, the only primrose discovered in California, and the only shrubby species in the genus. The lowly, hardy, adventurous cassiope has exceedingly slender creeping branches, scalelike leaves, and pale pink or white waxen bell flowers. Few plants, large or small, so well endure hard weather and rough ground over so great a range. In July it spreads a wavering, interrupted belt of the loveliest bloom around glacier lakes and meadows and across wild moory expanses, between roaring streams, all along the Sierra, and northward beneath cold skies by way of the mountain chains of Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and Alaska to the Arctic regions; gradually descending, until at the north end of the continent it reaches the level of the sea; blooming as profusely and at about the same time on mossy frozen tundras as on the high Sierra moraines. Bryanthus, the companion of cassiope, accompanies it as far north as southeastern Alaska, where together they weave thick plushy beds on rounded mountain tops above the glaciers. Bryanthus grows mostly at slightly lower elevations; the upper margin of what may be called the bryanthus belt in the Sierra uniting with and overlapping the lower margin of the cassiope.

The wide bell-shaped flowers are bright purple, about three fourths of an inch in diameter, hundreds to the square yard, the young branches, mostly erect, being covered with them. No Highlander in heather enjoys more luxurious rest than the Sierra mountaineer in a bed of blooming bryanthus. And imagine the show on calm dewy mornings, when there is a radiant globe in the throat of every flower, and smaller gems on the needle-shaped leaves, the sunbeams pouring through them. In the same wild cold

region the tiny *Vaccinium myrtillus*, mixed with kalmia and dwarf willows, spreads thinner carpets, the down-pressed matted leaves profusely sprinkled with pink bells; and on higher sandy slopes you will find several alpine species of eriogonum with gorgeous bossy masses of yellow bloom, and the lovely Arctic daisy with many blessed companions; charming plants, gentle mountaineers, Nature's darlings, which seem always the finer the higher and stormier their homes.

Many interesting ferns are distributed over the Park from the foothills to a little above the timber line. The greater number are rock ferns, — pellæa, cheilanthes, polypodium, adiantum, woodsia, cryptogramme, etc., with small tufted fronds, lining glens and gorges and fringing the cliffs and moraines. The most important of the larger species are woodwardia, aspidium, asplenium, and the common pteris. *Woodwardia radicans* is a superb fern five to eight feet high, growing in vaselike clumps where the ground is level, and on slopes in a regular thatch, frond over frond, like shingles on a roof. Its range in the Park is from the western boundary up to about five thousand feet, mostly on benches of the north walls of cañons watered by small outspread streams. It is far more abundant in the Coast Mountains beneath the noble redwoods, where it attains a height of ten to twelve feet. The aspidiums are mostly restricted to the moist parts of the lower forests, *Asplenium filix-femina* to marshy streams. The hardy, broad-shouldered *Pteris aquilina*, the commonest of ferns, grows tall and graceful on sunny flats and hillsides, at elevations between three thousand and six thousand feet. Those who know it only in the Eastern states can form no fair conception of its stately beauty in the sunshine of the Sierra. On the level sandy floors of Yosemite valleys it often attains a height of six to eight feet in fields thirty or forty acres in extent, the magnificent fronds outspread in a nearly

horizontal position, forming a ceiling beneath which one may walk erect in delightful mellow shade. No other fern does so much for the color glory of autumn, with its browns and reds and yellows changing and interblending. Even after lying dead all winter beneath the snow it spreads a lively brown mantle over the desolate ground, until the young fronds with a noble display of faith and hope come rolling up into the light through the midst of the beautiful ruins. A few weeks suffice for their development, then, gracefully poised each in its place, they manage themselves in every exigency of weather as if they had passed through a long course of training. I have seen solemn old sugar pines thrown into momentary confusion by the sudden onset of a storm, tossing their arms excitedly as if scarce awake, and wondering what had happened, but I never noticed surprise or embarrassment in the behavior of this noble pteris. Of five species of *pellæa* in the Park, the handsome *andromedæfolia* growing in brushy foothills with *Adiantum emarginatum* is the largest. *P. Breweri*, the hardiest and at the same time the most fragile of the genus, grows in dense tufts among rocks on storm-beaten mountain sides along the upper margin of the fern line. It is a charming little fern four or five inches high, has shining bronze-colored stalks which are about as brittle as glass, and pale green pinnate fronds. Its companions on the lower part of its range are *Cryptogramme acrostichoides* and *Phegopteris alpestris*, the latter soft and tender, not at all like a rock fern, though it grows on rocks where the snow lies longest.

P. Bridgesii, with blue-green, narrow, simply pinnate fronds, is about the same size as *Breweri* and ranks next to it as a mountaineer, growing in fissures and around boulders on glacier pavements. About a thousand feet lower we find the smaller and more abundant *P. densa*, on ledges and boulder-strewn fissured pave-

ments, watered until late in summer by oozing currents from snow banks or thin outspread streams from moraines, growing in close sods, its little, bright green, triangular, tripinnate fronds, about an inch in length, as innumerable as leaves of grass. *P. ornithopus* has twice or thrice pinnate fronds, is dull in color, and dwells on hot rocky hillsides among chaparral.

Three species of *Cheilanthes*, — *Californica*, *gracillima*, and *myriophylla*, with beautiful two to four pinnate fronds, an inch to five inches long, adorn the stupendous walls of the cañons however dry and sheer. The exceedingly delicate and interesting *Californica* is rare, the others abundant at from three thousand to seven thousand feet elevation, and are often accompanied by the little gold fern, *Gymnogramme triangularis*, and rarely by the curious little *Botrychium simplex*, the smallest of which are less than an inch high.

The finest of all the rock ferns is *Adiantum pedatum*, lover of waterfalls and the lightest waftings of irised spray. No other Sierra fern is so constant a companion of white spray-covered streams, or tells so well their wild thundering music. The homes it loves best are cave-like hollows beside the main falls, where it can float its plumes on their dewy breath, safely sheltered from the heavy spray-laden blasts. Many of these moss-lined chambers, so cool, so moist, and brightly colored with rainbow light, contain thousands of these happy ferns, clinging to the emerald walls by the slightest holds, reaching out the most wonderfully delicate fingered fronds on dark glossy stalks, sensitive, tremulous, all alive, in an attitude of eager attention; throbbing in unison with every motion and tone of the resounding waters, compliant to their faintest impulses, moving each division of the frond separately at times as if fingering the music, playing on invisible keys.

Considering the lilies as you go up the

mountains, the first you come to is *L. pardalinum*, with large orange-yellow, purple-spotted flowers big enough for babies' bonnets. It is seldom found higher than thirty-five hundred feet above the sea, grows in magnificent groups of fifty to a hundred or more, in romantic waterfall dells in the pine woods, shaded by overarching maple and willow, alder and dogwood, with bushes in front of the embowering trees for a border, and ferns and sedges in front of the bushes; while the bed of black humus in which the bulbs are set is carpeted with mosses and liverworts. These richly furnished lily gardens are the pride of the falls on the lower tributaries of the Tuolumne and Merced rivers, falls not like those of Yosemite valleys coming from the sky with rock-shaking thunder tones, but small, with low, kind voices cheerily singing in calm leafy bowers, self-contained, keeping their snowy skirts well about them, yet furnishing plenty of spray for the lilies.

The Washington lily (*L. Washingtonianum*) is white, deliciously fragrant, moderate in size, with three to ten flowered racemes. The largest I ever measured was eight feet high, the raceme two feet long, with fifty-two flowers, fifteen of them open; the others had faded or were still in the bud. This famous lily is distributed over the sunny portions of the sugar-pine woods, never in large garden companies like *pardalinum*, but widely scattered, standing up to the waist in dense ceanothus and manzanita chaparral, waving its lovely flowers above the blooming wilderness of brush, and giving their fragrance to the breeze. These stony, thorny jungles are about the last places in the mountains in which one would look for lilies. But though they toil not nor spin, like other people under adverse circumstances, they have to do the best they can. Because their large bulbs are good to eat they are dug up by Indians and bears; therefore, like hunted animals, they seek refuge in the cha-

parral, where among the boulders and tough tangled roots they are comparatively safe. This is the favorite Sierra lily, and it is now growing in all the best parks and gardens of the world.

The showiest gardens in the Park lie imbedded in the silver fir forests on the top of the main dividing ridges or hang like gayly colored scarfs down their sides. Their wet places are in great part taken up by veratrum, a robust broad-leaved plant, determined to be seen, and habernaria and spiranthes; the drier parts by tall columbines, larkspurs, castilleias, lupines, hosackias, erigerons, valerian, etc., standing deep in grass, with violets here and there around the borders. But the finest feature of these forest gardens is *Lilium parvum*. It varies greatly in size, the tallest being from six to nine feet high, with splendid racemes of ten to fifty small orange-colored flowers, which rock and wave with great dignity above the other flowers in the infrequent winds that fall over the protecting wall of trees. Though rather frail-looking it is strong, reaching prime vigor and beauty eight thousand feet above the sea, and in some places venturing as high as eleven thousand.

Calochortus, or Mariposa tulip, is a unique genus of many species confined to the California side of the continent; charming plants, somewhat resembling the tulips of Europe, but far finer. The richest calochortus region lies below the western boundary of the Park, still five or six species are included. *C. Nuttallii* is common on moraines in the forests of the two-leaved pine; and *C. cæruleus* and *nudus*, very slender, lowly species, may be found in moist garden spots near Yosemite. *C. albus*, with pure white flowers, growing in shady places among the foothill shrubs, is, I think, the very loveliest of all the lily family, — a spotless soul, plant saint, that every one must love and so be made better. It puts the wildest mountaineer on his good behavior. With this plant

the whole world would seem rich though none other existed. Next after Calochortus, Brodiaëa is the most interesting genus. Nearly all the many species have beautiful showy heads of blue, lilac, and yellow flowers, enriching the gardens of the lower pine region. Other liliaceous plants likely to attract attention are the blue-flowered camassia, the bulbs of which are prized as food by Indians; fritillaria, smilicina, chloragalum, and the twining climbing stropholirion.

The common orchidaceous plants are corallorhiza, goodyera, spiranthes, and habenaria. *Cypripedium montanum*, the only moccasin flower I have seen in the Park, is a handsome, thoughtful-looking plant living beside cool brooks. The large oval lip is white, delicately veined with purple; the other petals and sepals purple, strap-shaped, and elegantly curved and twisted.

To tourists the most attractive of all the flowers of the forest is the snow plant (*Sarcodes sanguinea*). It is a bright red, fleshy, succulent pillar that pushes up through the dead needles in the pine and fir woods like a gigantic asparagus shoot. The first intimation of its coming is a loosening and up-bulging of the brown stratum of decomposed needles on the forest floor in the cracks of which you notice fiery gleams; presently a blunt dome-shaped head an inch or two in diameter appears, covered with closely imbricated scales and bracts. In a week or so it grows to a height of six to twelve inches. Then the long fringed bracts spread and curl aside, allowing the twenty or thirty five-lobed bell-shaped flowers to open and look straight out from the fleshy axis. It is said to grow up through the snow; on the contrary it always waits until the ground is warm, though with other early flowers it is occasionally buried or half buried for a day or two by spring storms. The entire plant — flowers, bracts, stem, scales, and roots — is red. But notwithstanding its glowing color and

beautiful flowers, it is singularly unsympathetic and cold. Everybody admires it as a wonderful curiosity, but nobody loves it. Without fragrance, rooted in decaying vegetable matter, it stands beneath the pines and firs lonely, silent, and about as rigid as a graveyard monument.

Down in the main cañons adjoining the azalea and rose gardens there are fine beds of herbaceous plants, — tall mints and sunflowers, iris, œnothera, brodiaëa, and bright beds of erythræa on the ferny meadows. Bolandera, sedum, and airy feathery purple-flowered heuchera adorn mossy nooks near falls, the shading trees wreathed and festooned with wild grapevines and clematis; while lightly shaded flats are covered with gilia and eunanus of many species, hosackia, arnica, chænactis, gayophytum, gnaphalium, monardella, etc.

Thousands of the most interesting gardens in the Park are never seen, for they are small and lie far up on ledges and terraces of the sheer cañon walls, wherever a strip of soil however narrow and shallow can rest. The birds, winds, and down-washing rains have planted them with all sorts of hardy mountain flowers, and where there is sufficient moisture they flourish in profusion. Many of them are watered by little streams that seem lost on the tremendous precipices, clinging to the face of the rock in lacelike strips, and dripping from ledge to ledge, too silent to be called falls, pathless wanderers from the upper meadows, which for centuries have been seeking a way down to the rivers they belong to, without having worn as yet any appreciable channel, mostly evaporated or given to the plants they meet before reaching the foot of the cliffs. To these unnoticed streams the finest of the cliff gardens owe their luxuriance and freshness of beauty. In the larger ones ferns and showy flowers flourish in wonderful profusion, — woodwardia, columbine, collomia, castilleia, draperia, geranium, erythræa, pink and

scarlet mimulus, hosackia, saxifrage, sunflowers, and daisies, with azalea, spiræa, and calycanthus, a few specimens of each that seem to have been culled from the large gardens above and beneath them. Even lilies are occasionally found in these irrigated cliff gardens, swinging their bells over the giddy precipices, seemingly as happy as their relatives down in the waterfall dells.

Most of the cliff gardens, however, are dependent on summer showers, and though from the shallowness of the soil beds they are often dry, they still display a surprising number of bright flowers, — scarlet zaueschneria, purple bush-penstemon, mints, gillias, and bosses of glowing golden bahia. Nor is there any lack of commoner plants; the homely yarrow is often found in them, and sweet clover and honeysuckle for the bees. In the upper cañons, where the walls are inclined at so low an angle that they are loaded with moraine material through which perennial streams percolate in broad diffused currents, there are long wavering garden beds, that seem to be descending through the forest like cascades, their fluent lines suggesting motion, swaying from side to side of the forested banks, surging up here and there over island-like boulder piles, or dividing and flowing around them. In some of these floral cascades the vegetation is chiefly sedges and grasses ruffled with willows; in others, showy flowers like those of the lily gardens on the main divides. Another curious and picturesque series of wall gardens are made by thin streams that ooze slowly from moraines and slip gently over smooth glaciated slopes. From particles of sand and mud they carry, a pair of lobe-shaped sheets of soil an inch or two thick are gradually formed, one of them hanging down from the brow of the slope, the other leaning up from the foot of it like stalactite and stalagmite, the soil being held together by the flowery, moisture-loving plants growing in it.

Along the rocky parts of the cañon bottoms between lake basins, where the streams flow fast over glacier-polished granite, there are rows of pothole gardens full of ferns, daisies, goldenrods, and other common plants of the neighborhood nicely arranged like bouquets, and standing out in telling relief on the bare shining rock banks. And all the way up the cañons to the Summit mountains, wherever there is soil of any sort, there is no lack of flowers, however short the summer may be. Within eight or ten feet of a snowbank, lingering beneath a shadow, you may see belated ferns unrolling their fronds in September, and sedges hurrying up their brown spikes, on ground that has been free from snow only eight or ten days, and is likely to be covered again within a few weeks; the winter in the coolest of these shadow gardens being about eleven months long, while spring, summer, and autumn are hurried and crowded into one month. Again, under favorable conditions, alpine gardens three or four thousand feet higher than the last are in their prime in June. Between the Summit peaks at the head of the cañons surprising effects are produced, where the sunshine falls direct on rocky slopes and reverberates among boulders. Toward the end of August, in one of these natural hothouses on the north shore of a glacier lake 11,500 feet above the sea, I found a luxuriant growth of hairy lupines, thistles, goldenrods, shrubby potentilla, Spraguea, and the mountain epilobium with thousands of purple flowers an inch wide, while the opposite shore, at a distance of only three hundred yards, was bound in heavy avalanche snow, — flowery summer on one side, winter on the other. And I know a bench garden on the north wall of Yosemite in which a few flowers are in bloom all winter; the massive rocks about it storing up sunshine enough in summer to melt the snow about as fast as it falls. When tired of the confine-

ment of my cabin I used to camp out in it in January, and never failed to find flowers, and butterflies also, except during snowstorms and a few days after.

From Yosemite one can easily walk in a day to the top of Mount Hoffman, a massive gray mountain that rises in the centre of the Park, with easy slopes adorned with castellated piles and crests on the south side, rugged precipices banked with perpetual snow on the north. Most of the broad summit is comparatively level and smooth, and covered with crystals of quartz, — mica, hornblende, feldspar, garnet, zircon, tourmaline, etc., weathered out and strewn loosely as if sown broadcast; their radiance so dazzling in some places as fairly to hide the multitude of small flowers that grow among them; myriads of keen lance rays infinitely fine, white or colored, making an almost continuous glow over all the ground, with here and there throbbing, spangling lilies of light growing on the larger gems. At first sight only these crystal sunflowers are noticed, but looking closely you discover minute gillias, ivesias, eunanus, phloxes, etc., in thousands, showing more petals than leaves; and larger plants in hollows and on the borders of rills, — lupines, potentillas, daisies, harebells, mountain columbine, astragalus, fringed with heathworts. You wander about from garden to garden enchanted, as if walking among stars, gathering the brightest gems, each and all apparently doing their best with eager enthusiasm, as if everything depended on faithful shining; and considering the flowers basking in the glorious light, many of them looking like swarms of small moths and butterflies that were resting after long dances in the sunbeams. Now your attention is called to colonies of woodchucks and pikas, the mounds in front of their burrows glittering like heaps of jewelry, — romantic ground to live in or die in. Now you look abroad over the vast round land-

scape bounded by the down-curving sky, nearly all the Park in it displayed like a map, — forests, meadows, lakes, rock-waves, and snowy mountains. Northward lies the basin of Yosemite Creek, paved with bright domes and lakes like larger crystals; eastward, the meadowy, billowy Tuolumne region and the Summit peaks in glorious array; southward, Yosemite; and westward, the boundless forests. On no other mountain that I know of are you more likely to linger. It is a magnificent camp ground. Clumps of dwarf pine furnish rosinny roots and branches for fuel, and the rills pure water. Around your camp fire the flowers seem to be looking eagerly at the light, and the crystals shine unweariedly, making fine company as you lie at rest in the very heart of the vast, serene, majestic night.

The finest of the glacier meadow gardens lie at an elevation of about nine thousand feet, imbedded in the upper pine forests like lakes of light. They are smooth and level, a mile or two long, and the rich, well-drained ground is completely covered with a soft, silky, plushy sod enameled with flowers, not one of which is in the least weedy or coarse. In some places the sod is so crowded with showy flowers that the grasses are scarce noticed, in others they are rather sparingly scattered; while every leaf and flower seems to have its winged representative in the swarms of happy flower-like insects that enliven the air above them.

With the winter snowstorms wings and petals are folded, and for more than half the year the meadows are snow-buried ten or fifteen feet deep. In June they begin to thaw out, small patches of the dead sloppy sod appear, gradually increasing in size until they are free and warm again, face to face with the sky; myriads of growing points push through the steaming mould, frogs sing cheerfully, soon joined by the birds, and the merry insects come back as if suddenly

raised from the dead. Soon the ground is green with mosses and liverworts and dotted with small fungi, making the first crop of the season. Then the grass leaves weave a new sod, and the exceedingly slender panicles rise above it like a purple mist, speedily followed by potentilla, ivesia, bossy orthocarpus yellow and purple, and a few pentstemons. Later come the daisies and goldenrods, asters and gentians. Of the last there are three species, small and fine with varying tones of blue, and in glorious abundance, coloring extensive patches where the sod is shallowest. Through the midst flows a stream only two or three feet wide, silently gliding as if careful not to disturb the hushed calm of the solitude, its banks embossed by the common sod bent down to the water's edge, and trimmed with mosses and violets; slender grass panicles lean over like miniature pine trees, and here and there on the driest places small mats of heathworts are neatly spread, enriching without roughening the bossy down-curling sod. In spring and summer the weather is mostly crisp, exhilarating sunshine, though magnificent mountain ranges of cumuli are often upheaved about noon, their shady hollows tinged with purple ineffably fine, their snowy sun-beaten bosses glowing against the sky, casting cooling shadows for an hour or two, then dissolving in a quick washing rain. But for days in succession there are no clouds at all, or only faint wisps and pencilings scarcely discernible.

Toward the end of August the sunshine grows hazy, announcing the coming of Indian summer, the outlines of the landscapes are softened and mellowed, and more and more plainly are the mountains clothed with light, white tinged with pale purple, richest in the morning and evening. The warm, brooding days are full of life and thoughts of life to come, ripening seeds with next summer in them or a hundred

summers. The nights are unspeakably impressive and calm, frost crystals of wondrous beauty grow on the grass, — each carefully planned and finished as if intended to endure forever. The sod becomes yellow and brown, but the late asters and gentians, carefully closing their flowers at night, do not seem to feel the frost; no nipped, wilted plants of any kind are to be seen; even the early snowstorms fail to blight them. At last the precious seeds are ripe, all the work of the season is done, and the sighing pines tell the coming of winter and rest.

Ascending the range you find that many of the higher meadows slope considerably, from the amount of loose material washed into their basins; and sedges and rushes are mixed with the grasses or take their places, though all are still more or less flowery and bordered with heathworts, sibbaldea, and dwarf willows. Here and there you come to small bogs, the wettest smooth and adorned with *parnassia* and buttercups, others tussocky and ruffled like bits of Arctic tundra, their mosses and lichens interwoven with dwarf shrubs. On boulder piles the red iridescent *oxyria* abounds, and on sandy, gravelly slopes several species of shrubby, yellow-flowered *erigonum*, some of the plants, less than a foot high, being very old, a century or more, as is shown by the rings made by the annual whorls of leaves on the big roots. Above these flower-dotted slopes the gray, savage wilderness of crags and peaks seems lifeless and bare. Yet all the way up to the tops of the highest mountains, commonly supposed to be covered with eternal snow, there are bright garden spots crowded with flowers, their warm colors calling to mind the sparks and jets of fire on polar volcanoes rising above a world of ice. The principal mountain-top plants are *phloxes*, *drabas*, *saxifrages*, *silene*, *cymopterus*, *hulsea*, and *polemonium*, growing in detached stripes and mats,

—the highest streaks and splashes of the summer wave as it breaks against these wintry heights. The most beautiful are the phloxes (*douglasii* and *cæspitosum*), and the red-flowered silene with innumerable flowers hiding the leaves. Though herbaceous plants, like the trees and shrubs, are dwarfed as they ascend, two of these mountain dwellers, *Hulsea algida* and *Polemonium confertum*, are notable exceptions. The yellow-flowered hulsea is eight to twelve inches high, stout, erect, the leaves, three to six inches long, secreting a rosiny, fragrant gum, standing up boldly on the grim lichen-stained crags, and never looking in the least tired or discouraged. Both the ray and disk flowers are yellow, the heads nearly two inches wide, and are eagerly sought for by roving bee mountaineers. The polemonium is quite as luxuriant and tropical-looking as its companion, about the same height, glandular, fragrant, its blue flowers closely packed in eight or ten heads, twenty to forty in a head. It is never far from hulsea, growing at elevations between eleven and thirteen thousand feet wherever a little hollow or crevice favorably situated with a handful of wind-driven soil can be found.

From these frosty Arctic sky gardens you may descend in one straight swoop to the abronia, mentzelia, and ænothera gardens of Mono, where the sunshine is warm enough for palms.

But the greatest of all the gardens is the belt of forest trees, profusely covered in the spring with blue and purple, red and yellow blossoms, each tree with a gigantic panicle of flowers fifty to a hundred feet long. Yet strange to say they are seldom noticed. Few travel through the woods when they are in bloom, the flowers of some of the showiest species opening before the snow is off the ground. Nevertheless, one would think the news of such gigantic flowers would quickly spread, and travelers from all the world would make haste to

the show. Eager inquiries are made for the bloomtime of rhododendron-covered mountains and for the bloomtime of Yosemite streams, that they may be enjoyed in their prime; but the far grander outburst of tree bloom covering a thousand mountains — who inquires about that? That the pistillate flowers of the pines and firs should escape the eyes of careless lookers is less to be wondered at, since they mostly grow aloft on the topmost branches, and can hardly be seen from the foot of the trees. Yet even these make a magnificent show from the top of an overlooking ridge when the sunbeams are pouring through them. But the far more numerous staminate flowers of the pines in large rosy clusters, and those of the silver firs in countless thousands on the under side of the branches, cannot be hid, stand where you may. The mountain hemlock also is gloriously colored with a profusion of lovely blue and purple flowers, a spectacle to gods and men. A single pine or hemlock or silver fir in the prime of its beauty about the middle of June is well worth the pains of the longest journey; how much more broad forests of them thousands of miles long.

One of the best ways to see tree flowers is to climb one of the tallest trees and to get into close tingling touch with them, and then look abroad. Speaking of the benefits of tree climbing, Thoreau says: "I found my account in climbing a tree once. It was a tall white pine, on the top of a hill; and though I got well pitched, I was well paid for it, for I discovered new mountains in the horizon which I had never seen before. I might have walked about the foot of the tree for threescore years and ten, and yet I certainly should never have seen them. But, above all, I discovered around me, — it was near the middle of June, — on the ends of the topmost branches, a few minute and delicate red conelike blossoms, the fertile flower of the white pine looking heavenward. I

carried straightway to the village the topmost spire, and showed it to stranger jurymen who walked the streets, — for it was court week, — and to farmers and lumbermen and woodchoppers and hunters, and not one had ever seen the like before, but they wondered as at a star dropped down."

The same marvelous blindness prevails here, although the blossoms are a thousandfold more abundant and telling. Once when I was collecting flowers of the red silver fir near a summer tourist resort on the mountains above Lake Tahoe, I carried a handful of flowery branches to the boarding house, where they quickly attracted a wondering, admiring crowd of men, women, and children. "Oh, where did you get these?" they cried. "How pretty they are — mighty handsome — just too lovely for anything — where do they grow?" "On the commonest trees about you," I replied. "You are now standing beside one of them, and it is in full bloom; look up." And I pointed to a blossom-laden *Abies magnifica*, about a hundred and twenty feet high, in front of the house, used as a hitching post. And seeing its beauty for the first time,

their wonder could hardly have been greater or more sincere had their silver fir hitching post blossomed for them at that moment as suddenly as Aaron's rod.

The mountain hemlock extends an almost continuous belt along the Sierra and northern ranges to Prince William's Sound, accompanied part of the way by the pines; our two silver firs, to Mount Shasta, thence the fir belt is continued through Oregon, Washington, and British Columbia by four other species, *Abies nobilis*, *grandis*, *amabilis*, and *lasiocarpa*; while the magnificent Sitka spruce, with large, bright purple flowers, adorns the coast region from California to Cook's Inlet and Kodiak. All these, interblending, form one flowery belt — one garden blooming in June, rocking its myriad spires in the hearty weather, bowing and swirling, enjoying clouds and the winds and filling them with balsam; covering thousands of miles of the wildest mountains, clothing the long slopes by the sea, crowning bluffs and headlands and innumerable islands and, fringing the banks of the glaciers, one wild wavering belt of the noblest flowers in the world worth a lifetime of love work to know it.

John Muir.

NIGHT HYMNS ON LAKE NEPIGON.

HERE in the midnight, where the dark mainland and island
Shadows mingle in shadow deeper, profounder,
Sing we the hymns of the churches, while the dead water
Whispers before us.

Thunder is traveling slow on the path of the lightning;
One after one the stars and the beaming planets
Look serene in the lake from the edge of the storm-cloud,
Then have they vanished.

While our canoe, that floats dumb in the bursting thunder,
Gathers her voice in the quiet and thrills and whispers,
Presses her prow in the star-gleam, and all her ripple
Lapses in blackness,

Sing we the sacred, ancient hymns of the churches,
 Chanted first in old-world nooks of the desert,
 While in the wild, pellucid Nepigon reaches
 Hunted the savage.

Now have the ages met in the Northern midnight,
 And on the lonely, loon-haunted Nepigon reaches
 Rises the hymn of triumph and courage and comfort,
 Adeste Fideles.

Tones that were fashioned when the faith brooded in darkness,
 Joined with sonorous vowels in the noble Latin,
 Now are married with the long-drawn Ojibewa,
 Uncouth and mournful;

Soft with the silver drip of the regular paddles
 Falling in rhythm, timed with the liquid, plangent
 Sounds from the blades where the whirlpools break and are carried
 Down into darkness.

Each long cadence, flying like a dove from her shelter
 Deep in the shadow, wheels for a throbbing moment,
 Poises in utterance, returning in circles of silver
 To nest in the silence.

All wild nature stirs with the infinite, tender
 Plaint of a bygone age whose soul is eternal,
 Bound in the lonely phrases that thrill and falter
 Back into quiet.

Back they falter as the deep storm overtakes them,
 Whelms them in splendid hollows of booming thunder,
 Wraps them in rain, that, sweeping, breaks and onrushes
 Ringing like cymbals.

Duncan Campbell Scott.

A SEA CHANGE.

THE day was an April one, full of light from the nearer leaves and the green mist of their assembling where woods are deep. All the atoms were in motion, and a harmony of swelling buds lay, ready to be guessed, under the rhythm of running water. A thousand little streams broke from the mountain, and played the game of follow-my-fancy

down the valleys and into the arms of the big water courses which knew all about it. Birds, in an ecstasy for nesting, juggled wildly with melodic phrases, and tried the trick of keeping three notes in the air at once; sound grew into substance and dripped delight. The whole bare page of early spring lay illumined, like a delicate green window

with the sun upon it. Even Elephantis, the mountain, turned into a purple majesty cut out of air and fervent for the day.

In the little dark house under the very shadow of the mountain, on the side where firs grow close, there had been all the morning a clatter of brisk workmanship, the noise of mop and broom. Cynthia Miller was cleaning, with the passionate ardor of one who either loves her task or strides through it to some desired goal. Now she threw braided rugs out of the window upon the bank, pierced only lately by needles of new grass, and, pulling out a drawer from her bedroom bureau, carried it into the parlor to pick over. Such haste impelled her that she tried to do everything at once, and tripped herself up in the snare of her own eagerness. This was the last room to be set in order; to-morrow the house would be clean. Thinking that, she passed an unsteady hand over her forehead, smoothed out the rough hair above it, and sighed in extremity of desire. Standing there over the drawer, she abandoned herself to work again, with a speed so quickened that it seemed as if her hands darted and pounced in their assorting. Sometimes she held up an article to the light to note whether it needed darn or patch. Her frowning scrutiny looked like the hysteria of labor, neither supported by physical strength, nor clad in the armor of an enforced control. She had been pretty once, of a brown type with a flush under the skin and smooth, plump outlines. Now she looked a haggard sprite, old too soon: her eyes seeking some remedy for perplexing ills, and the intention of the piquant nose quite spoiled by two transverse wrinkles at the base. A lumbering step sounded in the kitchen, and she stood arrested, listening. The lines in her forehead multiplied; anxious care was enhanced by an added inscription of annoyance, anger even.

"Ain't you gone yet?" she muttered,

and then, as if some tormented spirit cried for its own relief and urged her on, "My soul! can't I have a minute's peace in this house?"

"Cynthy!" called her husband from the kitchen. The voice was dulled, not by intention, but the lack of it. "Cynthy, where be you?"

She stood as still as one of those little brown creatures on the trees, when they straighten themselves into twigs at the approach of other life. Her eyes narrowed. She looked not so much frightened as immovably perverse. If he wanted her, he should not have her, only because he wanted. Then he called again, and she heard his step coming her way. It sounded blundering, as it always did in the house: an inexact step not quite conscious whither it was bound, in these strange latitudes of wall and window, and better adapted to wide barns or the uncertainties of ploughed fields.

"Well," called Cynthia sharply from her trap, "what's wanted?"

At that instant he appeared in the doorway, and filled it with the effect of brawn and vigor. He was a son of the soil, made out of earth, and not many generations removed from that maternity. His thick hair and bristling brown beard gave his head a fictitious size, and his calm brown eyes showed only an honest and quite unconscious acquiescence in the lot of man. Even here, within four walls, the outdoor world claimed him for its own with crude assertiveness. Straws clung to him. Dark loam caked his furrowed boots, and the smell of animal life flew before him like a proclaiming aura. Cynthia could not look at him. She bent over the drawer and assorted swiftly, turning the clothes as if she sought a corner for hiding.

"Well," she repeated, with the same challenging sharpness, "what's wanted?"

But if her voice bore any new meaning that day, Timothy was deaf to it.

"I've greased my t'other pair o'

boots," he announced, in that throaty rumble calculated to leave the tongue an idle life. "I shall want 'em this arternoon, when I go down along, fencin'. I set 'em by the oven door. I thought I'd tell ye."

"Well."

"We might as well have dinner by 'leven. I want to make a long arternoon on't."

"I'll see to it."

Amply satisfied, he turned about and went plodding out of doors. She drew her breath sharply, and listened. Those steps had two meanings for her now-days. When they approached, she shuddered, and her flesh crawled. At their withdrawal, she found it possible to keep half alive. But when she heard his guiding remarks addressed to the oxen, while the old cart went creaking out of the yard, at a measured pace, she gave way to an impulse likely to afford her infinite relief for the moment, even if it had to be repented. She flashed into the kitchen with the unerring step of the housewife made to carry domestic business through triumphant crises, and swooped down upon the heavy boots standing, redolent of grease, by the oven door. Her nervous hands fell upon them murderously, as if they represented a misery borne to the last gasp, and, taking them out into the yard, she threw them as far as her strength would serve.

"There!" said she, with a flash of obstinate malice, nodding at the mountain, "I've done so much. I wish I could throw 'em over you. I wonder what you'd say to that!" Then she went back again, and with some temporary composure addressed herself to work. A victory over the boots showed some tangible advancement; it promised more.

The mountain had made an intimate part of all Cynthia's married life. When she came up here from the plains to settle, it seemed to her, without much difficult thought on the matter, as if there

were something unlike other weddings in this pilgrimage uphill to live under the shadow of Elephantis. From her old home, sold now into the hands of strangers, it uplifted a mystical outline, to be grasped only in the clearest weather. Here it seemed to be a part of her freeholding. Then the attitude of the world unconsciously swayed her mind and roused in her the pride of place. Year after year, with the quickening of summer, crowds of people sought out Elephantis and grew voluble in wonder before its purple glories. In the winter, there were sometimes paragraphs in the local paper relative to daring ones who had "gone up" the season before, and the county was never tired of talking about the party which had got lost there and, straying into Dutchman's Gulf, suffered two nights of hunger and fear. All these dramas, inspired by an adventurous world, were played on the other side of the mountain: yet Cynthia felt them to be hers alone. It was her mountain; and for many years she studied its varying aspects under sun and snow, and even, one spring when her husband was logging, cut herself a little path through the bushes, fantastically hoping to reach the top, as we plan for what can never happen. But all this had belonged to her youth. She was forty years old now, and the mountain seemed too near. Yet still it remained the unmoved witness of her actions, a hateful censor as unyielding as if it had been appointed by God himself. She was bitterly angry with it, as she was with her husband; but in her anger against the mountain was mingled the alloy of fear.

When Timothy came home to dinner at eleven, there were no outer signs of homely tragedy. The house wore a beautiful order, and his boots stood by the oven door as he had left them, their toes pointing rigorously. A whirlwind of passion had swept them forth, and expediency, not in the least tempered by repentance, had brought them in again.

Cynthia's dinner table shone with care. The white cloth was ironed so smooth and glossy, the glasses gleamed so bright, that one looked about for the story of such serving, — to find it either in love, or in that dull habit made to break the spirit and drive women early to old age. Timothy was conscious of having a good dinner, but not so keenly as if he did not have one every day. Yet even to him the house wore an odd aspect of Sabbath calm.

"Got your spring cleanin' done?" he asked Cynthia, upon a mouthful of potato and fried apple. She nodded, sitting opposite him and not looking up, even when she passed him food and drink. Her own plate was bare, and she swallowed her strong tea thirstily and with a greedy purpose.

"I finished this forenoon," she said, and, without her wish, some exultation cried out in her voice. It had not seemed possible that desire could ripen so.

Timothy glanced at her from time to time. Usually he only looked at her as he did at the clock, when he wanted to know something; but now the restlessness in her atmosphere challenged and piqued him. So he became aware of her empty plate.

"You ain't eat a mouthful," he announced, in more wonder than concern, and Cynthia's forehead contracted a little closer.

"I'm more dry than hungry," she answered evasively; and he pushed the sausage nearer her, saying, with a neutral kindness which she had once known to be his equivalent for affection, "Help yourself!"

But she only shook her head and poured more tea. Presently he rose, took down his pipe from the mantel, lighted it luxuriously, and drew on his waiting boots, — the boots which could have told a story. When he held them up for scrutiny, Cynthia had a tempting toward hysterical laughter. She wondered what he would

say if he knew they had spent most of their morning lying out in the old cabbage bed. Then he poked his way out of the house, and presently she saw him striding off to the pasture whither he had drawn his fencing stuff that morning. She did not stay to do her dishes; other things were betiding. From the best bedroom she dragged out the hair trunk which had held her wedding things when she came up to live with the mountain, and tugged it through the shed to the barn, where she managed to lift it into the back of the wagon. She propped up the lid, and ran back into the house for the bundles of clothing which had lain ready for many days. So the trunk was packed, and the key triumphantly turned. Then Cynthia, breathless, but, she was sure, possessed of strength equivalent to all demands, led out old John, the horse of many summers, and harnessed him, praying Heaven the breeching might not have been shortened for Doll. John showed no wonderment while she threw a shawl over her calico dress and tied on her bonnet and veil. When she climbed into the wagon, he pricked his ears a little, but it was only as the whip fell upon him, going down the rough mountain road, that he betrayed any personal responsibility in the affair. A winter of oats and idleness had left him well equipped for one so far within the vale of years, and a remnant of his old spirit served him. So he put his feet down creditably, and Cynthia drove, looking neither upon field nor sky, and mindful of her road. The April day was dulling under a hue of gray, not rain, nor even mist. It was only a color come with the waxing hour, and full of sadness. It fitted her mood more closely than the bold radiance of morning; all the tender shades of loam and springing leaf seemed to fall in with her expectations, and show her how soon youth may be over. We do not need to formulate these things, and chant antiphonal responses of nature to the hu-

man mind. The heart perceives them, and as we live, we know.

All winter long she had not driven these eight miles down to the village where her errand lay. Once it had seemed a festival like the breaking of icy bonds; but now, with all her thoughts turned inward upon one numbing point, she got what she could out of the horse, and thought only of time. The village stores were not for her that afternoon. She drove straight to the little station, and called the lank and introspective station master, loitering in idleness between his two trains a day.

"Here, you!" cried Cynthia, "should you jest as soon lift out this trunk?"

No men folks being with her, of whom to exact the toll of a helping hand, he let down the tailpiece of the wagon and dragged her treasure forth, impersonally and with no concern. Cynthia wrinkled her brows.

"He need n't ha' slat it so," she murmured to herself, and then remembering that he must help her further, she smoothed her feelings and continued, "I ain't goin' to-day. Can't you keep it som'ers till to-morrer — till I come?"

He shouldered it, still dumbly, and watching him to the door of the baggage room, she wondered whether it was well to trust an unknown man so far.

"You keep an eye on it," she besought him. "I'll be here to-morrer — not a day later."

But his heights of contemplation included nothing near, and she turned about under her first actual sense of the lions in an unfamiliar way.

Their homeward progress had to be longer, because it was over rising ground, and John could not be urged. Still, though it was late afternoon before they reached the little house, they were in time. The barn door was closed. Timothy had not appeared. When he did come, more of the toiling earth than ever after his hours of work, John was in the stall, and Cynthia stood at the sink wash-

ing dishes. The unique nature of her occupation at that hour in the day struck upon Timothy, as he came through for the milkpail. So methodical was their life that even so slight a deviation was like a heartbeat dropped, to be accounted for.

"Ain't you done your dinner dishes?" he asked, in self-evident statement.

"I'm doin' 'em now," said Cynthia briefly.

"What d'ye wait for?"

"I got hendered." He inquired no further, and when he came in again supper was ready, a delicate supper with hot biscuits and quince preserve. Cynthia was doing her duty artistically to the last.

That night she lay awake, and tried to keep her eyes from the window, where the mountain hung like a pall. Timothy was sleeping vocally, but even through that droning note she heard the beating of her heart. It seemed to shake the bed and her with it, like some terrible agent outside herself. She held her hand upon her breast, and tried to breathe serenely. But that grim quickstep gave her comfort, after all. She felt no need of forgiveness, but she told herself that when Timothy heard she had died of heart disease, he could not blame her for whatever she had done.

Next morning breakfast was early, and Cynthia, clearing it away, spoke but once, — to the mountain. She had kept her back to it as much as possible of late, but somehow it filled her vision all the more; and now, when she went out to spread her dish towels on the brush, it grew and grew, as if it would engulf her.

"Why don't you get into the winder, if you want to?" she inquired, scorning it at last. "I would, if I's you."

Very soon the kitchen, like the whole house, was beautifully in order, and Cynthia, her hair smooth and her pathetic little hands very red, had put on her best dress — an alpaca of great age and worth — and laid her bonnet and

shawl on the table. Then she stepped to the door and called to Timothy, chopping limbs at the pile : —

"You come in here. I want to speak to you."

He dropped his axe, and came, stepping a little more hastily than usual. But he was not used to being summoned.

"You cut you?" he asked. "You fell?"

She was standing near the kitchen table, one stark hand upon it. That and the rigid arm upheld her.

"There's bread in the stone jar," said she. "I made three loaves, all I da'st, for fear 't would spile. I b'iled a leg o' bacon, an' the blue chist's full o' mince pies. The 'taters are sprouted, all but what you set by to plant."

He stared at her in a wondering concern. She looked unfamiliar to him; and then he felt a little relief, knowing why.

"You got on your best dress," said he. "When he appeared at the door again, he was drinking the water, and Cynthia opened her lips to challenge the use of that china. But she shut them firmly. It was his china. He could do what he chose with it."

"That all?" she asked.

Timothy came forward and mechanically putting out his hand, took up a dish towel from the brush. He wiped the cup with it, hard and fast. In both their minds rose a hasty simile that this stood for the housewifery he was thenceforth to do. She almost gave a little cry, for he had wiped off the delicate handle, and it fell at his feet. But Timothy was unconscious of it. Cups might easily fall when worlds were falling too.

"Well," said Cynthia, "I'm goin'." She turned about and walked away, her meagre back instinct with purpose. It was some seconds before her husband recovered his wits and voice; but he did recover them.

"Here, you!" he called. "You got any change?"

Timothy turned vaguely towards the door. "Well," said he, "I'll harness up. You git out my t'other weskit."

"I'm goin' now, now this instant!" cried Cynthia, stepping before him and reaching the door first. The folded shawl was on her arm. She tied her bonnet rapidly in speaking.

"How ye goin' to ge' down there to the railroad?"

"I'm goin' to walk."

"You wait a minute."

He went back into the sitting room, and Cynthia halted just outside the door, because she did not mean to leave her duty at loose ends. Obedience was owing him until she turned her back on him and on the mountain. Timothy had gone to find the broken-nosed teapot where their little store of money lay; but at the cupboard his wits deserted him, and he took one of the sprigged china cups from its place, went to the kitchen sink and filled it from the

Cynthia went on of her preparation

"The house's I've swop the cellar more I could ha' d

"Why, no," agreed in bewilderment. "I could."

"An' now I'm Frances'."

He looked upon her demented.

"Not 'way down."

"Yes."

"What for?"

"To make 'em a seem to her a lie. rest later."

"How long you She hesitated."

said she. "When ye goin' from her black gown bonnet on the table answer before her "Now!"

She nodded, without turning. "I got my butter money!" she cried into the distance; and Timothy heard. Then she stepped the faster, and when the road dipped into shadow, took the side of it that would hide her soonest from his eyes.

The morning was still young and very full of grace. Flocks of blackbirds were flying over, grinding out their dissonant melody, more piquing to the lover of New England springs than any nightingale beside his rose. The world had burgeoned since yesterday. There was a miraculous gloss upon the leaves, a thought larger than they had been twenty-four hours before. The roadsides were lined with beauties Cynthia had known well in the first years of her married life, when wandering was not a burden: hardy lady's slipper in great patches, soon to be pink with puffy bloom, clintonia springing in polished green, and the clustering leaf of fringed polygala. All these things she knew by sight, though not by name, as she knew their happy haunts; yet she went along in haste, seeing the world, yet not seeing it, and wondering how she could ever have found the summer time so bright. Her eyes threw her the sheen and glory of things, but her dull brain made no record. Yet not because it failed to act, for thought was racing hotly, and she planned how she should meet her sister and tell why she had come. All winter long she had brooded upon that opening speech, but now the long catalogue had resolved itself into one last irritation, and she could only go thus far: —

"I can't live with him no longer. I'm goin' to support myself." Then Frances would ask why, and she would say, "He greases his boots so much. He leaves 'em by the oven door." That seemed to be all she could remember, and quite enough. Any woman would know.

Now, as her impatient feet went beating along the road, it grew to be incred-

ible that she had not seen Frances in all these years. Yet there had been reasons. She and Timothy never went from home, and Frances had her one child, deformed or sickly, Cynthia vaguely knew. But whatever the affliction was, it made a reason why the father and mother could not "go abroad," even to so near a port. Now, within two years, the child had died and they were free. Through her hours of walking, at the moment when she inquired for her friendly little trunk and found it safe, through the terrible railway journey with adventurers and worldly folk who would as soon pick your pocket as not, Cynthia was conscious of two things: that her heart was beating its way out of her body, and that she must tell Frances at once about Timothy's boots. Not a moment must be lost. She sat with her eyes closed, flying and jolting through an alien world. And when the train stopped at Penrith, in the warm dusk of evening, she was first upon the platform. The air tasted salt in her nostrils, and she noted through her desolation the tangible signs of an unfamiliar spot; it meant distance, freedom, and relief from fear. Fresh from her mountain solitude, the platform with its scattering loungers seemed to her tumultuous; all the men were tanned, and they talked in uncouth fashion quite unlike her own, and so amazing. She fastened upon one, because his beard was gray, and asked him chokingly, —

"Can you tell me where Captain Pritchard lives?"

"Goin' over?"

"Yes."

"Better take the 'commodation. Set ye right down at the door."

"How much do you charge?"

"Ten cents."

She nodded, and stood guard over her little trunk until he was ready to take it; then she followed it to the covered wagon. They jolted away into the darkness, and again she counted her pulse and thought

about Timothy's boots until they drew up at a house on what seemed a lonely road.

"Hullo the house!" whooped the graybeard. He shouldered the trunk, and Cynthia, before him at the door, found the knocker and beat a summons.

There was a gleam of coming light, and the door opened to a tall woman with peaceful eyes and smooth white hair.

"I'm all beat out," gasped Cynthia; and as she would have fallen, Frances set the lamp down with one motion, and caught her on the other arm. The boots were not mentioned.

Next morning, when Cynthia waked, she was lying in a soft bed, and the eastern light lay warm upon the coverlet. The chamber was not very large, and the roof sloped a little on one side. She lay looking idly at the paper, thinking that it was "sweet pretty," all over roses and buds. Presently there was a stir from a neighboring room, and Frances stood in the doorway, as welcoming and tall as she had stood in the outer one the night before. Cynthia gazed at her hungrily.

"Why," she said at last, "you ain't got a line in your face!"

Frances smiled and made some. She disappeared and came back with a tray of breakfast.

"Be I goin' to eat in bed?" asked Cynthia wonderingly. "I ain't so sick as that."

Frances smiled again, and patted her hand. Then she sugared the coffee in a motherly way, and coaxed her to drink. Cynthia believed she was not hungry, but she managed to eat a little; and after a while, Frances still sitting by her, she thought she would tell why she had come. But when she would have done it, her heart began beating, and beat so fast that it turned her sick. So she only said again, like a child, "I don't mean to make you trouble. You must n't do for me."

"You're all beat out," said Mrs.

Pritchard, recurring to Cynthia's own pathetic phrasing.

There was a long silence, Cynthia studying her own face meanwhile in the little glass over the mantel, and then coming back to her sister's.

"You're ten years older 'n I be," she said at last, in that same wondering voice. "You ain't got hardly a line in your face, an' only look at mine! How'd you know me?"

Quick tears sprang into the other woman's eyes. Her voice choked upon the words, "I knew mother's cameo pin."

Then Cynthia bethought her that, although there seemed to be a stir of passing in the road, the house was quiet. "Where's *he*?" she asked. "Cap'n Pritchard?"

"Gone clammin'." They have to go when the tide serves."

"If I tell you suthin', do you feel obleeged to tell him?"

"Not if it don't anyways concern him."

"Then — no, no, I can't tell it. You jest feel how my heart beats!"

Frances put her hand over the fluttering thing, and her eyes were troubled.

"I sent over for doctor," she said. "I guess that's his tread now. Doctor, that you?"

He came through the sitting room and up the narrow stairs. A head covered with thick white hair appeared in the doorway. The face befitted a jolly clergyman of many years ago, a hunting parson. Cynthia drew the sheet to her chin, and shook. Suddenly she was afraid, not so much of him, as of returning life. It had been easy enough, a moment ago, to die here in peace, at the heels of that runaway heart; but they were going to drag her to her feet again, and she felt tired. The doctor sat down beside the bed, and took her hand. He looked at it, the little red palm, seamed and wrinkled, and the crooked fingers beckoning for some obstinate good. Then he looked at her.

"How long have you lived up there by the mountain?" he asked.

Cynthia choked. She could not remember. It seemed far away, yet the later terror of it was flaming still in sight. "Some years," she said. "Years an' years."

"Been there all winter?"

"Yes."

"Had any company? Been away anywhere?"

She shook her head.

"Busy all day?"

"Most all."

"What at?"

"Doin' up the work. Sewin'."

The doctor nodded. Then he listened at her heart and tried her lungs, and nodded again. "There's nothing the matter with you," he said, "except you're tired out. Don't you get up out of that bed till I tell you to."

He went downstairs, Mrs. Pritchard following. Cynthia smiled bitterly to herself, and thought they would both find out some day. He was either a very poor doctor, or else he was deceiving her for a childish good. So she did get out of bed, and dropped on the floor in a miserable little heap; and there Frances found her, shaking and crying pitifully.

"I've got spinal trouble too," sobbed Cynthia, "besides my heart. I dunno what under the heavens you'll do with me. I've got to be a burden on somebody, now, as long as I live. Oh, I wisht I'd died on the way down!"

"O you dear creatur'!" cried Frances, and she lifted her into bed, and then sat there mothering her. Cynthia clung passionately to those enfolding arms; she cried harsh sobs which gave her bitter solace. Exhaustion came, and then she began to wonder a little over this human shelter where she felt so safe. Nobody had put warmly affectionate arms about her for a long time. Even her mother had not been used to wasteful caresses. They came of a stock

which lived and died quite properly. But this was all she could say, "Should you jest as soon keep hold o' me a minute more?"

"Dear creatur'!" said Frances again, and then she shook her head in a whimsical way, knowing how "shaller" she might seem in reasoning eyes. She too had a bed rock of reserve, a rock which had been smitten long ago.

"I dunno but I act kind o' silly," she said, "a woman o' my age; but I've got so used to babyin' little Cynthia — we both did, cap'n an' me — that I can't feel as if I was doin' enough unless I ketch hold o' people somehow."

"Cynthia wa'n't well, was she?" ventured the other Cynthia.

"She wa'n't quite right, dear," said Frances tenderly. "There! I'll tell ye all about it some time. Now you take these drops. Doctor left 'em for ye."

All that day Cynthia slept, and was quite content; for in her brief wakings she always saw Frances, and remembered that the doctor said she was not to move. So there was no need of mentioning the boots, and making her heart beat again; because nothing could be done about them unless she were on her feet and able to talk to lawyers. And she should never be on her feet again. That night she looked up pitifully while Frances smoothed her down for the last time, and whispered, —

"Do you think I shall pass away before mornin'?"

"O you lamb of love!" murmured Frances, in the drone of a splendid bee over honey. "You ain't goin' to pass away at all; not from anything you've got now. Doctor says so."

"He thinks I'm spleeny; but I ain't," said Cynthia, with acquiescent solemnity. "I'm goin', an' I'm willin' to go; but he ain't no kind of a doctor, or he'd be the first to see it."

"Want I should stay right here in this room?"

Cynthia shook her head. Neverthe-

less she knew, all through that strange and dreamless night, that Frances was at hand.

For a week or more Cynthia lay between sleeping and waking, expectant of the end, and only mildly curious about the manner of its coming. When her heart beat hard, she felt a temporary fright because those wings of terror shook her so. The doctor came, and seeing, after the first time, how she shrank from him, would not have her told. Sometimes he stood behind the headboard, and looked down upon her. Often he placed a gentle hand upon her wrist; and always he had long talks with Frances, on his way out, and gave her counsel.

The Pritchards lived in a yellow, gambrel-roofed house on the great highway between Penrith and Brighton Sands. Penrith used to be a whaling port, and lies now in deserted honor, hands folded upon the majestic past. At Brighton Sands, visitors fill the air with laughter two months in the year, and go driving along the county road to explore dull Penrith, so quaint, so picturesque, and yet so to be eschewed in favor of box-like cottages and bare hotels. Penrith knows but two centres of action, itself and the Banks; and who would spend a browsing day there, making the tour of crooked streets, may chance to learn more than he likes to remember of widows keeping lookout still, and fishermen's children orphaned by the snatching sea. But the wide white highway to the Sands lies in the light of a later founding, and holds a brighter prospect than that upon the harbor and the outer blue. It has but one row of houses, facing toward the east; for on the other side runs by the river to its outlet at the Sands. The river has its tide, and it is a chance whether you would find it more companionable lapping the stone sea wall and pricked by tops of sedge, or withdrawn, leaving the sedges plentiful, green in summer and, through the autumn, chestnut brown. All the houses are held

by seafaring folk devoted now to 'long-shore industry, clamming, eeling, and setting lobster pots; so when the tide serves, you see giants in sou'wester and oilskin, pushing out their boats, hoisting an ancient sail mellowed by weather, and gliding away into the east. Or they come creeping home again, and a fishy odor rises pleasantly. That same sea smell troubled Cynthia, used to the clear mountain air.

"Seems to me I smell suthin'," she remarked doubtfully, in her first moment of sane waking. "'Tain't nothin' b'il-in' over, is it?"

Mrs. Pritchard laughed till the tears came.

"It's all that gurry over by the clam-houses," she said, wiping her eyes. "I admire to smell it, but I'm so used to it 'tain't once in a dog's age I can. If ever I get a real good whiff, I feel as if I was made." Then she brought in a cup of clam broth, and Cynthia, privately thinking it "real poor stuff," sacrificed to hospitality and drank.

She lay there that afternoon high on her pillows, and surveyed the little room with some new interest.

"Frances," she said suddenly, "I don't know no more'n the dead what's outside the house; I wisht I could just glimpse out o' that winder."

"Cap'n!" called Mrs. Pritchard, at the door, "cap'n, you come up here!"

"Oh, land!" breathed Cynthia, for in all these days she had not seen him, and it remained evident to her that, when they met, she must tell him things. He must be made to realize that although she had spinal trouble and heart disease, she did not mean to stay and be a burden on him. What she could do was not yet apparent; but there must be ways. So when a step came stealing up the stair, she lay with brighter cheeks and waited for him, feverishly. The captain came in like a conciliatory cat. He was very big, and tall enough to stoop under the slanting roof. He had

a good deal of yellow-gray beard and a proud aquiline nose ; his eyes were very calm and steady, in the way of eyes used to looking on blue water. Instead of speaking to Cynthia, he gave her a queer little oblique nod, and then turned to his wife for orders.

"I want to kind o' pull this bed 'round," said Frances, "so 't she can look out a spell."

The cap'n laid hold. He spoke but once, and then Cynthia marveled at his voice, soft and lingering like an unusual kind of purr.

"A leetle mite more to the no'theast," he counseled, pulling as Frances pushed. And the bed being turned, he disappeared with the same considered silence, as if it were a velvet habit worn to meet the world.

The window framed an exquisite picture, and beguiled the eye into far-reaching glimpses more bewildering still. There was the river ; Cynthia thought it was the sea. Beyond ran a shadowy line of land, with one white tower, and over the curdling water between, little sailboats were winging, and dories went back and forth unhurried.

"My, ain't it complete!" she breathed. "Well, I don't wonder folks carry on so over the beach."

"We think it's pretty nice," said Mrs. Pritchard sedately, yet with pride. "There's Fastnet Island, an' that's the light — revolvin'. I should n't wonder if you'd kind o' like to lay an' watch it a spell arter dark. Cynthy used to ; sometimes I'd hold her by the winder till she dropped off to sleep." An old sadness tinged her voice ; or, perhaps, not so much sadness as the sense of serious things.

Cynthia turned impulsively from her lookout.

"Yes, dear, yes," said Frances. "I've meant to tell you about her for quite a spell. It's real providential for me you took it into your head to come down here, for I dunno how I could ha' wrote

it, an' mebbe cap'n an' me never 'd ha' got started for such a jaunt. Well, you see, dear, Cynthia wa'n't quite like other childern from the minute she was born. She did have suthin' the matter with her back, an' we thought that was all ; but doctor, he knew better. One day he told me. 'She ain't goin' to be like other childern, Mis' Pritchard,' says he. 'She don't take notice. I don't presume she ever will.'"

Cynthia nodded. She kept her eyes on the river now, and either that outer paradise or the sorrow of life began to invade her eyes, and urge forth willing tears.

"She was a handsome little creatur'," said Frances proudly. "Hair like corn silk, an' skin as white an' pink as ever you see. She favored cap'n's family. The Pritchards are all light. Sometimes it did n't seem as if we'd be able to bring her up, she used to get so hurt. 'T wa'n't so much that she was ailin', but she seemed too kind o' delicate to stan' this kind of a world. Noises put her out, an' a cross look 'd make her cry. Cap'n an' I'd been through a good deal 'fore we met one another, married late in life, so. He'd had a tempestuous kind of a time, an' you know I got 'most beat out with all the sickness we went through, 'fore the home was broke up. We set terribly by one another, but we had our failin's, an' sometimes I'd flare out an' he'd swear. When Cynthy come, that tried her 'most to death — I dunno why, when she did n't sense it — an' we sort o' quieted down, an' let everything go but her. I could n't begin to tell you the beautiful time we had with that child. I can't explain how it was, but she more 'n filled up our lives, an' yet we prized one another till it seemed as if 't was Beulah Land, an' all the promises come true. We had n't a thing to ask for, an' as soon as ever a shadder passed over her face, we'd seek about for suthin' to drive it away ; an' cap'n's voice would fall lower 'n lower, an' he'd smile all

by himself to get into the habit on't. We took up singin' a little. That pleased her, an' we conjured up all the old tunes we knew. We ain't given that up, either, an' we ain't a-goin' to. We've laid it aside till you get your bearin's, but as soon as ever you can stan' it, we'll take our harps down off the willer, an' glad enough to do it, too. Perhaps you'll jine in. You used to sing the air."

Cynthia nodded again. The story gripped her heart; listening to it, she forgot her own past martyrdom.

Mrs. Pritchard went on, passing a hand over her eyes when a thought touched her too keenly.

"She was terrible cunnin', too, about the things she liked. There's one pinky kind of a shade in the water out there, — the west sort o' throws it over when there's a great sunset, — an' whenever she set eyes on that, she'd clap her hands an' laugh. An' she al'ays did see it when cap'n was to home, for he'd come in an' call: 'Quick,' he'd say, 'there's Cynthy's red!' That's the reason, too, that cap'n give up goin' to the Banks. We talked it over pretty serious, him an' me, an' we concluded it wa'n't no kind of a resk for a man to take with a little creatur' like that missin' him if he's out o' the house an hour over time. 'Besides,' says cap'n, 'I should n't see nothin' but them eyes through the fog. It kind of undoes a man to be so called upon.' Well, so 't went on, an' we were proper well contented. The only thing that unstiddied us a little was suthin' doctor wanted we should do."

"Do you think he's much of a doctor?" interrupted Cynthia impulsively.

Mrs. Pritchard smiled.

"We think he is," she said quietly. "He's brought us through consid'able, fust an' last. Well, he said there were schools where them kind o' child'en could be helped, an' mebbe we'd find it our duty to send Cynthy off. It sort o' loomed up before us like a cloud in

the west, but it never had to be. Two year ago, doctor says, 'I guess you need n't worry about that no more. She ain't long for this life. An' come a year last December, she passed away. . . . I wish you could ha' seen her in her little bed. Never was anything like it on this earth. Cap'n could n't keep out o' the room. He'd set an' watch her jest like a wait-in' dog."

The quick tears sprang to Cynthia's eyes, but Frances, seeing them, smiled.

"Now you may know," she said, raising herself, "how 't is you're a kind of a godsend to us. I could n't wish sickness to nobody, especially my own sister; but I can't tell ye how it warms me up to have suthin' helpless to do for. An' cap'n! first minute I told him you'd gi'n out, he says, 'Better keep pretty quiet, had n't I?' 'Yes,' says I. I see it pleased him; seemed like old times."

Then they held a long silence, Cynthia watching the changing wonder of the water, but thinking of other things.

"I wrote to Timothy last week," said Frances suddenly.

It seemed to Cynthia as if an inky cloud descended with the name. All her old trouble returned upon her, and she wondered if this might be the time to tell why she had come.

"Oh, I wish you had n't!" she moaned. "Did you say anything about my bein' sick?"

"No; I said you seemed tol'able tired with the journey, an' so I wrote for ye."

Cynthia had lost all the pretty color, born in her face only that afternoon. She spoke in gasps: —

"Frances, if I'd got suthin' to tell you, should you think I'd ought to do it now?"

"I should n't open my head about anything till I was up an' round, an' strong enough to do a week's washin'. Now you jest observe that little Pemberton imp, rowin' over to the bar. Them Pembertons were born web-footed." So they sat and watched the adventurer

until Cynthia was at ease again under the spell of common things.

But when Frances rose to get down and get supper, she stood smoothing her apron a moment before she said:—

"I'd be happy to have Timothy make us a visit, too. We both should; cap'n an' I've often spoke on't. He's had a hard life up there, tryin' to wring a livin' out o' the rocks. Cap'n says 't is an unthankful land; not like rowin' out overnight an' comin' in with your boat full to the brim."

"It's real green up there," responded Cynthia quickly. "Our land's richer 'n some."

"Timothy was a likely young feller when you was married. I s'pose he's changed, like the rest of us."

"Yes, I guess he's some changed." Cynthia closed her eyes, not so much in weariness, as to shut her thoughts away.

The bed was never turned again, for she was too fascinated by her window to forego an instant of it. There she lay, hour by hour, and watched the drama played by moving water: the ripples under a breeze, the miracle of the tide, with flooded or waving sedge, the sentient boats, the gulls. Then at dusk there was the light, gone and resurrected in a breath. As soon as she got used to cap'n, which really was the moment when he moved the bed, she hungered for him, childishly; so every night he came up and sat on the stairs, because the room was small, and told stories or sang tunes. Frances helped him at both, and the wan little onlooker could see that they had much ado to show, in quiet ways, how much they loved each other. "I dunno's I've got a thing to wish for, now little Cynthy's well on't," said the tranquil wife, "on'y, when our time comes, to have cap'n go fust. It's a terrible thing to think of a man left all alone."

The weeks went on, and Cynthia, lying there in bed, grew plump and pretty. Her hair took on a gloss from many

brushings, and with that mantling redness of the cheek, she looked the younger sister of her old sad self. Yet still care sat upon her breast, a double weight. There was the haunting spectre of her divorce; but how could she get it now, a helpless invalid? What was to be done with a woman felled by spinal trouble? So she lay very still and tried to get well, not because life looked in the least desirable, but that she might rise up and take herself away from these kind souls.

One day in July, Frances came up the stairs laughing. Her sides shook, her face was crimson; it seemed to be from no fictitious mirth.

"I'm possessed to do it!" she cried recklessly. "You know doctor said you was to lay abed as long as ever you could? Well, cap'n's uptown, an' doctor's rode by to Brighton, an' I'm goin' to see if I can't git you downstairs to see my jell. It's all set out on the table, an' a beautiful sight, if I do say it."

Cynthia stared at her, aghast. "Why, you could n't no more git me down there! You'd break your back, an' then where'd you be?"

Frances seemed simply to put out her great arms, and Cynthia touched the floor.

"Oh my soul an' body!" she cried, "you'll kill me! you'll kill yourself! Oh my soul!"

Frances, puffing tempestuously, lifted her and bore her to the stairs. Cynthia thought she was carried all the way down, but she remembered afterwards the touch of the carpet on her feet. In some fashion or other, they accomplished the passage from sitting room to kitchen, and there Frances endowed her with stockings and a wrapper miraculously ready. Cynthia stood bewildered, and Mrs. Pritchard left her standing; as for her, she seemed to have no eyes but for the table, red with jelly tumblers.

"Ain't that a handsome color?" she asked hurriedly. "Seems if it jelled 'most as quick as it touched the glass."

I thought that was as pretty a sight as ever I see. O Cynthy! you jest peek in here. I've got the parlor cupboard all fixed to set it in, scalloped papers an' all. Yes, I don't wonder you observe the whatnot. That's some coral cap'n's father brought home, from 'the strand,' he used to say. I guess 't would tell tales if it could only speak." Mrs. Pritchard had always talked with great sedateness; now she chattered like a showman, bound to please. Cynthia stood by, wondering. "I declare," said Frances, at last, "if it ain't five o'clock! Cap'n won't be back 'fore dusk. What if you an' me should have an early bite, right off now?"

Cynthia, pushed out of the nest, felt a little hurt resistance rising in her. Yet pride sustained her, and she sat stiffly by, while Frances talked. It was more or less pleasant to watch the machinery of life going on once more, if only one were strong enough to bear it; but, she told herself, she was not strong. When the twilight came, she had grown tired, and, still a little sore within her mind, she crept upstairs alone, wondering and afraid to wonder.

Next morning, Mrs. Pritchard's voice came cheerfully from below:—

"Cynthy, don't you be put out if I ain't round quite so early this mornin'. I've got a kind of a stitch in my side, an' breakfast 'll be later 'n common."

"Oh my soul!" responded Cynthia. On the instant she was at the closet, searching for her clothes. "Don't you come up here with that heavy waiter. It's tendin' on me that's wore you out. I'd ought to be trounced." She dressed herself with eager fingers, and felt her way downstairs. Breakfast was nearly ready, and though Frances complained of her side, she seemed to bear it beautifully. In a couple of hours the stitch was all knitted up again.

But Cynthia did not go back to bed, and nobody seemed to wonder. When cap'n came, he only told her, in the soft-

est possible voice, about the good haul he had; and the doctor, stopping at the gate on his way home, called to her that he had something for her: bayberry and green beach plums. She'd better can up some of the plums, when they were ripe, to take home, and show the mountain what's what.

One August day Cynthia, in a calico gown and sunbonnet, her arms bare to the elbow, was considering the hollyhocks in the front yard. She thought they needed more foot room; so she got the spade and began an onslaught on the bordering turf. As she set her foot upon the spade, life rioted within her, and she sang, in breathless jerks:—

"There was a youth,
And a well-beloved youth"—

Hope and joy were stirring as the sap mantles upward in the spring, and for as plain a reason. She was well now, and the earth was hers again. If battles were to be fought, she could fight them. It need not be long before she left this refuge, and went out to earn her living in the world.

A man was halting at the open gate. He looked unfamiliar and yet, at sight of him, her flesh awoke under a strange responsive thrill. Her eyes fell upon his boots, furrowed with dust, and she thought of Timothy's. A little laugh broke from her at the shadow of those former fears; she felt a happy scorn of them.

"Is there anybody 'round here by the name of Pritchard?" asked the man; and Cynthia, throwing down her spade and tossing away her sunbonnet, ran out and hung upon him. Frances, at the window, saw the sight and turned away, with an aching throat. Cynthia seemed to her now not so much her sister, as a child, miraculously bestowed; yet she knew which road was best. Timothy put his arms about the clinging figure, knowing it to be his, and yet unaware of ever having owned anything so precious. She was like the angel of her

youth; he was afraid of her, she looked so pretty. She rubbed her face against his coat.

"Oh, how good it is!" she was sobbing wildly. "You smell jest like home. Oh, can't you kiss me?"

Timothy found he could, and liked the taste exceedingly.

"You've had your hair cut," laughed Cynthia, brushing her eyes with the back of a gritty hand. "An' your beard's trimmed. That's why I didn't know you."

Timothy looked self-conscious. Yet he held himself with some just pride.

"Well," he said, "I thought I'd have 'em thinned out a little, if I was goin' down among the quality."

Later that day, when the Pritchards were upstairs hunting for an old suit for Timothy to wear clamming, Cynthia came and perched upon his knee. She had seen her sister in that position relative to the cap'n, and found, with great surprise, that Timothy seemed to adapt himself to it quite cleverly.

"Is the mountain all purple?" she asked, from the keenness of her new home hunger, "an' mists runnin' over the side? Oh, seems if I could n't wait to see it! I dunno how I've lived till now."

"We could go straight back to-morrow," said Timothy, regarding her with his good brown eyes. She could not understand them. They were his eyes, indeed, yet they had never been so soft and shining. She shook her head.

"No, you've got to stay them two

weeks. I've had my change; I'm goin' to see to 't you have yours. An' company! I want Frances an' the cap'n should come up an' make us a nice long visit, an' find out we've got suthin' to show off on, too."

"Well," said Timothy slowly, "I told the Taylors I might come back right off, or it might be a fortnight. They're nice help to leave as ever you see. I told her to clean up the house as you'd like to have it, in case you went up along with me. Seemed one time as if you never meant to come home. Say, Cynthy, that wa'n't so when you went away, was it?"

Cynthia trembled a little. She glanced at his betraying eyes, and they were wet. He looked like an unreasoning creature which has suffered pain, and gained a lifetime at a bound.

"I meant to stay till I was good an' strong," she said firmly; and he believed her.

Announcing garments came flying down the stairs, and steps would follow. Cynthia, rising, paused for one hasty question:—

"Timothy, what'd you do with that little cup you broke, the mornin' I went away?"

He opened his mouth wide, in the horror of the careless steward.

"Hove it under the barn," he owned guiltily. "Had I ought to ha' kep' it?"

Cynthia laughed, with the tears coming. "No! no!" she cried. "I could n't ever bear to see it again. There they are—dear!"

Alice Brown.

THE IOWANS.

I.

THERE is, when one comes to think seriously about it, a certain resemblance between the land of the Iowans and Captain Lemuel Gulliver's flying island of Laputa. For as Laputa drifted from one realm of earth to another, so the land of the Iowans has passed by legal process from Spain to France, from France to Spain, then back to France, and thence to America; and once within our borders, has flitted through Louisiana, Missouri, and Wisconsin.

But Helen, whose tastes are submarine rather than celestial, likens the Hawkeye State to a delicate sea sponge. Though the sponge, in its tender youth, frolics about among its restless, many-eyed and many-fingered deep-water playmates, it chooses, upon reaching years of discretion, some pleasant weed-grown crag for its abiding place, and thenceforward vegetates. And so, when your vagabond Iowa at last found rest, it began an evolution quite radically different from its juvenile, frivolous past. Helen is right; for what American commonwealth shows to-day a firmer stability, a more judicious serenity, a calmer conservatism?

Two breeds of migrant men have made the West, — the seven-league-booters and the little-by-littlers. Early Iowa invited the latter class, not the former. Few pioneer plainsmen came far, or came with the spirit of rovers. Trekking from Indiana or Illinois, bent upon finding cheap lands, anxious to escape competition, they sought the same chances for frontier fortune-building which had once enriched their elders. Iowa was therefore a huge overflow meeting, thronged with the second generation of middle-Westerners. Quite naturally, then, the state lacked the era of gorgeous desperado jollity which fell to the farthest West. It began most

commonplace. Sensible people merely went there and lived.

And why should they not? There lies "our Mesopotamia." The Father of Waters courses beneath the bluffs of its eastern borders. The Great Muddy bounds it upon the west. Consider the fertility of those fifty-five thousand square miles, where the glaciers, scraping the ancient soil down to bed rock, brought rich selected loams from the great Northwest, and spread them out in a continuous layer from a foot to three hundred feet deep, until there is scarcely so much as an acre of waste land in the state, — and then, to be sure, you say "Mesopotamia" in good faith, and call it, moreover, no gaudy-tinted figure. Besides, just think of the climate! Here are almost tropical conditions for farming; nor need any yeoman fear the hot wind which wreaks its havoc in Kansas and Nebraska. In Iowa, the real danger would be excess of rain, not the stint of it; and Iowa edges the arid region. To merit of soil and sun was added the charm of pure beauty. Very lovely at sunset is the open prairie, when the air is so absolutely clear, and the spacious world so happy, — meadow larks singing, prairie chickens thumping and booming, and ducks squawking over the flushed pools and little lakes; and in springtime it is loveliest of all, for then come daisies, the white and the yellow; fragile bloodroot; sweet William, white or red; cool lilies that love the ponds, and oh the deep red dappled lilies of the prairie! But perchance the chief lure was this: no fellow had legally any business whatever to go there. Iowa was Indian property. Had not the miners of Dubuque been once routed back across the Mississippi at the muzzle of honest Jeff Davis's blunderbuss? And had not Jeff Davis been sent to protect the red man from the white

man? Or where, indeed, were those precious homestead statutes, upon whose sole sanction lay based the solemn right of settlement? Iowa, like the major portion of the middle West, was peopled far in advance of the legislation which gave it respectability. The case so harried the soul of John C. Calhoun that he counseled a military occupation.

The year 1838, however, saw Iowa formally turned territory, and then you had edicts engrossed and enacted. You had also a most engaging disregard of those edicts. For an "absent-minded beggar" is your pigeon-shooting, rabbit-hunting little-by-littler, who, in blissful oblivion of the spread-eagle sovereignty at Washington, made laws of his own. Knots of settlers established neighborhood clubs, with rules relating to homestead rights, the building of schoolhouses, the constructing of highways, the arching of bridges. Sometimes they even punished misbehavior. Here, then, was a truly Mormonite establishment, — *imperium in imperio*, — a fantastically un-American order, or disorder. What to do? "Aha," said that pleasant old gentleman with the stars in his jacket and the stripes in his trousers, "I'll have my way yet. I do therefore bid and command that whatsoever these sturdy pioneers of mine have wrought or accomplished be solemnly recognized and sanctioned!" If the people would not obey the law, the law must obey the people.

So the Eden of Iowa was laid open to all, — such an Eden, when the truth is told, as few had fancied. For the early newcomers, accustomed to timbered lands, nested themselves in the "brush." The prairie, they said, was the Great American Desert. When, later, the prairie first felt the plough, all skeptics took the same doubt upon their tongues. "How will you fence it?" they queried. Surely a ponderous question! The fences of our American farming countries have cost more than the land itself. Here posts and boards must be fetched from

far. Value would therefore outvie utility. But in good season a clever fellow contrived to twist barbs into a strand of wire. Then an eager throng poured out across the plains.

It was, upon the whole, an easy life, this Iowa pioneering. Crops flourished. Villages sprang blithely into being. Isolation was trying, of course, yet not for long. Prairie fires were more serious. The chief hardship, however, was the difficulty of transportation; indeed, it was not until 1856, when Iowa had been for ten years a sovereign state, that the first locomotive crossed the Mississippi River. With that dawned the day of great things, — the moving of vast harvests, the building of many cities, the all but incalculable growth of a cheerful, prosperous, contented population.

But it is not good for men that they should be too happy, and the Iowans, in the midst of their rainbow-mantled felicity, sinned a great sin. They did as the Yankee farmer has done wherever, in this goodly land of ours, he has set hand to plough or spade to clod. He knows not how to feed the soil while the soil feeds him. He will pillage his acres for swift returns, confident that when the evil days have befallen, and the drought and the chinch bug and the grasshopper have become a burden, he can move yet further westward to rob God's earth anew. Cheerful, the boast of "rich black loam with its inexhaustible fertility," but wheat, oats, and flax, nevertheless, sapped the strength from the land, and there went up a wail from all the people, saying, "What shall we do to be saved?"

Then Secretary Wilson, "Father" Clarkson, and "Uncle Henry" Wallace, made answer in a forcible though sadly unrhetical phrase which has since become proverbial. "Go to grass," said they. "Go to grass, raise cows to eat it, and make butter for the nations!" The Iowans obeyed. And proved the admonition. Plant your field with clover every fourth year, and the clover will

restore to the soil what your crops took from it. You plough it in two inches, you rub your hands with glee as it absorbs pure nitrogen from the atmosphere, you feed your cattle upon it, and when its roots have long enough been busy letting air and water down into the earth, you come upon it (quite as Robbie Burns came upon his "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower") to "whelm it o'er" with the ploughshare, and bury it deep in the mould. That puts back the exhausted humus. And I dare say that if you look sharp enough, you will see that there is nothing but four-leaved clover in the Hawkeye State.

"Going to grass" had a further advantage. It outwitted the railroads. Despite their enormous increase in population and in wealth, the Iowans to-day ship fewer carloads of freight than they did twenty years ago; and that is because they feed their produce to stock, and freight it away in the condensed form of grunting swine and stamping cattle. If the railroads suffered in consequence, the Iowans had no pity upon them. Why should they? It was not without significance that the Inter-State Commerce Law should be carried through the Senate by loyal Iowans. Think of their grievances! Cattle were brought from the remote West to Chicago for fifty dollars a carload, while the railroads demanded seventy dollars for transporting a similar herd from western Iowa to Chicago; whereas forty-five dollars paid for the long haul from Omaha or Kansas City to Chicago, seventy-two dollars would scarce meet the cost of the short haul from western Iowa; and the cars thus favored or slighted by conscienceless discrimination might be coupled end to end in the same train, and consigned to the same man. Surely there are certain oxgoads, against which it is easier to kick than not to kick, and the Iowans accordingly gave vent to their wrath. Since then, ill content with mere legal redress, they have applied still an-

other stinging thong to the railways. Chicago, they say, is by no means an indispensable luxury. Why not Galveston? If Europe is the final destination of Iowa's glossy shorthorns and Galloways, then one need only remind one's self that Des Moines lies two hundred and thirty miles nearer to Galveston than to New York, in order to see the advantage of the southern route. So the Iowans grin at their ancient foes, and chuckle with mellow satisfaction as they watch the eastern railroads shortening their curves, balancing their roadbeds, providing heavier rails, larger cars, and stouter engines, and courting by every means, known or unknown, the "wreathed smiles" of their aforetime vassals.

Beyond the luck of the fragrant clover and the zest of the fight with the railway barons, observe what further befell when the Iowans turned to grass-growing. Population declined. Dairy and stock farmers bought out their neighbors, and those neighbors moved farther west to establish themselves anew. Towns formerly fattened by rural trade grew gaunt and lean. A rigid process of social or industrial selection set in. As a natural result, the whole state of Iowa became most dismally uniform in aspect and character.

"It is all one," says Helen, — "the way of a tourist in Iowa and the way of a sailor man at sea. You wake up" (and here I detect literary dependence upon Charles Dudley Warner) — "you wake up morning after morning to find yourself nowhere in particular."

And if this is what came of "going to grass," note patiently the next admonition of those fatherly bishops of husbandry. "Go to grain," said they.

II.

"Happy that people who have no history." From prairie grass to wheat, from wheat to clover, from clover to corn, — such are the short and simple annals of the Iowans.

Deprived of due opportunity for the exercise of a genius for historical science, the Iowans increase their mental cultivation by the practice of elementary arithmetic. Whereas an Ohioan begins the new day by intoning a list of the national heroes whom his state has produced in years gone by, faithful Iowans devote a still hour to the precise calculation of the amount of corn annually raised within the borders of their modern Mesopotamia; and well they may! What with their eight and a half millions of corn-sown acres, their corn harvest of three hundred million bushels, their towered corn palaces and hilarious corn carnivals, I think Helen had fully half the fact when she said, "The motto of Iowa should be 'Cornucopia,' — plenty of corn."

There is also wheat, and beside wheat a rich store of oats and of barley, of rye and of flax. But corn leads; and the corn feeds cows. Uncle Henry Wallace, who is, upon the whole, the most delightful Hawkeye of them all, peers at you slyly through the smoke of his Pittsburg stogy, and propounds the true philosophy of cow feed. At the age of thirty months, it seems, the Iowa cow should be gradually withdrawn from her favorite blue grass and clover, and tempted with stalks of corn; then must one serve "corn in the ear;" toward spring you may surprise her with shell corn, and of course you will add a little oil meal "to put the bloom on her;" and then — alas, and then! Eighty per cent of the corn grown in Iowa is devoted to just such preparation for pathetic dénouements. Nor is that the only tragedy. Wherever in Iowa you see cattle nibbling at large among the corn, you see also a busy drove of black swine. Those, begging pardon of good Jean François, are The Gleaners. Save for their gleaning the cows could never fare so daintily, as it is only by turning their crumbs into pork that it pays to feed cattle on corn. Which for the present hour makes glad

the heart of the porker, though to-morrow "this little pig goes to market."

Your happy Iowan, lost in a rapturous contemplation of the vast agricultural importance of that "greatest state in the Union," will cross himself before what he calls "our dairy interests." I acquiesce. Ah yes, there are certainly fully a thousand coöperative creameries in Iowa.

Helen pictures Iowa as holding a yellow blossom beneath the national chin and inquiring whether the American eagle "likes butter." The Iowans seem also so to think, for they boast that Iowa has "more farm separators than any other state." And a thoroughly miraculous contrivance is the farm separator. You pour in the milk, you set a sheep a-trampling in a treadmill, the wheels go whizzing, and presto! out spurts yellow cream at one spigot, and gushing skim milk at another, all laws of nature to the contrary notwithstanding. But enough of these dairy interests. The world is so constituted that there is nothing under heaven so hopelessly devoid of interest as an "interest."

Helen once attempted to put all Scotland into five words — Scott, Burns, heather, whiskey, and religion. In Iowa you pack the thing tighter. Three nouns are enough: corn, cow, and hog! But as in Scotland a hundred afterthoughts come clamoring for admission, and five words will never suffice, so in Iowa you make tardy concession to many an eager claimant. Great is the Iowa hen; and if it be true that the geese saved Rome, the Hawkeye hens could in any time of need save sunny Iowa. Equally great is the Iowa goat. Problem: to clear away brush. Answer: bring goats. Not only do those picturesque Angoras reduce the brush as if fire had gone through it, but they afterwards contribute their plentiful fleece to the loom at fully half the price of sheep's wool. Great, too, is the Iowa pigeon. At Osage they will show you a township of pigeon houses four acres in area. And of what use are pigeons?

Pray what, think you, is the ornithological basis of quail on toast? But greater even than hen, goat, or pigeon is that venerable by-product of middle Western agriculture, the retired farmer.

Now when I consider the retired farmer, I think of the preacher who introduced a florid passage in his prayer by saying, "Paradoxical though it may seem to Thee, O Lord." For while in New England retirement means defeat, in Iowa it means triumph; whereas in New England the rush of the young to the city leaves the old folks in chill loneliness upon the farmstead, in Iowa the old folks come to town, and leave their sturdy sons to till their acres. In New England the urban drift is a struggle for self-preservation; in Iowa, a movement toward luxury, refinement, and reposeful ease. I saw it first in Des Moines, where you may go a long and crooked mile among the cheery dwellings of wealthy retired farmers. You know them by their neat little barns (brown Dobbin has still the granger's affectionate personal care); by "shops" in the yards, where the granger tinkers his harness, or operates upon flexible tables and chairs, or penetrates the inmost mysteries of the eight-day clock; and should you seek quarters in that pleasing region, you may tread your long and crooked mile in fruitless search for a house with a bathroom. Chat with the tradesmen and learn the ways of this yeoman emeritus. "A monstrous nuisance!" say they. "Stingy enough to bite a penny open," he trots nimbly from store to store, planting elbows by turn upon a hundred bargain counters and purchasing nothing but "leaders." Or consult the city fathers. "A very Chinese wall of conservatism!" they cry. "He and his ilk would check every effort toward public advancement."

But, for ardent indignation, commend me to the manufacturer. "What we want," says he, "is capital; and the retired farmer prefers to leave his money-

bag at the banker's rather than hazard a more ambitious venture." True. And what after all has the farmer to show? A little blue book in a little tin box.

Nevertheless, when you meet Governor Shaw, he will surely say: "Have you seen the view looking south from the dome of the Capitol? Finest view in Iowa save one!"

"And what is that one?" you ask.

"The view looking north."

And I know what delights the governor's eye. It is not the rippling river, it is not the city with its myriad soaring spires, it is not the slopes of the valley nor the gently rolling prairie land beyond. No: it is the gloomy, murky, sun-enveiling cloud of soot that hangs over Des Moines. That and the countless spurts of white steam that shoot up into it foretell the industrial future of the commonwealth. Here and in every part of Iowa the roar and grate of machinery begin to mingle with the homely sounds of pasture and barnyard. No wonder: half the state is underlaid with coal. What matter, then, that the ladies of Des Moines must sew their ball dresses into bags to keep them from the soot; what matter that the beauties of Des Moines have twisted their pretty chins awry in attempts to blow cinders from off their pretty foreheads; what matter that you cough like the people of Butte in your vain effort to catch a breath of something better than bitumen? "No smoke-consumers?" I gasped. "Sir," said the Iowans, "every citizen is a smoke-consumer!"

Now the value of smoke is its charm for the factory. Not long ago a Boston preacher wrote letters to absentee pewholders, inquiring why men so complacently deprived themselves of the privileges of the sanctuary; and one of the answers was this: "Men don't like to go where they can't smoke." Factories, it seems, are not only very human, but very masculine. So, in Des Moines at least, the children of this world are wiser

than the children of light. Nor is license to smoke the sole art of their wooing. Says a certain Mr. Hubbell, speaking for a company in Des Moines: "We stand ready to erect a building for any reputable company that has the backing to carry on its business during next year. To any firm that will erect a permanent building on the railroad tracks we will give free rent for ten years, with rent after that period to be at the rate of four per cent per annum on the value of the ground. We propose to do anything possible to encourage new manufactories in Des Moines, and to induce the old ones to increase their facilities. We want to build up Des Moines, and are offering these inducements for that purpose." Small need, methinks, of such plentiful perspiration. For raw material, the Iowans have clay, they have corn, they have leather, they have wool; these, with cheap fuel, can be turned into brick and tile, starch, boots and gloves, and all sorts of woven fabrics. Hence, adding the mournful packing of reluctant little pigs, you have innumerable pillars of swirling black smoke, — many at Des Moines, many more at Dubuque and Davenport, not to mention Fort Dodge, Ottumwa, Sioux City, and a score of other places. Yes, and when raw material is made up into things to eat and to wear and to use, the Iowans easily get them to market. Scarce any other state in the Union is so totally netted over with railroads. Indeed, your rocking carriage is continually bumping across intersecting tracks, avoiding branches or "plugs," and rumbling past the heavily loaded trains of competing companies; and nowhere will you find an Iowan hamlet or pocketborough more than ten miles from some tiny station. The year 1899 witnessed the completion of three hundred leagues of entirely new steel roadway. Moreover, the buyers of finished wares are many and rich, though as yet a trifle timorous.

Beside their manufacturing enterprises the Iowans are heaping up wealth

by mining and lumbering. The ancient "mineral holes" of Dubuque still yield their store of gleaming lead ore, and the dull waste material, so long called worthless, has lately turned out to be zinc. And as for the lumber trade, the forests of Wisconsin and Minnesota send huge rafts downstream, to be cut into planks by the singing saws of the thriving Mississippi River towns.

Very kind, then, is the heaven above, and the earth beneath, and the minerals under the earth. But what of the queen of the air? Lest the people of Iowa should grow too proud, the gods have prepared them a foe.

III.

The month, we will say, is June, the day excessively warm, the hour a little past noon. Mirages — spectres of forests, lakes, and cities — float in the quivering air above the prairie. The sun's heat fairly flames out of the earth, sending streams of atmospheric torment up into the sky; long currents of hot wind rush in from the south; damp, cool currents are drawn by irresistible suction out of the north. Hour by hour rain clouds are forming. Humidity increases almost to suffocation. There is a space of shuddering suspense portending the inevitable; and having waited till now, as if reluctant to play their part, the meeting winds clash, wrangle a moment, and join in a tumultuous dance.

Yonder a black cloud bows ominously earthward. Look! It is dropping an inky cone from its under side. A mound of yellow dust leaps up beneath it. Cone and mound stretch toward each other — writhing — unite in a whirling pillar and go crashing northeastward across the state. Timid souls dive into "cyclone caves;" daredevils pop kodaks at the flying wonder. Pelting rain and hail, darkness, a demoniac roar and howl, a moment of awful demolition, and the monster is gone. The blessed light breaks in once more, and the timid crawl out of

their caverns, while away to the north-eastward the bellowing demon is ripping its path across the prairie, filling the air with upturned trees, bits of shattered buildings, and far-flung rubbish.

Nothing can possibly exceed the tornado's studied diabolism. By deftness, by cynicism, and by a hideous waggery it deepens and heightens the effect. That cloudy funnel, hanging and swinging like an elephant's trunk, will effect an all but Castilian indirection of aim. From time to time it will bound from the earth, and go tearing through the upper air; then, with an assumption of innocent carelessness, it will touch a village as with gentle finger tips, and wipe it out of existence. And for all its outward rant and extravagance, the tornado inwardly maintains a cynical imperturbability, and somehow manages to impart a certain stoical indifference.

After the storm has passed practical interest wakes up. Newspaper reporters, with their accustomed *sang-froid*, interview "eyewitnesses." Insurance agents quietly jot down in their notebooks the evidences of loss and havoc. The clerk of the weather drives by in a buggy, stopping here and there to take photographs of telltale wreckage; to-morrow he will begin the supervision of a coldly scientific investigation, which will secure data for a map showing the exact route of the tornado, a time-table to record its progress, and a minute topographical study, which, by its accurate determination of the forces at play (as illustrated by the "lay" of fallen trees and the direction taken by flying débris), will constitute a document of permanent value.

Humor adds color to tragedy. Michael Angelo Woolf understood this when he made his wretched tenement waifs so comical; Kipling understood it when he wrote Danny Deever. The tornado also understands it. That is why it picked up a locomotive and stood it on end in a garden, but left a rosebush in that garden uninjured by so much as a crum-

pled petal; that is why it twitched the water out of every well in town; that is why it gathered up half an acre of mud and plastered it all over the Methodist church; that is why it carried a baby a mile and deposited it unhurt in the crotch of a tree; that is why it plucked the feathers from a rooster and stuck them into an oak plank, while the shivering fowl stared and wondered what next! This is the art of the storm: in the midst of the tempest see "Laughter holding both his sides."

So that was the work of a day in June! Then how, one cannot choose but ask, are there any Iowans left in Iowa? The answer is easy: The state is so large and the track of the tornado so narrow that, although there are four or five "green-bordered twisters" let loose every season, there is always a capital chance of their failing to kill anybody. Furthermore, the tornado's habits are fairly well known: the course is almost invariably from southwest to northeast; and you merely curl up in the southwest corner of your "cyclone" cave and wait. And on the whole there is very little likelihood that a tornado will ever come your way. Indeed, you may insure all your farm buildings for seventy-five cents a year. Mr. J. R. Sage, clerk of the weather for Iowa, says that for thirty years he has been trying to make the acquaintance of a tornado, but that he has "never been able to get near enough to one to interview it."

IV.

I think it was wise Mr. Lecky who said the Italians owed half their genius to their earthquakes. John Addington Symonds thought that the spirit of the Renaissance sprang out of political disturbance, — wars, sieges, exile, and factional strife. If both are right, and if terrors, night fears, are good for the soul, then what shall we expect of the Iowans? *A priori*, much; empirically, precious little. Their storms are too few.

The sober truth is, the Iowans are an effect in drabs and grays. The state is too young for quaintness, too old for romance. Its people are so uniformly respectable that they will attempt nothing quixotic or piratical; so prosily conventional that if by chance they do anything unusual, they undo it next day. The rulers of Des Moines framed an ordinance to put that charming city to bed: curfew would ring at eleven, and Des Moines must bury its curls in its pillow; or if not, then any patrolman might order any citizen found upon any highway to stand and deliver. Yet I had no more than got the thing written down in my notebook when the mayor annulled it by veto. The state lacks local color, it lacks unique traits or customs, and beyond pronouncing itself "Ioway" it lacks dialect. Result? No one has ever been tempted to write a history of Iowa; no one has ever made Iowa the scene of a novel; no one has ever found attractive material in Iowa for journalistic exploitation. You have here a high level, but — as Helen puts it — a dead level.

Learning, as one soon learns, that the Iowans trace their lineage to New England at the one extreme and to Missouri at the other, one threads one's way backward along the tempting trail of heredity, hoping as in Ohio for fascinating ethnological discoveries. But the Iowans had experienced Illinois or Indiana or Ohio before entering Iowa, and their inherited characteristics had become so modified by successive strange environments as to be no longer recognizable. And once settled upon their spacious, wind-blown prairies, those migrant peoples so mingled that the resultant Iowa was not a mosaic, but an emulsion. Moreover, the uniformity of the prairie itself contributed to the uniformity of the Iowans by destining nearly all to be farmers. At the same time it forbade the building of great cities, and it is only in metropolitan centres that culture reaches its zenith, or depravity its nadir. Given

time enough and the potent influence of isolation, and your rural community develops a picturesque charm of its own and a rich and mellow individuality; but Iowa is still young, and its people love nothing so dearly as a little journey by rail. When cattle are sold, the farmer must betake him to Chicago to see the bargain closed; when wheat goes to mill, he must find his way to Minneapolis; and to-morrow he journeys westward to visit his boy in South Dakota, or eastward for a fortnight with the old folks at home. Farm life itself affords abundant communication with one's neighbors. The coöperative creameries' carts carry gossip and letters along with the daily papers; telephones are thought no extravagance; the church is everywhere a living centre of social intercourse. There also exists a very genial understanding between country and city. That is partly because the city contains so many retired farmers, and so many bankers, merchants, and professional men who have invested their money in agricultural interests. In an Iowa town good citizenship requires the ownership of a farm, just as in Sapphira, Montana, it involves the maintenance of a ranch "off somewhere" or a costly "hole in the ground." Still another basis of mutual good feeling is the eminent respectability of the Iowa farmer, who wears irreproachable clothes, rides in a stunning carriage, and sends his sons and daughters to be coeducated at Grinnell. The epithet "hayseed" — where will you hear it? Climb the broad steps of their golden-domed State House, pass beneath its pillared portico, traverse its echoing corridors (where your heels go click upon polished marble), and look in upon the rulers of the commonwealth and their deputies: almost every man of them is farm-bred.

The Iowans, then, have founded a great agricultural state, not remarkable in any particular; or if in any particular it seems remarkable, be sure that

that particular is not representative of Iowa. The red-blanketed Indians at Tama, the monastery of the Trappist fathers, the communistic settlement at Amana, the silly purists who insist upon saying "do not" instead of "don't," and the beautiful young ladies who annually serve as conductors on trolley cars and give their earnings for charity, — all these matters are distinctly aside from the main trend, which, whether regarded politically, educationally, religiously, or socially, remains gravely commonplace, distressingly normal, hopelessly sane.

Think of a state that will build a three-million-dollar state Capitol and not steal a penny; fancy an American commonwealth without a state debt; contemplate, by way of self-abnegation, a public of two million people electing a Republican governor every campaign but one, and then tying the hands of the Democrat so that for all his term he could do nothing but mope; consider that Nebraska bounds Iowa upon the west, and that Kansas lies not so very many leagues to the southwest; and then — think what the Iowans might have been, and what they are! Still, seeking to relieve their virtues' sombre monochrome, they cultivate just a little political corruption, bartering senatorial ballots for desirable committee enrollments, and lending now and then a very attentive ear to the bell and whistle of some wealthy railroad. But when, by methods fair or foul, the Iowans have made the makers of laws, they manage to frame so tiresomely sensible a body of enactments that whoever peeps into their leather-bound tomes will soon enough feel the dustman playing the mischief with his eyes and brain. In only two respects the legislative procedures of Iowa afford interesting reading. The state experimented with the abolition of the death penalty; it also experimented with prohibition; and as in the former case it returned to capital punishment, so in the

latter it came at least half the way back, devised a compromise, and called the law a "mulct." Prohibition set the whole state aglimmering with the red and green lights of impromptu apothecaries; what was worse, it caused the coat-tail pockets of the people to bulge with ill-concealed flagons. So the Iowans rubbed their eyes and considered. And then — happy thought — came the mulct, which says in effect: "Thou shalt sell no intoxicating liquors in any form, shape, or condition whatsoever; but whenever thou dost think best to sell them, thou shalt feel for thy purse and pay dearly." Benissimo! Prohibition and high license have kissed each other.

In matters of education you find a similar effort at prairie-like avoidance of extremes. Thanks to the system of public schools modeled by Horace Mann, there is scarce another state in the Union where so few people are unable to read and write; on the other hand, there is scarce another state where so soothing a hand is laid upon ambitious scholastic pretensions. Formerly the small and pretentious "universities," so called, — and Iowa has its store of those pitiful institutions, — gowned their graduates in learned purple; but in 1886 the State Teachers' Association defined "college," and made it very plain that the world would be wiser if the number of those Dotheboys Halls were diminished. Some sought refuge in total extinction; others raised their requirements to the standard set by the association; and a concert of powers decreed that the master's degree should be conferred only in recognition of stated studies duly performed, and that the doctor's degree should not be conferred at all. Good! By and by the alphabetic trappings of wisdom will be a little more in keeping; the lecture platform, the library movement, and the eastward wending of college students are having their effect. But this I say at peril of my ease, recalling the discomfiture of a recent lecturer in an Iowa city.

"You found an appreciative audience," said the mayor, by way of congratulation, next morning. "Oh, well — ah, you see," replied the man of genius, "I did n't give you my best, you know; I tried to come right down to your level!" And I dare say that when that lecturer returns to the Hawkeye State no salvos of salute will greet him.

Religiously, — and the Iowans troop faithfully to service, — the state displays a happy exuberance of consecrated common sense. Not only have certain denominations shown a tendency to establish spheres of influence instead of clashing in unbrotherly zeal for precedence, but each has manifested a desire so to modify its peculiarities as best to adapt itself to the needs of a sober-minded people. The Adventists, for aught I can learn, very rarely assemble in robes of white to ascend into heaven; the Mormons at Lamoni decry the polygamous propensities of their Utah brethren; and that charmingly peculiar people, the Gurneyite Quakers, yield acquiescence to the popular demand for modernization by establishing a salaried clergy, by discarding their former quaintness of dress, and by building organs in their churches. Penn College, despite its Friendly belief and practice, supports a football team, and we saw it play. "Aha," quoth Helen, "I know what that will be like!" She looked for silent signals; the ball in play only when the spirit moved; a gently polite deference as a survival of non-resistance; and a frequent ejaculation of "Does thee mind if I slug thou?" But no; those stalwart youths fell upon Drake University with intent to kill. I think, too, that I have seen in Iowa a very general willingness to soften the rigor of old-time morality. Little remains of the Puritanic code, save only in the observance of the Lord's Day. The Iowans have no Sunday trains except on main lines, and they go without Monday morning papers that the newspaper folk may rest their weary brains upon the Sabbath.

Sane in their political, educational, and religious activities, the Iowans maintain a thoroughly consistent attitude toward social questions. The Missouri River, which separates them from the populist Nebraskans, is a hundred miles wide. The only proletarian uprising ever known in Iowa was the transit of Kelley's army, which swept across the state on its way to join the meteoric Coxey. Professor George D. Herron, late of Iowa College, complains that his gospel of Christian socialism has merely hardened the hearts of the Iowans. In short, an Iowan is a man who regards this world as on the whole a desirable place of residence, and if by any chance he turns Herronite he ceases to be an Iowan. On Boston Common I met such an exile from Iowa, and to him I said, "What are you doing in Massachusetts?" Whereupon the socialist replied, "*Working my head off*" to hasten the coming of — I don't know what!" Then I knew why he left Iowa, for the Iowans are bound that nothing shall be hastened. A well-fed, respectable, leisurely, comfortable people, are they not? The street cars in Des Moines are fitted with solid doors to keep you from mounting in a hurry, yet no one protests. My baggage master said, "Yes, I'll check your trunk so you won't see it for a month."

It is perhaps very fortunate that the Iowans are not inviting the existing social order to crumble about their ears; at all events, it is certainly very natural. A life so uniform and so prosperous produces few original spirits, few blather-skites or demagogues, few sowers and reapers of rebellion. At the same time, however, it breeds few amazing individuals of any sort. Were it fair to compare Iowa with Ohio, which is three times as old and twice as populous, I should say to the Iowans, "Where are your presidents, your painters, your sculptors, your novelists, your poets?" It was, I fear, a little too easy to make the state of

Iowa, and to-day the Iowans are showing the lack of that rigorous pioneer discipline which goaded the souls of the Ohioans to fine personal achievements. Or who knows but the featureless prairie has tended to broaden, rather than to heighten and deepen, the genius of the Iowans? Besides, one must remember that great men are beckoned forth by great events, and nothing at all significant ever happened in Iowa. Indeed, were I a public event and about to occur, the Hawkeye State is the last place I should select for my occurrence. Still, I have read in a famous old book that there are diversities of gifts, and that it is the pinnacle of folly to judge by one sole standard. To see the Iowans at their best, go to the national capital, where, if fortune favors, you will meet their Allisons and Hendersons, their

Hepburns, Gears, and Dollivers. Sound judgment, judicial sense, and executive ability, — these are the talents that lift them to power, talents neither rare nor little prized among the Iowans.

When all is said, it is the merit of the mass, not the merit of the individual, the humbler, and for matter of that the mere brown-colored virtues, not the blazing, sporadic flashes of genius or prowess, that establish the real greatness of a people. Unrelieved industry, morality, intelligence, and loyalty make very melancholy material for literary or artistic treatment; but when your soul is bent upon finding a happy augury for your country's future, what better can you seek? Happily this state of Iowa, so typical of the broad, fertile, populous valley of the upper Mississippi, stands representative of the bulk of our people.

Rollin Lynde Hartt.

A DIFFICULT CASE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART SECOND.

IX.

MRS. EWBERT heard old Hilbrook begin at once in a high senile key without any form of response to her husband's greeting: "There was one thing you said to-day that I've been thinkin' over, and I've come down to talk with you about it."

"Yes?" Ewbert queried submissively, though he was aware of being quite as fagged as his wife accused him of being, after he spoke.

"Yes," Hilbrook returned. "I guess I ha'n't been exactly up and down with myself. I guess I've been playing fast and loose with myself. I guess you're right about my wantin' to have enough consciousness to enjoy my unconsciousness," and the old gentleman gave a laugh

of rather weird enjoyment. "There are things," he resumed seriously, "that are deeper in us than anything we call ourselves. I supposed I had gone to the bottom, but I guess I had n't. All the while there was something down there that I had n't got at; but you reached it and touched it, and now I know it's there. I don't know but it's my Soul that's been havin' its say all the time, and me not listenin'. I guess you made your point."

Ewbert was still not so sure of that. He had thrown out that hasty suggestion without much faith in it at the time, and his faith in it had not grown since.

"I'm glad," he began, but Hilbrook pressed on as if he had not spoken.

"I guess we're built like an onion," he said, with a severity that forbade

Ewbert to feel anything undignified in the homely illustration. "You can strip away layer after layer till you seem to get to nothing at all; but when you've got to that nothing you've got to the very thing that had the life in it, and that would have grown again if you had put it in the ground."

"Exactly!" said Ewbert.

"You made a point that I can't get round," Hilbrook continued, and it was here that Ewbert enjoyed a little instant of triumph. "But that ain't the point with me. I see that I can't prove we shan't live again any more than you can prove that we shall. What I want you to do *now* is to convince me, or to give me the least reason to believe, that we shan't live again on exactly the same terms that we live now. I don't want to argue immortality any more; we'll take that for granted. But how is it going to be any different from mortality with the hope of death taken away?"

Hilbrook's apathy was gone, and his gentleness; he had suddenly an air and tone of fierce challenge. As he spoke he brought a clenched fist down on the arm of his chair; he pushed his face forward and fixed Ewbert with the vitreous glitter of his old eyes. Ewbert found him terrible, and he had a confused sense of responsibility for him, as if he had spiritually constituted him, in the charnel of unbelief, out of the spoil of death, like some new and fearfulest figment of Frankenstein's. But if he had fortuitously reached him, through the one insincerity of his being, and bidden him live again forever, he must not forsake him or deny him.

"I don't know how far you accept or reject the teachings of Scripture on this matter," he began rather vaguely, but Hilbrook stopped him.

"You did n't go to the Book for the point you made *against* me. But if you go to it now for the point I want you to make *for* me, what are you going to find? Are you going to find the pro-

mise of a life any different from the life we have here? I accept it all, — all that the Old Testament says, and all that the New Testament says; and what does it amount to on this point?"

"Nothing but the assurance that if we live rightly here we shall be happy in the keeping of the divine Love there. That assurance is everything to me."

"It is n't to me!" cried the old man. "We are in the keeping of the divine Love here, too, and are we happy? Are those who live rightly happy? It's because we're not conditioned for happiness here; and how are we going to be conditioned differently there? We are going to suffer to all eternity through our passions, our potentialities of experience, there just as we do here."

"There may be other passions, other potentialities of experience," Ewbert suggested, casting about in the void.

"Like what?" Hilbrook demanded. "I've been trying to figure it, and I can't. I should like you to try it. You can't imagine a new passion in the soul any more than you can imagine a new feature in the face. There they are: eyes, ears, nose, mouth, chin; love, hate, greed, hope, fear! You can't add to them or take away from them." The old man dropped from his defiance in an entreaty that was even more terrible to Ewbert. "I wish you could! I should like to have you try. Maybe I have n't been over the whole ground. Maybe there's some principle that I've missed." He hitched his chair closer to Ewbert's, and laid some tremulous fingers on the minister's sleeve. "If I've got to live forever, what have I got to live for?"

"Well," said Ewbert, meeting him fully in his humility, "let us try to make it out together. Let us try to think. Apparently, our way has brought us to a dead wall; but I believe there's light beyond it, if we can only break through. Is it really necessary that we should dis-

cover some new principle? Do we know all that love can do from our experience of it here?"

"Have you seen a mother with her child?" Hilbrook retorted.

"Yes, I know. But even that has some alloy of selfishness. Can't we imagine love in which there is no greed, — for greed, and not hate, is the true antithesis of love which is all giving, while greed is all getting, — a love that is absolutely pure?"

"I can't," said the old man. "All the love I ever felt had greed in it; I wanted to keep the thing I loved for myself."

"Yes, because you were afraid in the midst of your love. It was fear that alloyed it, not greed. And in easily imaginable conditions in which there is no fear of want, or harm, or death, love would be pure; for it is these things that greed itself wants to save us from. You can imagine conditions in which there shall be no fear, in which love casteth out fear?"

"Well," said Hilbrook provisionally.

Ewbert had not thought of these points himself before, and he was pleased with his discovery, though afterwards he was aware that it was something like an intellectual juggle. "You see," he temporized, "we have got rid of two of the passions already, fear and greed, which are the potentialities of our unhappiest experience in this life. In fact, we have got rid of three, for without fear and greed men cannot hate."

"But how can we exist without them?"

Hilbrook urged. "Shall we be made up of two passions, — of love and hope alone?"

"Why not?" Ewbert returned, with what he felt a specious brightness.

"Because we should not be complete beings with these two elements alone."

"Ah, as we know ourselves here, I grant you," said the minister. "But why should we not be far more simply constituted somewhere else? Have you

ever read Isaac Taylor's *Physical Theory of Another Life*? He argues that the immortal body would be a far less complex mechanism than the mortal body. Why should not the immortal soul be simple, too? In fact, it would necessarily be so, being one with the body. I think I can put my hand on that book, and if I can I must make you take it with you."

He rose briskly from his chair, and went to the shelves, running his fingers along the books with that subtlety of touch by which the student knows a given book in the dark. He had heard Mrs. Ewbert stirring about in the rooms beyond with an activity in which he divined a menacing impatience; and he would have been glad to get rid of old Hilbrook before her impatience burst in an irruption upon them. Perhaps because of this distraction he could not find the book, but he remained on foot, talking with an implication in his tone that they were both preparing to part, and were now merely finishing off some odds and ends of discourse before they said good-night.

Old Hilbrook did not stir. He was far too sincere a nature, Ewbert saw, to conceive of such inhospitality as a hint for his departure, or he was too deeply interested to be aware of it. The minister was obliged to sit down again, and it was eleven o'clock before Hilbrook rose to go.

X.

Ewbert went out to the gate with the old man, and when he came back to his study, he found his wife there looking strangely tall and monumental in her reproach. "I supposed you were in bed long ago, my dear," he attempted lightly.

"You *don't* mean that you've been out in the night air without your hat on!" she returned. "Well, this is too *much*!"

Her long-pent-up impatience broke in tears, and he strove in vain to comfort her with caresses. "Oh, what a fatal day it was when you stirred that wretched old creature up! *Why* could n't you leave him alone!"

"To his apathy? To his despair? Emily!" Ewbert dropped his arms from the embrace in which he had folded her woodenly unresponsive frame, and regarded her sadly.

"Oh yes, of course," she answered, rubbing her handkerchief into her eyes. "But you don't know that it was despair; and he was quite happy in his apathy; and as it is, you've got him on your hands; and if he's going to come here every night and stay till morning, it will kill you. You know you're not strong; and you get so excited when you sit up talking. Look how flushed your cheeks are, now, and your eyes — as big! You won't sleep a wink to-night, — I know you won't."

"Oh yes, I shall," he answered bravely. "I believe I've done some good work with poor old Hilbrook; and you must n't think he's tired me. I feel fresher than I did when he came."

"It's because you're excited," she persisted. "I know you won't sleep."

"Yes, I shall. I shall just stay here, and read my nerves down a little. Then I'll come."

"Oh yes!" Mrs. Ewbert exulted consolately, and she left him to his book. She returned to say: "If you *must* take anything to make you sleepy, I've left some warm milk on the back of the stove. Promise me you won't take any sulphonal! You know how you feel the next day!"

"No, no, I won't," said Ewbert; and he kept his word, with the effect of remaining awake all night. Toward morning he did not know but he had drowsed; he was not aware of losing consciousness, and he started from his drowse with the word "consciousness" in his mind, as he had heard Hilbrook speaking it.

XI.

Throughout the day, under his wife's watchful eye, he failed of the naps he tried for, and he had to own himself as haggard, when night came again, as the fondest anxiety of a wife could pronounce a husband. He could not think of his talk with old Hilbrook without an anguish of brain exhaustion; and yet he could not help thinking of it. He realized what the misery of mere weakness must be, and the horror of not having the power to rest. He wished to go to bed before the hour when Hilbrook commonly appeared, but this was so early that Ewbert knew he should merely toss about and grow more and more wakeful from his premature effort to sleep. He trembled at every step outside, and at the sound of feet approaching the door on the short brick walk from the gate, he and his wife arrested themselves with their teacups poised in the air. Ewbert was aware of feebly hoping the feet might go away again; but the bell rang, and then he could not meet his wife's eye.

"If it is that old Mr. Hilbrook," she said to the maid in transit through the room, "tell him that Mr. Ewbert is not well, but *I* shall be glad to see him," and now Ewbert did not dare to protest. His forebodings were verified when he heard Hilbrook asking for him, but though he knew the voice, he detected a difference in the tone that puzzled him.

His wife did not give Hilbrook time to get away, if he had wished, without seeing her; she rose at once and went out to him. Ewbert heard her asking him into the library, and then he heard them in parley there; and presently they came out into the hall again, and went to the front door together. Ewbert's heart misgave him of something summary on her part, and he did not know what to make of the cheerful parting between them. "Well, I bid you good-evening, ma'am," he heard old Hil-

brook say briskly, and his wife return sweetly, "Good - night, Mr. Hilbrook. You must come soon again."

"You may put your mind at rest, Clarence," she said, as she reëntered the dining room and met his face of surprise. "He did n't come to make a call; he just wanted to borrow a book, — Physical Theory of Another Life."

"How did you find it?" asked Ewbert, with relief.

"It was where it always was," she returned indifferently. "Mr. Hilbrook seemed to be very much interested in something you said to him about it. I do believe you *have* done him good, Clarence; and now, if you can only get a full night's rest, I shall forgive him. But I hope he won't come *very* soon again, and will never stay so late when he does come. Promise me you won't go near him till he's brought the book back!"

XII.

Hilbrook came the night after he had borrowed the book, full of talk about it, to ask if he might keep it a little longer. Ewbert had slept well the intervening night, and had been suffered to see Hilbrook upon promising his wife that he would not encourage the old man to stay; but Hilbrook stayed without encouragement. An interest had come into his apathetic life which renewed it, and gave vitality to a whole dead world of things. He wished to talk, and he wished even more to listen, that he might confirm himself from Ewbert's faith and reason in the conjectures with which his mind was filled. His eagerness as to the conditions of a future life, now that he had begun to imagine them, was insatiable, and Ewbert, who met it with glad sympathy, felt drained of his own spiritual forces by the strength which he supplied to the old man. But the case was so strange, so absorbing, so important, that he could not refuse himself to it. He

could not deny Hilbrook's claim to all that he could give him in this sort; he was as helpless to withhold the succor he supplied as he was to hide from Mrs. Ewbert's censoriously anxious eye the nervous exhaustion to which it left him after each visit that Hilbrook paid him. But there was a drain from another source of which he would not speak to her till he could make sure that the effect was not some trick of his own imagination.

He had been aware in twice urging some reason upon Hilbrook of a certain perfunctory quality in his performance. It was as if the truth, so vital at first, had perished in its formulation, and in the repetition he was sensible, or he was fearful, of an insincerity, a hollowness in the arguments he had originally employed so earnestly against the old man's doubt. He recognized with dismay a quality of question in his own mind, and he fancied that as Hilbrook waxed in belief he himself waned. The conviction of a life hereafter was not something which he was *sharing* with Hilbrook; he was *giving* it absolutely, and with such entire unreserve that he was impoverishing his own soul of its most precious possession.

So it seemed to him in those flaccid moods to which Hilbrook's visits left him, when mind and body were both spent in the effort he had been making. In the intervals in which his strength renewed itself, he put this fear from him as a hypochondriacal fancy, and he summoned a cheerfulness which he felt less and less to meet the hopeful face of the old man. Hilbrook had renewed himself, apparently, in the measure that the minister had aged and waned. He looked, to Ewbert, younger and stronger. To the conventional question how he did, he one night answered that he never felt better in his life. "But you," he said, casting an eye over the face and figure of the minister, who lay back in his easy-chair, with his hands stretched nerveless on the

arms, "*you* look rather peaked. I don't know as I noticed it before, but come to think, I seemed to feel the same way about it when I saw you in the pulpit yesterday."

"It was a very close day," said Ewbert. "I don't know why I should n't be about as well as usual."

"Well, that's right," said Hilbrook, in willing dismissal of the trifle which had delayed him from the great matter in his mind.

Some new thoughts had occurred to him in corroboration of the notions they had agreed upon in their last meeting. But in response Ewbert found himself beset by a strange temptation,—by the wish to take up these notions and expose their fallacy. They were indeed mere toys of their common fancy which they had constructed together in mutual supposition, but Ewbert felt a sacredness in them, while he longed so strangely to break them one by one and cast them in the old man's face. Like all imaginative people, he was at times the prey of morbid self-suggestions, whose nature can scarcely be stated without excess. The more monstrous the thing appeared to his mind and conscience, the more fascinating it became. Once the mere horror of such a conception as catching a comely parishioner about the waist and kissing her, when she had come to him with a case of conscience, had so confused him in her presence as to make him answer her wildly, not because he was really tempted to the wickedness, but because he realized so vividly the hideousness of the impossible temptation. In some such sort he now trembled before old Hilbrook, thinking how dreadful it would be if he were suddenly to begin undoing the work of faith in him, and putting back in its place the doubts which he had uprooted before. In a swift series of dramatic representations he figured the old man's helpless amaze at the demoniacal gayety with which he should mock his own seriousness in the past, the

cynical ease with which he should show the vanity of the hopes he had been so fervent in awakening. He had throughout recognized the claim that all the counter-doubts had upon the reason, and he saw how effective he could make these if he were now to become their advocate. He pictured the despair in which he could send his proselyte tottering home to his lonely house through the dark.

He rent himself from the spell, but the last picture remained so real with him that he went to the window and looked out, saying, "Is there a moon?"

"It ain't up yet, I guess," said old Hilbrook, and from something in his manner, rather than from anything he recollected of their talk, Ewbert fancied him to have asked a question, and to be now waiting for some answer. He had not the least notion what the question could have been, and he began to walk up and down, trying to think of something to say, but feeling his legs weak under him and the sweat cold on his forehead. All the time he was aware of Hilbrook following him with an air of cheerful interest, and patiently waiting till he should take up the thread of their discourse again.

He controlled himself at last, and sank into his chair. "Where were we?" he asked. "I had gone off on a train of associations, and I don't just recall our last point."

Hilbrook stated it, and Ewbert said, "Oh yes," as if he recognized it, and went on from it upon the line of thought which it suggested. He was aware of talking rationally and forcibly; but in the subjective undercurrent paralleling his objective thought he was holding discourse with himself to an effect wholly different from that produced in Hilbrook.

"Well, sir," said the old man when he rose to go at last, "I guess you've settled it for me. You've made me see that there can be an immortal life that's worth living; and I was afraid there

wa'n't! I should n't care, now, if I woke up any morning in the other world. I guess it would be all right; and that there would be new conditions every way, so that a man could go on and be himself, without feelin' that he was in any danger of bein' wasted. You've made me want to meet my boy again; and I used to dread it; I did n't think I was fit for it. I don't know whether you expect me to thank you; I presume you don't; but I" — he faltered, and his voice shook in sympathy with the old hand that he put trembling into Ewbert's — "I *bless* you!"

XIII.

The time had come when the minister must seek refuge and counsel with his wife. He went to her as a troubled child goes to its mother, and she heard the confession of his strange experience with the motherly sympathy which performs the comforting office of perfect intelligence. If she did not grasp its whole significance, she seized what was perhaps the main point, and she put herself in antagonism to the cause of his morbid condition, while administering an inevitable chastisement for the neglect of her own prevision.

"That terrible old man," she said, "has simply been draining the life out of you, Clarence. I saw it from the beginning, and I warned you against it; but you would n't listen to me. *Now* I suppose you *will* listen, after the doctor tells you that you're in danger of nervous prostration, and that you've got to give up everything and rest. I think you've been in danger of losing your reason, you've overworked it so; and I shan't be easy till I've got you safely away at the seaside, and out of the reach of that — that *vampire*."

"Emily!" the minister protested. "I can't allow you to use such language. At the worst, and supposing that he has

really been that drain upon me which you say (though I don't admit it), what is my life for but to give to others?"

"But *my* life is n't for you to give to others, and *your* life is mine, and I think I have some right to say what shall be done with it, and I don't choose to have it used up on old Hilbrook." It passed through Ewbert's languid thought, which it stirred to a vague amusement, that the son of an older church than the Rixonite might have found in this thoroughly terrestrial attitude of his wife a potent argument for sacerdotal celibacy; but he did not attempt to formulate it, and he listened submissively while she went on: "One thing: I am certainly not going to let you see him again till you've seen the doctor, and I hope he won't come about. If he does, I shall see him."

The menace in this declaration moved Ewbert to another protest, which he worded conciliatingly: "I shall have to let you. But I know you won't say anything to convey a sense of responsibility to him. I could n't forgive myself if he were allowed to feel that he had been preying upon me. The fact is, I've been overdoing in every way, and nobody is to blame for my morbid fancies but myself. I *should* blame myself very severely if you based any sort of superstition on them, and acted from that superstition."

"Oh, you need n't be afraid!" said Mrs. Ewbert. "I shall take care of his feelings, but I shall have my own opinions, all the same, Clarence."

Whether a woman with opinions so strong as Mrs. Ewbert's, and so indistinguishable from her prejudices, could be trusted to keep them to herself, in dealing with the matter in hand, was a question which her husband felt must largely be left to her goodness of heart for its right solution.

When Hilbrook came that night, as usual, she had already had it out with him in several strenuous reveries before

they met, and she was able to welcome him gently to the interview which she made very brief. His face fell in visible disappointment when she said that Mr. Ewbert would not be able to see him, and perhaps there was nothing to uplift him in the reasons she gave, though she obscurely resented his continued dejection as a kind of ingratitude. She explained that poor Mr. Ewbert was quite broken down, and that the doctor had advised his going to the seaside for the whole of August, where he promised everything from the air and the bathing. Mr. Ewbert merely needed toning up, she said; but to correct the impression she might be giving that his breakdown was a trifling matter, she added that she felt very anxious about it, and wanted to get him away as soon as possible. She said with a confidential effect, as of something in which Hilbrook could sympathize with her: "You know it is n't merely his church work proper; it's his giving himself spiritually to all sorts of people so indiscriminately. He can't deny himself to any one; and sometimes he's perfectly exhausted by it. You must come and see him as soon as he gets back, Mr. Hilbrook. He will count upon it, I know; he's so much interested in the discussions he has been having with you."

She gave the old man her hand for good-by, after she had artfully stood him up, in a double hope, — a hope that he would understand that there was some limit to her husband's nervous strength, and a hope that her closing invitation would keep him from feeling anything personal in her hints.

Hilbrook took his leave in the dreamy fashion age has with so many things, as if there were a veil between him and experience which kept him from the full realization of what had happened; and as she watched his bent shoulders down the garden walk, carrying his forward-drooping head at a slant that scarcely left the crown of his hat visible, a fear came upon her which made it impossi-

ble for her to recount all the facts of her interview to her husband. It became her duty, rather, to conceal what was painful to herself in it, and she merely told him that Mr. Hilbrook had taken it all in the right way, and she had made him promise to come and see them as soon as they got back.

XIV.

Events approved the wisdom of Mrs. Ewbert's course in so many respects that she confidently trusted them for the rest. Ewbert picked up wonderfully at the seaside, and she said to him again and again that it was not merely those interviews with old Hilbrook which had drained his vitality, but it was the whole social and religious keeping of the place. Everybody, she said, had thrown themselves upon his sympathies, and he was carrying a load that nobody could bear up under. She addressed these declarations to her lingering consciousness of Ransom Hilbrook, and confirmed herself, by their repetition, in the belief that he had not taken her generalizations personally. She now extended these so as to inculcate the faculty of the university, who ought to have felt it their duty not to let a man of Ewbert's intellectual quality stagger on alone among them, with no sign of appreciation or recognition in the work he was doing, not so much for the Rixonite church as for the whole community. She took several ladies at the hotel into her confidence on this point, and upon some study of the situation they said it was a shame. After that she began to feel more bitter about it, and to attribute her husband's collapse to a concealed sense of the indifference of the university people, so galling to a sensitive nature like his.

She suggested this theory to Ewbert, and he denied it with blithe derision, but she said that he need not tell *her*, and in confirming herself in it she be-

gan to relax her belief that old Ransom Hilbrook had preyed upon him. She even went so far as to say that the only intellectual companionship he had ever had in the place was that which he found in the old man's society. When she discovered, after the fact, that Ewbert had written to him since they came away, she was not so severe with him as she might have expected herself to be in view of an act which, if not quite clandestine, was certainly without her privity. She would have considered him fitly punished by Hilbrook's failure to reply, if she had not shared his uneasiness at the old man's silence. But she did not allow this to affect her good spirits, which were essential to her husband's comfort as well as her own. She redoubled her care of him in every sort, and among all the ladies who admired her devotion to him there was none who enjoyed it as much as herself. There was none who believed more implicitly that it was owing to her foresight and oversight that his health mended so rapidly, and that at the end of the bathing season she was, as she said, taking him home quite another man. In her perfect satisfaction she suffered him his small joke about not feeling it quite right to go with her if that were so; and though a woman of little humor, she even professed to find pleasure in his joke after she fully understood it.

"All that I ask," she said, as if it followed, "is that you won't spoil everything by letting old Hilbrook come every night and drain the life out of you again."

"I won't," he retorted, "if you'll promise to make the university people come regularly to my sermons."

He treated the notion of Hilbrook's visits lightly; but with his return to the familiar environment he felt a shrinking from them in an experience which was like something physical. Yet when he sat down the first night in his study, with his lamp in its wonted place, it was with an expectation of old Hilbrook in

his usual seat so vivid that its defeat was more a shock than its fulfillment upon supernatural terms would have been. In fact, the absence of the old man was spectral; and though Ewbert employed himself fully the first night in answering an accumulation of letters that required immediate reply, it was with nervous starts from time to time, which he could trace to no other cause. His wife came in and out, with what he knew to be an accusing eye, as she brought up those arrears of housekeeping which always await the housewife on the return from any vacation; and he knew that he did not conceal his guilt from her.

They both ignored the stress which had fallen back upon him, and which accumulated, as the days of the week went by, until the first Sunday came.

Ewbert dreaded to look in the direction of Hilbrook's pew, lest he should find it empty; but the old man was there, and he sat blinking at the minister, as his custom was, through the sermon, and thoughtfully passing the tip of his tongue over the inner edge of his lower lip.

Many came up to shake hands with the minister after church, and to tell him how well he was looking, but Hilbrook was not among them. Some of the university people who had made a point of being there that morning, out of a personal regard for Ewbert, were grouped about his wife, in the church vestibule, where she stood answering their questions about his health. He glimpsed between the heads and shoulders of this gratifying group the figure of Hilbrook dropping from grade to grade on the steps outside, till it ceased to be visible, and he fancied, with a pang, that the old man had lingered to speak with him, and had then given up and started home.

The cordial interest of the university people was hardly a compensation for the disappointment he shared with Hilbrook; but his wife was so happy in it that he could not say anything to damp

her joy. "Now," she declared, on their way home, "I am perfectly satisfied that they will keep coming. You never preached so well, Clarence, and if they have any appreciation at all, they simply won't be able to keep away. I wish you could have heard all the nice things they said about you. I guess they've waked up to you, at last, and I do believe that the idea of losing you has had a great deal to do with it. And *that* is something we owe to old Ransom Hilbrook more than to anything else. I saw the poor old fellow hanging about, and I could n't help feeling for him. I knew he wanted to speak with you, and I'm not afraid that he will be a burden again. It will be such an inspiration, the prospect of having the university people come every Sunday, now, that you can richly afford to give a little of it to him, and I want you to go and see him soon; he evidently is n't coming till you do."

XV.

Ewbert had learned not to inquire too critically for a logical process in his wife's changes of attitude toward any fact. In her present mood he recognized an effect of the exuberant good will awakened by the handsome behavior of the university people, and he agreed with her that he must go to see old Hilbrook at once. In this good intention his painful feeling concerning him was soothed, and Ewbert did not get up to the Hilbrook place till well into the week. It was Thursday afternoon when he climbed through the orchard, under the yellowing leaves which dappled the green masses of the trees like intenser spots of the September sunshine. He came round by the well to the side door of the house, which stood open, and he did not hesitate to enter when he saw how freely the hens were coming and going through it. They scuttled out around him and between his legs, with guilty screeches, and left him

standing alone in the middle of the wide, low kitchen. A certain discomfort of nerves which their flight gave him was heightened by some details quite insignificant in themselves. There was no fire in the stove, and the wooden clock on the mantel behind it was stopped; the wind had carried in some red leaves from the maple near the door, and these were swept against the farther wall, where they lay palpitating in the draft.

The neglect in all was evidently too recent to suggest any supposition but that of the master's temporary absence, and Ewbert went to the threshold to look for his coming from the sheds or the barn. But these were all fast shut, and there was no sign of Hilbrook anywhere. Ewbert turned back into the room again, and saw the door of the old man's little bedroom standing slightly ajar. With a chill of apprehension he pushed it open, and he could not have experienced a more disagreeable effect if the dark fear in his mind had been realized than he did to see Hilbrook lying in his bed alive and awake. His face showed like a fine mask above the sheet, and his long, narrow hands rested on the covering across his breast. His eyes met those of Ewbert not only without surprise, but without any apparent emotion.

"Why, Mr. Hilbrook," said the minister, "are you sick?"

"No, I am first-rate," the old man answered.

It was on the point of the minister's tongue to ask him, "Then what in the world are you doing in bed?" but he substituted the less authoritative suggestion, "I am afraid I disturbed you, — that I woke you out of a nap. But I found the door open and the hens inside, and I ventured to come in" —

Hilbrook replied calmly, "I heard you; I wa'n't asleep."

"Oh," said Ewbert apologetically, and he did not know quite what to do; he had an aimless wish for his wife, as if she would have known what to do.

In her absence, he decided to shut the door against the hens, who were returning adventurously to the threshold, and then he asked, "Is there something I can do for you? Make a fire for you to get up by" —

"I ha'n't got any call to get up," said Hilbrook; and after giving Ewbert time to make the best of this declaration, he asked abruptly, "What was that you said about my wantin' to be alive enough to know I was dead?"

"The consciousness of unconsciousness?"

"Ah!" the old man assented, as with satisfaction in having got the notion right; and then he added with a certain defiance: "There ain't anything *in* that. I got to thinkin' it over, when you was gone, and the whole thing went to pieces. That idea don't prove anything at all, and all that we worked out of it had to go with it."

"Well," the minister returned, with an assumption of cosiness in his tone which he did not feel, and feigning to make himself easy in the hard kitchen chair which he pulled up to the door of Hilbrook's room, "let's see if we can't put that notion together again."

"You can, if you want to," said the old man dryly. "I got no interest in it any more; 't wa'n't nothing but a casuistical toy, anyway." He turned his head apathetically on the pillow, and no longer faced his visitor, who found it impossible in the conditions of tacit dismissal to philosophize further.

"I was sorry," Ewbert began, "not to be able to speak with you after church, the other day. There were so many people" —

"That's all right," said Hilbrook unresentfully; "I had n't anything to say, in particular."

"But *I* had," the minister persisted. "I thought a great deal about you when I was away, and I went over our talks in my own mind a great many times. The more I thought about them, the more I

believed that we had felt our way to some important truth in the matter. I don't say final truth, for I don't suppose that we shall ever reach that in this life."

"Very likely," Hilbrook returned, with his face to the wall. "I don't see as it makes any difference; or if it does, I don't care for it."

Something occurred to Ewbert which seemed to him of more immediate usefulness than the psychological question. "Could n't I get you something to eat, Mr. Hilbrook? If you have n't had any breakfast to-day, you must be hungry."

"Yes, I'm hungry," the old man assented, "but I don't want to eat anything."

Ewbert had risen hopefully in making his suggestion, but now his heart sank. Here, it seemed to him, a physician rather than a philosopher was needed, and at the sound of wheels on the wagon track to the door his imagination leaped to the miracle of the doctor's providential advent. He hurried to the threshold and met the fish man, who was about to announce himself with the handle of his whip on the clapboarding. He grasped the situation from the minister's brief statement, and confessed that he had expected to find the old gentleman *dead* in his bed some day, and he volunteered to send some of the women folks from the farm up the road. When these came, concentrated in the person of the farmer's bustling wife, who had a fire kindled in the stove and the kettle on before Ewbert could get away, he went for the doctor, and returned with him to find her in possession of everything in the house except the owner's interest. Her usefulness had been arrested by an invisible but impassable barrier, though she had passed and re-passed the threshold of Hilbrook's chamber with tea and milk toast. He said simply that he saw no object in eating; and he had not been sufficiently interested to turn his head and look at her in speaking to her.

With the doctor's science he was as indifferent as with the farmwife's service. He submitted to have his pulse felt, and he could not help being prescribed for, but he would have no agency in taking his medicine. He said, as he had said to Mrs. Stephson about eating, that he saw no object in it. The doctor retorted, with the temper of a man not used to having his will crossed, that he had better take it, if he had any object in living, and Hilbrook answered that he had none. In his absolute apathy he did not even ask to be let alone.

"You see," the baffled doctor fumed in the conference that he had with Ewbert apart, "he does n't really need any medicine. There's nothing the matter with him, and I only wanted to give him something to put an edge to his appetite. He's got cranky living here alone; but there *is* such a thing as starving to death, and that's the only thing Hilbrook's in danger of. If you're going to stay with him — he ought n't to be left alone" —

"I can come up, yes, certainly, after supper," said Ewbert, and he fortified himself inwardly for the question this would raise with his wife.

"Then you must try to interest him in something. Get him to talking, and then let Mrs. Stephson come in with a good bowl of broth, and I guess we may trust Nature to do the rest."

XVI.

When we speak of Nature, we figure her as one thing, with a fixed purpose and office in the universal economy; but she is an immense number of things, and her functions are inexpressibly varied. She includes decay as well as growth; she compasses death as well as birth. We call certain phenomena unnatural; but in a natural world how can anything be unnatural, except the supernatural? These facts gave Ewbert

pause in view of the obstinate behavior of Ransom Hilbrook in dying for no obvious reason, and kept him from pronouncing it unnatural. The old man, he reflected, had really less reason to live than to die, if it came to reasons; for everything that had made the world home to him had gone out of it, and left him in exile here. The motives had ceased; the interests had perished; the strong personality that had persisted was solitary amid the familiar environment grown alien.

The wonder was that he should ever have been roused from his apathetic unfaith to inquiry concerning the world beyond this, and to a certain degree of belief in possibilities long abandoned by his imagination. Ewbert had assisted at the miracle of this resuscitation upon terms which, until he was himself much older, he could not question as to their beneficence, and in fact it never came to his being quite frank with himself concerning them. He kept his thoughts on this point in that state of solution which holds so many conjectures from precipitation in actual conviction.

But his wife had no misgivings. Her dread was that in his devotion to that miserable old man (as she called him, not always in compassion) he should again contribute to Hilbrook's vitality at the expense, if not the danger, of his own. She of course expressed her joy that Ewbert had at last prevailed upon him to eat something, when the entreaty of his nurse and the authority of his doctor availed nothing; and of course she felt the pathos of his doing it out of affection for Ewbert, and merely to please him, as Hilbrook declared. It did not surprise her that any one should do anything for the love of Ewbert, but it is doubtful if she fully recognized the beauty of this last efflorescence of the aged life; and she perceived it her duty not to sympathize entirely with Ewbert's morbid regret that it came too late. She was much more resigned than he to

the will of Providence, and she urged a like submissiveness upon him.

"Don't talk so!" he burst out. "It's horrible!" It was in the first hours after Ewbert's return from Hilbrook's deathbed, and his spent nerves gave way in a gush of tears.

"I see what you mean," she said after a pause in which he controlled his sobs. "And I suppose," she added, with a touch of bitterness, "that you blame *me* for taking you away from him here when he was coming every night and sapping your very life. You were very glad to have me do it at the time! And what use would there have been in your killing yourself, anyway? It was n't as if he were a young man with a career of usefulness before him, that might have been marred by his not believing this or that. He had been a complete failure every way, and the end of the world had come for him. What did it matter whether such a man believed that there was another world or not?"

"Emily! Emily!" the minister cried out. "What are you saying?"

Mrs. Ewbert broke down in her turn. "I don't know *what* I'm saying!" she retorted from behind her handkerchief. "I'm trying to show you that it's your duty to yourself — and to me — and to people who can know how to profit by your teaching and your example, not to give way as you're doing, simply because a worn-out old agnostic could n't keep his hold on the truth. I don't know what your Rixonitism is for if it won't let you wait upon the divine will in such a thing, *too*! You're more conscientious than the worst kind of Congregationalist. And now for you to blame me" —

"Emily, I don't blame *you*," said her husband. "I blame myself."

"And you see that that's the same thing! You ought to thank me for sav-

ing your life; for it was just as if you were pouring your heart's blood into him, and I could see you getting more anæmic every day. Even now you're not half as well as when you got home! And yet I do believe that if you could bring old Hilbrook back into a world that he was sick and tired of, you'd give your own life to do it."

There was reason and there was justice in what she said, though they were so chaotic in form, and Ewbert could not refuse to acquiesce. After all, he had done what he could, and he would not abandon himself to a useless remorse. He rather set himself to study the lesson of old Hilbrook's life, and in the funeral sermon that he preached he urged upon his hearers the necessity of keeping themselves alive through some relation to the undying frame of things, which they could do only by cherishing earthly ties; and when these were snapped in the removal of their objects, by attaching the broken threads through an effort of the will to yet other objects: the world could furnish these inexhaustibly. He touched delicately upon the peculiarities, the eccentricities, of the deceased, and he did cordial justice to his gentleness, his blameless, harmless life, his heroism on the battlefields of his country. He declared that he would not be the one to deny an inner piety, and certainly not a steadfast courage, in Hilbrook's acceptance of whatever his sincere doubts implied.

The sermon apparently made a strong impression on all who heard it. Mrs. Ewbert was afraid that it was rather abstruse in certain passages, but she felt sure that all the university people would appreciate these. The university people, to testify their respect for their founder, had come in a body to the obsequies of his kinsman; and Mrs. Ewbert augured the best things for her husband's future usefulness from their presence.

W. D. Howells.

GRAMARYE.

WHERE to-night the woodside towers,
Visited by unseen powers,
While from hollows of the sky
All the winds come rustling by,
Gramarye weaves within her loom
Emerald and moonlight bloom.

Fallen from every topmost height
There black shadows cut the light
Sharp as swords cut, and in crowds
Slighter shadows, thin as clouds,
Only touched with jewel-dust,
In among the great glooms thrust.
Green and silver, light as snow,
Sprays and stems their shadows throw;
Little shadows of the leaf,
Where the ray falls bright and brief,
Wavering, shimmering, swarm and slip,
In the startled splendor dip,
Where, from wells and floods unbound
Glory pours along the ground.

Through the glimmer, please you, look —
Half you guess a flickering brook,
Now a surf of twinkling spray
Breaks across a hidden way,
Petals of some wondrous flower
Drift a sudden slanting shower,
Now a bough all washed with light
Stirs its leaves in one long flight,
And lingeringly unveils the view
Down some alluring avenue,
Whose fountains toss a furtive mist
Athwart a deeper place of tryst,
With labyrinth of leafy walls,
With hint of air-drawn palace-halls,
And mystery of opening lines
Where the glamouring moonlight shines.

What weird land of deathless dreams
Lies beyond these moonlit gleams,
What domain of strange delight
On the borders of the night!
Could we enter, might we find,
As the subtle ways we wind,

Love once lost, and heart's desire,
Hopes whose feet were shod with fire,
Haunting presences, and things
That waft us on enchanted wings?
Hasten — Fate was made to try!
Cross the moonglade, you and I!
Lift the branch, give me your hand —
No, no! It is Forbidden Land!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

THE PRICE OF ORDER.

THE price of order in all government is the adjustment of the means of administration to the needs of rule. For a century, Great Britain has acquired and governed the largest and most populous colonial empire history has known. Through the same century, the United States has acquired, assimilated, and advanced to a share in all the privileges of the republic, the largest empty and continuous territory over which history has ever witnessed the triumphant march of common laws, common institutions, and a common administration. The work of federal government has never been more successfully discharged than by this country. The British Empire may fairly claim a like preëminence in colonial rule.

The price of order for us has hitherto been in admitting every community at the earliest possible moment to every state and federal right. If we erred, we preferred to err in too much haste rather than in too much delay. The price of order in the British Empire has been in excluding every community but one, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, from the full privileges of imperial rule. Ours is an indissoluble union of indestructible states, equal in powers, in privileges, and in their share in federal rule. In the British Empire, the rights of every land under its flag depend absolutely upon any enactment of

the Parliament of Westminster. Each rule has maintained order on an unexampled scale under its own several system and each has paid a different price, devised by the same race of English-speaking men.

After a century of this contrasted experience, by singular and unexpected though similar causes, — for both these great realms respond to a like world movement, — the British Empire draws near some plan for federating its leading colonies, and admitting them to a share in the rule exclusively exercised hitherto by the United Kingdom alone. In some way, the empire has to use our experience and learn to pay our price for order. The United States, it is scarcely necessary to remind an American, for the first time in its history, finds itself with possessions — whether rightly or wrongly won is of no consequence for this phase of the problem — which it cannot assimilate, and which it cannot admit to that full share of mutual and associate rule which is the essence of the federal system. In some way, the American republic in its new possessions has to use the experience of the British Empire, and learn to pay its price for order.

The essence of the American experiment, which we have never ceased to urge on our English cousins as a complete remedy for their Irish problem, is

that tranquillity is obtained in a federal system by giving each community home rule for itself, and a complete but proportionate share in the working of the central executive, legislature and judiciary, one national constitution extending over all. The essence of the English experiment has been one system of national constitutional limitations for the United Kingdom, and another system for dependencies. For the central government, there has been complete, exclusive, and universal rule. For the dependencies, there has been no share in the exercise of this rule, a local administration and autonomy, and a contact with the central government jealously limited to the action of the central executive. When, in the Reconstruction period, we withdrew federal legislative rights from certain states, harm came. When the imperial legislature in British history has meddled with the details of dependencies, evils have followed. Where the imperial executive has worked alone and with a free hand, prosperity and order have succeeded. Executives rule colonies and keep them. Legislatures ruin colonies and lose them.

The English executive is all that English colonies officially know, save as Parliament lays down general principles. These once enacted and in operation, a fifth of the world's area, 11,250,412 square miles, and a fifth of its population, 344,059,122 people, are ruled with an administrative economy which is an administrative marvel.¹ The colonies, 9,450,154 square miles and 56,845,691 people, are comparatively empty of population, great stretches of staked claims waiting for development. "India," with 1,800,258 square miles and 287,223,431 inhabitants, is an area thronged with people, in which population is perpetually pressing on subsistence, under a civilization older than our own, with princes

whose pedigree makes an European line seem a thing of yesterday, and such a medley of races as has owned no common peace since the Roman tax. The London Colonial Office administers forty colonies on a salary list of \$244,525. The New York mayor's office costs more. The India Office administers an empire from London on \$945,000 spent in salaries, or less than is yearly spent on Central Park. In all, about \$1,200,000 spent in London is the price of administrative order over a colonial rule whose total budgets from India to Mauritius reach in the aggregate \$1,724,354,895 in outgo, once and a half times the outgo of the United States for federal, state, county, city, and village expenditure for every possible purpose for which taxes are levied.

The American Congress has spent an entire winter wrestling with the tariff, the taxation, the administration, and the personal rights of two islands with the area and the population of one of the least of English colonies. Of the acts passed by Parliament at Westminster in the past decade, 47 per cent applied alone to England, 15 per cent to Ireland, and 7.6 to Scotland. Of the share left, 20 per cent, all but 1 per cent applied to the United Kingdom as a whole. An infinitesimal fraction applies to the British Empire. So long as Congress dealt with areas about to fill and to share the representation of states in Congress, close congressional supervision was necessary. Dealing with areas and a population approaching no such step, Congress must minimize its contact and increase — as has been proposed for the Philippines in Senator Spooner's single short bill — the contact and control of the executive. The English executive is an imperial executive. The English legislature is an English legislature. Two cabinet ministers, one for the colonies and one for India, stand for the executive in its contact with each. Given executive rule, instead of legislative interference, and it is possible

¹ Colonial Systems of the World. U. S. Summary of Commerce and Finance. December, 1898.

to secure the widest measure of home rule. Parliament touches no colonial tariff. Each is made at home for each colony, measured to fit. The primary economic object of this system of executive administration at home and home rule abroad is not the trade of a colony, but a share in its development. Of English foreign trade, only a fourth is with its colonies. Of its income from investments, three fourths is from colonies.¹

If the price of order is a minimum of rule in London and a maximum of rule in India and the colonies, the profit of order comes not because trade follows the flag, but because investments follow British justice, administered by Englishmen under every sky, and revised and kept in harmony by an appeal to the Judicial Committee of Privy Council sitting in London.

So far as citizenship is concerned, the British Empire is one. Every person born anywhere in British territory is a British citizen, and has in theory all the rights any citizen can enjoy. In the United Kingdom, and all self-governing colonies, with Parliaments of their own, he enjoys a constitutional parliamentary system. In all these he is living under constitutional privileges for himself and constitutional restrictions on the executive, and an administration of justice as rigorous and definite as any and all in our own written Constitution. In the rest of the British Empire he is under a rule essentially monarchical, and not restricted by these constitutional limitations. The parliamentary portion of the British Empire reaps all the fruits of the long struggle from the Long Parliament to the last reform bill. The rest of the British Empire may be, and often is, governed by a power as arbitrary as the Stuarts asserted, and it is exercised under the forms they sought to use, and for whose use one Stuart lost

his head. In the early history of the British constitution, there existed two fountains of executive, legislative, and judicial power. The king acted in a Privy Council made up of the officers he chose, or the king acted through a Parliament of which one chamber, the Commons, was summoned from county and borough to levy taxes and provide revenue. In the United Kingdom, the "crown" is but another name for the committee called a cabinet, through which Parliament rules. In all that part of the British Empire not enjoying a Parliament, as does the United Kingdom and eleven colonies, the crown — to-day the cabinet, in fact — enjoys those powers a king, all but despotic, once enjoyed for executive, legislative, and judicial purposes in Privy Council. By this legal use of royal power abolished within the United Kingdom, but still in force in all British possessions not provided with a Parliament, there is maintained at the same time a system of constitutional checks and balances for the central government at home, and the absolute authority needed for an imperial power in ruling dependencies.

The entire dispute as to whether our Constitution extends to new acquisitions or not springs from the unconscious effort to devise for our use, having the same problem, a system in which the limitations of the Constitution shall apply only to the United States, — our United Kingdom, — and the legislative, executive, and judicial powers of the government be free for use without these limitations in dealing with dependencies. Only by some such division and distinction can the central power be kept safely under constitutional check, and yet be left free to meet the needs and emergencies of dependencies in a lower stage of development.

The king's Privy Council is the fruit-

the interest paid by colonies to home investors at £34,709,000.

¹ In 1887, income tax returns for profits from colonial and foreign investments were £44,500,000. The Economist (1887, p. 347) estimates

ful source out of which has grown this system by which India and the colonies are kept in administrative and legal relations with England, without the loss of English liberty, — a system under which the same executive has extra-constitutional power without, and only constitutional powers within, the United Kingdom. Privy Council originally was, and still is now, a body made up of about two hundred persons, who are the great officers and ex-officers of the realm. In the early history of the English kingship, it was the instrument of personal monarchical rule. Later, under the Tudors and Stuarts, Privy Council, by its courts and decrees, was the constitutional means used by the crown in the attempt to secure direct personal rule in executive, legislative, and judicial acts. This power was abolished for the United Kingdom by the Long Parliament, the Bill of Rights, and various judicial findings, but it has remained in the British Empire outside the United Kingdom for the use of the crown, now but another name for the cabinet. Privy Council is in all things the reservoir from which is drawn the unexpected and unforeseen needs of the English executive. Out of its fruitful loins has come the equity jurisdiction of the Chancellor. The English cabinet is in theory a committee of the Privy Council. As the development of the internal and social economy of the United Kingdom required a board of trade, a board of health, and a department of education, these were developed out of committees of Privy Council. The Board of Control which governs India is such a committee in origin, though it is not to-day in composition. The cabinet officer, secretary of state for India, at its head, was there originally as privy counselor, the chairman of a committee of privy counselors for India. The Colonial Office, which rules all colonies and dependencies but India, developed at the end of the last century from the Committee of Privy Council

on Trade and Plantations. Lastly, it is a judicial committee of Privy Council, whose composition was determined by statute 3 & 4 W. IV. c. 41, which exercises appellate, civil, and criminal jurisdiction over all parts of the British Empire outside the United Kingdom, a jurisdiction which is the judicial regulator and governor of this vast realm.

Privy Council no longer meets as a council, and its monthly sessions only assemble to give registry and form to the acts of the cabinet. Its membership has come to be honorary, the highest form of civic honor, but still honorary. The powers it once held as the centre and source of executive deliberation and action are held and exercised by the cabinet, the constitutional product of the past century. The English cabinet, in theory a committee of Privy Council, and in fact a joint executive committee of both chambers of Parliament, is for all the executive of the empire. This executive finds in Privy Council, in its orders and proclamations, the arsenal of authority for those acts of organic, constitutional, and legislative character which are demanded in an expanding and conquering nation. It is by orders in council that blockades are declared, the theatre of military operations indicated, the rights of neutrals and belligerents defined, and the regulation and determination effected of the various status of those related to the operations of war as neutrals, traders, or the occupants of conquered or occupied territory. When, by conquest or absorption, new territory is acquired or its administration assumed, it is an order in council, like that recently issued on the acquisition, government, and administration of the Soudan, which announces the transfer of sovereignty and determines the character of future administration. If the local law of the conquered country, which remains unchanged by conquest, is to be altered, this may be done by an order in council, though not solely, as the law of a con-

quered country may be altered by the king by proclamation or letters patent under the Great Seal.

Behind and over these stands the constant power of Parliament. While, therefore, Parliament may at any moment interfere by statute, the English executive can through the power of Privy Council at the time of acquisition and later, except as restrained by statute, change the law of any territorial acquisition by proclamation, letters patent, or order in council. This general power is now regulated by the British Settlements Act, 50 Vic. c. 54. In twenty-one colonies, still in pupilage or military posts, this right to legislate by order in council is retained in perpetuity. These, all either tropical islands and possessions or isolated places of arms, are British Guiana, Ceylon, Falkland, Fiji, Gambia, Gibraltar, Gold Coast, Grenada, Guiana, Hong Kong, Labuan, Lagos, Malta, Mauritius, Santa Lucia, St. Vincent, Seychelles, Sierra Leone, Trinidad, Tobago, and Turks Islands. The colonies in which this absolute power of legislation by act of the British executive does not exist are the eleven colonies enjoying elected legislatures of their own,—Canada, Newfoundland, seven in Australasia, Natal, and Cape Town; the six islands from Bermuda to Jamaica, whose legislatures are partially elected; and two regions, Basutoland and British Honduras, in which, for special reasons, this right to pass laws by orders in council has not been reserved.

Lawmaking in the British Empire, therefore, looking at the empire as made up of the United Kingdom, the colonies, and India, has two separate channels of expression. Within the United Kingdom and eleven colonies ("parliamentary") laws must be made by a Parliament. In the other colonies, local legislatures act. In them the cabinet can legislate on occasion, by using the old Privy Council machinery. Parliament may also, of course, legislate for them,

but in practice does not. In India, this old machinery for law by executive order has been put in commission, so to speak, by creating an executive lawmaking body, made up of the viceroy and his council.

By slow steps, we are feeling a way along these lines. Congress must legislate in the United States. Led by force of habit, it has set out to do the like in detail for Porto Rico, and mired itself and its party majority in a needless bog over which British practice points the way. Taught by experience, it has begun to see that the supervision and supplement of the legislation of a dependency still needing leading strings, is a subject not for legislative but executive authority. It is to the President that authority is left to abolish the tariff between Porto Rico and the United States before 1902. It is to the President that the final decision as to public franchises is to be left in the island. In Cuba, now a dependency on the way to independence, the President has to-day substantially all the powers of lawmaking which an English cabinet enjoys in a like situation; and if Congress is wise, with this power it will not intermeddle, and, save on franchises, has thus far shown no desire to do so. Lastly, if Congress and the country are willing to be wise by the experience of another country, in the Philippines, the national legislature will supplement and supervise the law-making power of the legislature of the archipelago by reserving to the President the right to modify and to enact local laws by executive order, with a report to, and provision for objection by, Congress within a certain time.

The administration of English dependencies displays the same desire to separate supervision from the national legislature and graft it on the national executive. In France, powerful and practically permanent legislative committees, of which little is heard but whose power is great, are perpetually interfering in

colonial detail, to the demoralization of the colonial service and of the colony. So, indeed, our Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs has come to be the real State Department, for whom, in treaty making, the secretary of state is little more than a clerk. The English system, which for many reasons is in its details unfit for our need, secures responsibility to the national legislature, but avoids supervision by this legislature or its committees; for in dealing with "fluttered folk and wild," it is not the men who talk who are wanted, but the man who acts. It would be agreeable to believe that every land would be best governed by both, just as it is agreeable to cultivate that other hallucination, as misleading, that the black, brown, or yellow man is simply a white man whose skin is colored; but beyond and below a certain stage of civil development, the man who acts must be left to act alone, untrammelled by the man who talks, until the labors of the one have found the way for the upward progress of the other.

The price of order, during which this way can be cut, dug, laid, and paved, is a recognition of this principle, which leads to another. A legislature inevitably seeks to legislate for the profit — real or apparent — of its constituents. When the subject of lawmaking and the constituents are one, this is safe. Blunders may be made. Experience rectifies them. This principle is not safe where the subject of legislative power and the constituency are not one, as when a national legislature, elected by the nation, legislates for a dependency. Such legislation inevitably leads to the property and profit treatment of colonial administration. This is the Spanish theory. It was once the English theory. Under it, colonies up to 1660 were managed in the hope of direct returns, upon the theory that they were the king's demesne or the property of the crown. From 1660 to 1784 this theory of direct state ownership was practiced and car-

ried on under immediate parliamentary legislation. Having lost, in 1784, through this theory, the best colony any country ever had, England altered its colonial principle and practice, and began the government of dependencies for their development, bringing in the end thereby the greater profit of the mother country. For the difference between English colonial rule and that of other countries is not that English rule has not blundered, but that it learns from its blunders; and having lost us, never again lost a colony save by its own consent.

An executive can be better trusted to consider the needs of a dependency than a legislature. Under Burke's Act,¹ executive succeeded legislative supervision; and in 1854 this system was completed by the creation of a colonial minister, whose duties were earlier the task of the secretary of state for war. The essential feature of this system, which in principle is the same both for India and for the forty scattered colonies, is the general supervision of a minister of the crown, always a member of the cabinet, responsible to Parliament, who has for his work simply the ordinary training of public life. He may take his post as ignorant of where Labuan is, the lay of the Seychelles, or whether the Grenadines are on one side of the ocean or the other, as any one reading these pages. But he has administrative ability and experience, parliamentary reputation, and knowledge of the general principles of authority, which are, after all, alike for the captain of a football team or the viceroy of India. This parliamentary minister for the colonies or for India is able to do his work, not by his own special knowledge, but because in the Colonial Office, as in the India Office, he finds a small group of highly trained permanent officials selected by competitive examination, and representing the extreme of scholarship and official training.

This highly trained force numbers

¹ George III. c. 82, 1784.

some sixty in the Colonial Office, and costs, as I have said, \$244,525 a year, — perhaps the cheapest paid force for its ability on the planet, always excepting the German general staff. Take, to illustrate the character of this force, Sir George Herbert, who was from 1873 to 1892 the under-secretary of the Colonial Office, the permanent head of its official staff. Sir George was the grandson of Lord Carnarvon. He became a marked man while still a schoolboy. He was a Newcastle scholar at Eton, a Baliol scholar before he was twenty. In quick succession he won the Hertford and Ireland scholarships. He was the Latin verse man of his year, took the Eldon Law Scholarship, and was elected a fellow of All Souls. Academic success like this in England abridges by ten or fifteen years a man's period of probation in entering public life. Sir George Herbert served for a year as Mr. Gladstone's private secretary. He went to Australia in an official capacity. In Queensland he entered public life. For five years, before he was thirty-five, he was premier of the colony. He returned to England, served for a year or two as under-secretary of the Board of Trade, and then became the head of the permanent staff of the Colonial Office. While he was under-secretary, for twenty-one years, there were eleven different colonial secretaries, one every two years, but under all Sir George Herbert was the real ruler of the colonial system. When a new colony comes into being, the minister of colonies has a man like this and the trained men under him to draft the laws of the new dependency, to select its officers, and to begin its free development with the experience and precedents of a century to guide him. In dealing with the various organized colonies, the cabinet minister of colonies does no more than settle questions of policy. The execution rests with the trained staff. It is this perpetual combination of a new man at the head, fresh from general po-

litical life, an expert trained staff to execute, and the utmost self-government possible in the colonies themselves, which renders possible the amazing economy of administration which has already been indicated. Except that he is aided, but not controlled, by a council of men who have served in high India posts, the secretary of state for India is in the same position. He is himself the product of a successful career in and out of Parliament. He has no special training. He finds it in the permanent staff of the India Office.

This light but absolute administrative control from London, by a small body of trained clerks in the Colonial Office and India Office, all told not 200 in number, regulating 11,150,000 square miles and 344,000,000 of population, is only possible because of the autonomous organization of the colonies and of India itself. Looking forward to its sovereignty as a state, and to federal incorporation, absorption, and assimilation, our theory is to leave the territory to learn its way as to administration, maintaining meanwhile legislative control by Congress. Each territory is therefore brought into the closest economic relations with the Union, whose property it is; but it is provided with limited internal powers, and it is left to find its way through the turmoil and the lynchings, the vigilance committees and the corruption, which have attended the passage through this period of almost every territory. In Alaska, this system has ended in appalling disorder. Yet, so close is congressional legislative supervision, that the national legislature turned aside last winter to permit a town in Arizona to bond itself for new waterworks. This is the price of development into states about to pass into integral self-governing units of the Union. But the price of order in dependencies is to treat each colony as an administrative and economic unit, let its government, whether elected or appointed, draw its own tariff, pass its

own laws, organize its own police and municipal system, and incur its own debts, subject to an executive in touch with the imperial executive.

The normal theory of internal colonial administration is, that each colony has in its colonial governor a chief executive appointed by the crown, which is, so far as this act is concerned, the minister of colonies. Even in the case of the self-governing colonies, this ultimate head and arbiter is selected without consultation with the colonies, though a self-governing colony may successfully object. This governor, selected for a term of five years, represents the crown. In eleven colonies, known as parliamentary, he finds the government in the hands of a Parliament, and he reigns, but does not govern. These are Canada, Newfoundland, seven in Australasia, the Cape, and Natal. The rest are crown colonies. In nine, he finds a local legislative council, partly elected and partly chosen by him from the inhabitants, English residents, and crown officers, and here he partly reigns and partly governs. In twenty, he appoints the council which legislates, and here he reigns and governs. His utmost stretch of authority comes in Ascension Island, which is by law and in law a ship of war, and its governor has the power of a naval captain. Further authority cannot go. This precedent has been followed by our own law in dealing with Navassa and other small Guano Islands. Precisely as the secretary of state for colonies in London is the official link between colonial affairs and Parliament on one side and his highly trained secretariat on the other, so the royal governor in the colony is the link which unites the secretary for colonies, with the legislature, council, or whatever lawmaking power there may be representing the colony, and a small trained force whose members go to this colony or that to act as secretaries to the governor, to serve as judges, or to administer special districts.

As the minister at home stands for Parliament and has a trained force to help him, so the governor stands for the colonial organization and has his official trained force to help him, he himself representing some one of the many forms of success or prominence in English life, political, legal, military, naval, or born of rank and position. In the self-governing colonies, the royal governor is like the English sovereign, part figure-head and fiction, part a vital force and initiative in selecting new ministers. He is legally, in personal practice, a constitutional sovereign, and the colonial Parliament is not, it must be remembered, like our state legislature, the legislature of an original sovereignty which has surrendered part of its power. Neither is it like our territorial legislature, a convenient instrument exercising delegated powers in municipal legislation. Once created by act of Parliament, Sir Robert P. Collier defined its powers¹ as "a legislature restricted in the area of its powers, but within that area unrestricted and not acting as an agent or delegate." Within these powers it has the omnipotence of Parliament, or, as was said in a brief but comprehensive declaration of its powers by Privy Council,² "the king has no power to deprive the subject of any of his rights; but the king, acting as one of the branches of the legislature, has the power of depriving any of his subjects in any of his dominions of any of his rights." "Parliamentary" colonies and "crown" colonies — of which last, part are partially self-governing and part governed — represent a distinction political in nature; but, like all political distinctions, it rests on a deeper cause. Parliamentary colonies are all lands in the north or south temperate zone settled by Europeans, English, with French in Canada and with Dutch in Cape Town and Natal. The crown colonies, par-

¹ *Powell v. Apollo Candle Co.*, New South Wales, 1885, 10 Law Report App. Cas. 282.

² *Cuvillier v. Aylwin*, 2 Knapp, 78.

tially self-governing, are islands in sub-tropical regions in which a white is mixed with a brown, black, or red population in proportion nicely reflected in the grant of self-rule. The crown colonies enjoying no self-government are either military stations like Gibraltar, or tropical islands and lands with a population black, brown, or yellow and a European population numerically insignificant.

India remains, an empire of 287,000,000 of population and a territory, all told, equal to half the area of the United States between the oceans. In population, India is second only to China. In extent, the only other areas comparable under one administrative control are within the boundaries of the Russian Empire or of the United States. This empire is too large to be trusted with the simple organization of a crown colony. Geographically it is too homogeneous to be divided. Its development and multifarious races do not admit either of self-government or of representative institutions. The Indian government as it stands to-day, the fruit of three centuries of trade, and two centuries of occupation, absorption, and conquest, is a legal despotism created by act of Parliament — a “statutory monarchy” is the less objectionable phrase of legal treatises. By a series of statutes, the executive vests in the governor general as sovereign; its legislation is the work of the “governor general in council,” or acting as head of the council of twenty-one, all appointed; and its system of courts has developed from the close imitation of a London mayor’s court established in 1755 by George II. Here again, while Parliament yearly passes on the Indian budget in a debate heard only by empty benches, and certain principles of legislation and administration are decided at Westminster, the great Empire of India, whose interests would tempt and whose issues would divide most national legislatures, is provided with a statutory, that is an artificial sovereign, complete in all

its functions, executive, legislative, and judicial. This sovereign legally is not a man, that is the viceroy, but a law-making and ruling corporation, made up of the viceroy and his council. The connecting link between the government and the imperial government is not through imperial legislation, which only at intervals addresses itself to Indian topics, but through the secretary of state for India, who, like the colonial secretary, finds his trained staff, his permanent under-secretary, and counselors of Anglo-Indian experience in the India Office.

The executive powers of the sovereignty created by English statute for India are executed by the governor general and his council of five. He and the lieutenant governors of the presidencies are Englishmen, without Indian experience, who have won or enjoyed the greater prizes of English political life or rank. These rulers, who come to their work without technical training, find in India a body of about 1000 Englishmen, who hold all posts in the executive save the very highest. This small body is recruited from competitive examination, succeeded by personal and political selection, all in England, so that this superior or “covenanted” service, while legally open, is practically closed to natives of India. These 1000 men fill the councils of India and the presidencies, and as commissioners rule districts of an average population of 2,000,000, and furnish candidates for all important judicial and executive posts. They are the government of India, and their small number is only rendered possible by opening all subordinate posts to natives and English alike, with examinations in India. The English civil force is numerically a minute portion of the whole, not over one or two per cent of those conducting and serving the Anglo-Indian government. Local government by elected and selected bodies has also been introduced on a great scale. The three great cities, Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, are governed by

local councils, two thirds of whose members are elected. In all, there are in India 733 municipalities, with a population of 13,500,000, governed by municipal committees with an aggregate of 9981 members, of whom over one half, 5214, are elected. "District and local boards" govern small districts, numbering 1000, with 16,336 members, of whom 6135, over one third, are elected and rule 195,000,000 of population. By the side of this triumph of elective local government won in territory over which for five thousand years of history Oriental despotism has brooded, how trivial are a hundred well-fought fields from Assaye and Plassey to Delhi and Kabul, from Clive to Roberts, compared with the spectacle of a continent and a race slowly being lifted to liberty and self-rule through the law and administration of our race.

But the final price of order is neither local autonomy nor executive, as distinguished from legislative, supervision, but a uniform administration of law. In the last resort, under every rule, the safety of life, the security of property, and the protection of rights rest on the courts. If their adjudication is just, uniform, and certain over any area, within that area, however wide, men will prosper under like conditions, and in the end reach a common peace, prosperity, and development. While in all else, in its tariff and its administrative machinery, its legislature and its legislation, its executive and its several civil liberties, the different portions of the British Empire differ in detail and in principle, in theory and in practice, all its courts end in a common appeal to the Judicial Committee of Privy Council. Privy Council once furnished to despotism those special courts like Star Chamber, intended to curb the freedom and thwart the obstinacy of the courts of common law. When under Charles I. Parliament abolished the judicial authority of Privy Council within the kingdom, it still remained the right of any British subject

outside of England to take his appeal from the decision of any court to the "king's most excellent majesty in council." This appeal may be taken under this ancient right, in which case permission for the appeal must first be sought and obtained of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council, or the appeal may be taken under the various statutes which regulate appeals from the highest court of every quarter of the empire to this committee. In giving Australia a federal constitution, this appeal has been limited and regulated but not abolished. This committee is now composed of fifteen persons selected from the great judicial offices of the state and two judges from India or the colonies.

This final tribunal is not an English court, but its membership is made up from the men who sit in the great English courts; and their decisions are part of the great stream of English law, though the statute they construe may in India be an institute of Menu or a Mohammedan tradition, in Guiana Dutch law at the time of the annexation, in Cyprus Turkish law, and in Australia English common law at the foundation of the colony. In the last resort, these multifarious systems and these multitudinous statutes are brought to a common construction, application, operation, and administration by the possibility of an appeal to London. This august jurisdiction, once confined to the Isle of Jersey, where it was first exercised in 1572, and extended by parity and precedent to our own colonial courts, now hears appeals from over eighty judicatories. No tribunal compares with its wide jurisdiction and complex appeals but our own Supreme Court. Like that tribunal, its published reports now extend over an unbroken century of judicial findings, curbing, regulating, assimilating the law of the British Empire.

This appellate jurisdiction maintains the even balance of civil procedure and criminal justice over a fifth of the hu-

man race, and for a fifth of the territory allotted to man on this planet. When in this survey of the relations of the British Empire we draw near the ultimate cause of its puissance, it does not rest in its navy, in its army, in the skill of its executive, or in the wisdom of its Parliament; neither its "far-flung battle-line" nor its

"thunders on the deep" preserve the secret of its power. In the end, it rests in this quiet room where four or five men learned in the law sit behind a table, maintaining that great stream of precedent which safely and surely yields justice for all men under the twin flags of our common race.

Talcott Williams.

THE PATHWAY ROUND.

It ran parallel with the old rail fence between the low cultivated uplands, — ran straight west, then turned deliberately northwest until it reached the mountain woods. Here it loitered, idly as a girl, through a pine thicket, — a wide path, defined by clean white sand, gleaming sweet under green arbors. Then it came out of the legended shadows, and, bewildered with memory, wandered away into a white fairyland of blossoming dogwood, which gradually vanished as tall chestnut trees, snared together with grapevine, began to arch above it. A queen or a squirrel could have feasted there in the autumn. On either hand the banks rose, brown and mossy. It was a sunken wood road now, but at the gap in the crumbling gray rails it turned to the east and the sun, and became wide and level and green for a half mile through the mountain pastures. Short soft turf and sunshine were here, lovely young growths of locust and walnut and redwood, wastes of blackberry vines, little creek meadows of strawberries, low slopes of blue violets. The brown kine nibbled content; but the violets were always unnumbered, and the berries always overflowed the hands that gathered them.

At the end of the wonderful half mile, the pathway crossed a mountain creek, — a creek of white foam swirling down a deep black bed to the leveler land, where it became stiller, clearer, with a

green world brokenly reflected as she crossed the log and set foot to follow the pathway running narrow and steep up a little hill to the right. This was where she always stopped and looked back at Thunder Hill. That lifted line against the heaven had set the limits to her life. The world lay beyond, the clamor of cities, the breaking of seas, and — beyond the seas, across the times — the gleam of white marble and the dream of antiquity. The farther blue ridges melted into dim distances. They seemed low mists that she might walk through. But Thunder Hill was as near as it was inevitable.

On clear days she could see every leaf, every stone, every ridge and valley from end to end. When she looked back from the path in the spring, the delicate green foliage seemed like gigantic garlands flung by a Titan upon the vast black background of the cedars. They were incomparably, fantastically, fleetingly beautiful, gala wreaths about the stone brows of an Egyptian king, roses rioting over convent walls. The mountain, her feet could not cross it; but sometimes her thought could leave it behind, and sometimes her soul could lose it from sight, as if her soul were a lark that soared. And sometimes, ah! sometimes she turned, glad to escape through the portals of the pines where the path dipped into a clear spaced dell,

a stately chamber, ringed by trees of columnar strength and arrowy straightness, with dense boughs lifted like a roof.

The floor of pine needles was burnt brown. The vague sunshine arabesqued over it was golden brown. A few tangled, spicy, white-flowered vines cast shadows like delicate black lace. The place was as full of dreams as a young poet's heart. It was as haunted as the heart of that poet grown old. It was very, very still and withdrawn. As one lingers in memory she lingered in it before idling her way out, over the irregular hilltop, to the edges of the ploughed lands. The path reëntered the fence row at this place, and kept closely to it along the bottom of a wornout hill field, where the dewberry vines climbed up the clay gullies, and the broom sage was a harvest of gold. Out of this it broadened into a road, curving around a peach orchard set against the blue sky. And, at the foot of the slope, beyond a group of weeping willows, were the gray chimneys of her home. Home, — a place to sleep in. If she had been a man it would not have been even that. Her real home was the pathway round, and the heart of it that chamber hidden among the pines.

There were few days when she did not take that walk, and make that pause, — few days of the changing, changeless year. It was miraculous in the springtime. It was heartbreaking in the fullness of summer. She vibrated to the approaching finality of the fall. But in the winter she was content. All things seemed ended, and to cross the mountain line of as little use as not to cross it. It was only worth while to let her soul loose to fly up, up, until it could behold the littleness of earth, the impotence of its endeavor, and the endlessness of its graveyards. How could she do that in April? It was in April that they had walked the pathway together, — in April that he had stopped her as they lost themselves in the fairyland of blossoming dogwood, to say —

Only a woman could have borne to stand alone in the after Aprils, remembering the thing he had said. They had run the scale of the year with double touches. She used to sit at the door of her pines in the half-southern winter days, with certain words in her heart, — words telling of the May and the June spent together, of the August, of the eyes that implored, the eyes that were abashed, the slender, strong hands subdued to her own. Then came September — October; the doubt — the dread. Then winter — and certainty — and the end.

When it seemed the end of all things, it was possible to bear it — to be contented; it was possible to watch it dwindling with the earth, to send her soul aloft in its skylark mood. Sometimes she lay happily back beneath the roof of pine boughs. (Her roses had died with him. Her face looked white, with the brown head thrown back on the lifted arms, and the chill winter sunlight gilding the waves of her hair.) At these moments she was glad. When she went back to the house it seemed easy to bear the life within. Sometimes it was not easy, and it was well she was a woman, because if she had been a man that man would have crawled on his knees across the mountain line, if only to starve halfway down its western slope. And yet it was but a common life. Scarcely one woman out of a thousand that does not live it. Most of them never know that they live it. Many of them like it. A few are different. Give a rare violin into the hands of the average fiddler and see if it does not get out of tune, and break its heart of music with its strings. That is the way the average life plays on the nerves of the exceptional woman.

She had a constant courage. She had long since given up the obvious selfishness called her pleasure for the subtler selfishness called her duty. It was as well that love had come to her when she

was so young. If he had come later she would probably have kissed him good-by, under the dogwoods. Now when she came up the pathway, she had not that regret. What had happened was not her fault. Sometimes she would stop, and put her lips to the dogwood stems, kissing the place where his shoulder had leaned or his hand had grasped. If the day had been hard it was divine comfort, yet scarcely diviner than her beautiful walk could give. She lived her imaginative life during that walk each day. There were times when love itself seemed left behind in the dogwood alley, as if one had dropped a flower there.

She knew the path in all its seasons, in all its aspects. In its May dawn, dew and freshness, in its rainy February twilights, in its black storm of an August noon; knew it when the snow whirled and settled softly in the mountain meadows, and under the pines; knew it in the remoteness and silence of October mists; knew it when the autumn fires had swept Thunder Hill, and the wood road lay barred by burning trees, and outlined by smouldering fences; knew it, ah, how well! in its December desolation and contentment, when she looked up into the vast black mountain woodlands where the green garlands had withered grayer than the rocks beneath them, — the birth, the blooming, the decadence, the dying done with, and the peace of that which cannot be helped in the heart.

Sometimes she sauntered slowly, sometimes she walked until her breath came fast, and the ghost of her roses stole into her face. She knew it. She knew nothing else so well. Yet, superficially speaking, she did not know it at all. If you had asked her if there were dogwoods in the path, she would have hesitated before replying. She lived the pathway round as one lives life; for the most part unconsciously, yet, when called upon to define, able to do so with intuitional accuracy.

When she lay burned up with that fatal fever her mind wandered the old round; her feet fell blessedly in the cool spaces; her palms caressed fresh flowers; she laid her hot cheek against the dogwood stems; she babbled of these sacred, hidden things to the people who nursed her. The eighth day, having been left asleep in the April dusk, she awoke to find herself alone. It seemed natural to her to slip her bare feet into the brown half shoes, to wrap herself up in the great brown cape; yet she knew that it was wrong when she crept so silently down and out along green garden alleys to the beginning of her beautiful path.

The risen strength of the fever filled her veins with a deadly, splendid life. Once in a dream she had walked so — a gliding, effortless, conscious delight of movement. The dogwood flowers dimly wavered like butterfly ghosts in the dusk. She stopped to draw a wide branch down to her face. It glimmered more whitely than the flowers — you could not tell them from her hands. It was dark, lighted by a crescent moon, when she came into the sunken road beneath the chestnuts. The meadows were mystical in the moonlight when she passed the gap in the crumbling fence. Her cloak fell open at the throat and the night breezes streamed softly against her breast. Her eyes shone gloriously. When next she became aware of her surroundings, she was standing at the portal of her pines. The crescent of the moon hung balanced above the mountain. Its dull golden gleam played faintly over the immense wreaths of April foliage. The mountain barred the sky with its black line. For the first time in her life she felt strong enough to cross that lifted wall — to enter the cities — to vanquish the seas — to fulfill the dream. Perfume, the elixir of eternity, floated up to her from the violet meadows. The wings of Hermes seemed fastened to her little brown shoes.

She took one step forward. Then the fever strength ebbed more suddenly than it had flowed. She fell to the ground. The night wind fanned her faintly. The pine balms floated down slowly. The false dawn was in the sky before she became conscious.

The memory of her night walk struggled to her through mists of ineffable weakness. She looked out to the mountain line once more; but the wings of Hermes had flown away from the little brown shoes. She let her look fall lower to where the wood road ran — lower yet until it wandered over the mountain pastures, then back to where the dogwoods floated white in the glimmering dawn. The remembered touches of that flowering bough she had bent down fell upon her face as if her dead caressed. She was shivering as she dragged herself on her knees between the great pine stems, and into the hallowed chamber. The boughs met like

black wings above her head. She lay as she had first fallen. She could not move a finger more.

Many beautiful things had come to her on the pathway round. The April daybreaks — the nightfalls of November — the wild sweet rush of the mountain creek — flower breath — bird song. Her thought had crept from its chrysalis here and wandered to the ends of the world on its wonderful wings. Love had kissed her beauty to its supreme flower in the dogwood alley, and at the doorway of her pines she had entertained divinest sorrow. But within the solemn chamber, where she had been comforted so often, she saw between her face and the black wings afloat on the winds of the morning the most beautiful thing that had ever come to her on the pathway round. Men have named it Death, but no man knows its name. She lay as little restless as if it had been Content.

Fanny Kemble Johnson.

CONTENT IN A GARDEN.

III.

“AND the Lord walked in the garden in the cool of the day.” This repeats itself to me in the early morning, when the mysterious change which we call dawn resolves itself into long, soft rays which slant in a luminous shower upon the waiting garden. The buds shake themselves and open softly into flowers, and butterflies and tiny white moths dry their wings and lift their painted linings to the sun. Sleek dark moles and white and brown deer mice, and all the soft velvety things which live in the ground and come out to explore and wander in the darkness, rustle back under cover of the ground. At that hour the air is clear and clean of daytime thought

and pulsating with the gladness and exaltation of the new day, and over and over the words come to me, “The Lord walked in the garden in the cool of the day.”

If one could stay at just that eminence of perfection in influences and surroundings, it would be better than Eden; it would be perpetual heaven. Perhaps the story of Eden is the story of the morning of the world. In later hours comes the tempter; but in early ones, when lilies are standing like angels in white and shining raiment along the garden walks, evil has no existence. It is then that the heart of Nature speaks to the heart of man, and he hears it. Her glory is before his eyes, and he sees it. Goodness and happiness creep through

his veins, and Content broods largely over him.

In the early morning I sit beside the very tops of the fir-tree spires, where they grow across the height of the upper piazza. They grow visibly, lengthening hour by hour the blue green fingers which are always reaching, reaching toward the sky. Underneath lies the garden, palpitating with color and fragrance. If my neighbor, George Showers, passes outside the garden wall, and I call a good-morning to him, he answers back that "it's fine growing weather," and the fir spires nod affirmatively. The great white clouds, sailing in the heavenly blue, seem to drop lower, that they may share the day and the garden with me, and my senses grow finer and keener in the beauty bath of the hour until I feel the minutes drifting by, — each one a rounded drop of pure enjoyment. Such hours and days come to us when we stand face to face with perfect beauty.

Of all the flowers that live and blossom, none are so in keeping with the elemental sweetness of the hour as the ascension lilies. Their glad perfection gives one almost the sense of an accident, a pure happening of nature. It seems impossible for anything deliberately to rise and grow to such a standard. My garden is populous with these perfected beings, for which I am humbly and proudly grateful. As the season of their blossoming comes, I find my very blood tingling with an enthusiasm of expectation. They have been growing long enough where they stand to have widened into groups which represent families; and consequently they send their stalks in air in company, ten or twelve of them together. I am richer by this in quantity of beauty, and have more for the giving; but nothing can increase the wonder I feel at one single stalk, rising in stately superiority from its green wreathed place through all the days in which it steadily aspires,

and finally, pausing in air, makes ready to spread its splendor. When the buds have gathered their tribute of whiteness from the sun rays, and drawn to themselves the odorous strength which is the mystery of their lives, the miracle of predestined beauty is accomplished and one after another they open to the world. As I watch them, I find myself wondering what commerce of feeling exists between the bulb hidden in the soil and the head in air. What commands and requirements from above drop in fine pulsations down the stem and beneath the wreath of satiny leaves upon the ground? What is there that the air and the sun and the dew cannot furnish, for which the great mother bulb sends out exploring rootlets into the storehouse of the mould, — and having found, sends back by viewless messengers laden and overlaid with the elements of beauty? It makes one almost long to be a clod, to be able to enter into this mysterious world of growth and being. I find myself wondering what such a perfect thing can be growing *toward*! If progress is the law of creation, what will be the immortality of a lily? When it goes from substance into essence, — and from essence again into substance, — what will it become?

Does all vegetable life thrill finally upward into humanity? One can hardly help fancying that that is the final goal of the more demonstrative life of animals; and when friendly horses come straying from the pasture and leaning from their shoulders over the garden bounds talk to me without words, I feel like saying to them, "I wonder when you will be a man?" And when the chipmunk which lives in the wall sits up and chatters at me, I say to him, "What an inquisitive little man you will be!"

I speculate as to the human character of the heavy woodchuck which lives under the studio and ventures out in the early morning, and promenades slowly around the garden while I watch him from the upper piazza. He nips my

phloxes here and there, with so proprietary an air that I call him *The Bank President*.

But it is curious that when I speculate upon the far-off future embodiments of my flowers, I think of them as girl children, and merry or stately maids, or sweet and loving matrons, — never as men mortals; and I unconsciously find an explanation of the mysterious temperamental differences between men and women in their animal and vegetable preëmbodiments. The cool silence of the earth from which the plant grows and the tree lifts itself is in woman's more quiet nature, and the fierce ravage of animal instinct in man's; and Nature's way of blending their characteristics is in their attraction for each other. Finally, the human being finds in his or her self something of the patience of vegetable growth, as well as the impatience of animal demand. I speculate upon the long progress of life in each, beginning from the least and most undeveloped to the last and most perfect; thinking that the mouse, with its little wants and small predatory instincts, might gather to itself through a long upward progress all the bulk and dignity of a horse; and a radish gather from gradual transformation and aspiring tendency all that culminates in the breadfruit palm.

Thinking of these things, I seem to see the whole of God's creation creeping, creeping up through infinite periods, through all the kingdoms of Nature; through man, and his later and finer development, whatever it may be; until it wins its final throne and sits beside the source of life and power. As I sit under the fir trees in my garden, I wonder how much of the lily-heart and the nasturtiums' spicy smart has been already absorbed into the topmost spires of the balsams, and whether indeed it is not nearer heaven in quality as well as in altitude than it will be when it is merged into humanity. But when I remember the inspired souls among men, who have sung

great songs which ring forever in the hearts of all mankind; and done great deeds which have lifted the whole race to a higher plane, — I see that the fir tree would still be climbing if it went through manhood on its course to God.

There is a possible Eden in every garden, and yet how few of the children of men enter into and possess it! How few, even of the great of earth, know that it is quite within their power to recreate that lost paradise and live in its beauty every summer day of their lives. And it is not alone the beauty of it which ministers so potently to the soul of man! There is companionship to be found within it which never offends. Here we may select according to our finest preferences those with whom we shall dwell in our separate Edens, and they will remain with us, and bless us with their loyalty as well as their loveliness.

We are comparatively unlearned in the comfort and content of the garden if we suppose that it begins and ends with the delight of the eye. It is true that that is the thing which first attracts us, — the thing we are first aware of, — but when we live in the garden we find ourselves constantly growing into a most subtle knowledge of the different ways of beauty. Behind the glamour of it there is a sense of acquaintance and companionship, a differentiation of character as complete and — shall I say it? — far more satisfactory than in the world. It seems as if the cherubim with the flaming sword had been set at the gate of the garden to forever bar its entrance to the serpent, and forever protect its heavenly inhabitants from the world and worldliness.

The characteristics of the children of the garden are as potent as among the children of men, and yet they are happily exempt from sorrow and temptation. Each individual and family and tribe has its own standard and code and rule of behavior, and when we grow to re-

cognize it in each, we have made at least an acquaintance, if not a friend.

The depth of satisfaction to a dweller in the garden of content is this intimate knowledge of what lives behind the beauty. Emerson has said, "Everything must have its flower, or effort at the beautiful, coarser or finer *according to its nature*;" and this "according to its nature" is what we recognize in what we call the characteristics of the plant. Speculations upon these characteristics would, I fear, be of small use to the professional gardener, but I find them of great service to me. Pursuing the speculations, I come upon bits of actual knowledge, morsels of fact which help me greatly in my main pursuit of gathering much and varied beauty, as well as all kinds of holy influences, into the one small space I call my garden. In pursuing facts, I am apt to drop again into speculations based upon them, so that the interweaving of fact and fancy does not seem to be altogether idle or unprofitable.

In the way of fact, I have found, or think I have found, that wild flowers are more ready to drop characteristic habits and take on new ones than are cultivated ones. Undoubtedly if one is wise and observant and sympathetic, he can do almost what he will in the way of adoption and training of wild flowers, — yet in this delicate performance it is much wiser to follow than to lead. It seems a wicked thing to tempt a flower into unnatural vagaries, — to make a double daffodil of a single one, or a Canterbury bell of a campanula! A development of body is certainly not as desirable as the growth of fascinating characteristics, and to encourage a flower only in the direction of size is like establishing stature as the model and standard of excellence in the man. It is the something which means *expression* which should be encouraged.

There is as much delicate shading, as many subtle differences, in the world of

the garden as in the world outside, and it is here that close acquaintance and real intimacy brings its reward of interest and content. It may be positive and demonstrative character, or the reverse, but as long as it is tenacious and peculiar it has the power which we find in the individuality of a friend. There is a place in my garden, between the projecting south window of the studio and the two great lilac clumps which shade it, where I have planted as many specimens of the rare lavender-pink fringed orchid as I have been able to find in my drives or walks about Oteora. It would be difficult to tell exactly how and why this flower manages to convey such a sense of its own superior value; of delicate and priceless worth, yet the fact remains that no flower in the garden inspires so proud a sense of possession. When I found the first ones in a far-off wet meadow, and brought them home and planted them here, there was a sense of surreptitiousness about the whole proceeding, like the hiding of jewels; and I am conscious of a certain furtive watchfulness in my tendance which the plants themselves do not seem to expect or require. In fact, it may be that a kind of lofty indifference added to quite perfect and peculiar beauty affects our estimation of its rank. They show an apparent carelessness as to what is done to or with them that has an effect of the extreme of good breeding, and certainly adds to, instead of taking from, an idea of their importance.

In a prolonged acquaintance with orchids, I have found that they are able to preserve this air of imperturbability in trying circumstances. Once, in the course of a day's journey through the mountains, I discovered a stalk in full flower on the high roadside bank. My first impulse to secure the flower melted into a desire to obtain the root; to which end I unadvisedly accepted the offer of my driver to dig it; with the result that halfway down, the slender root was cut

clean across. I accepted it as it was, with as much grace as was possible under the circumstances, and as it lay across my lap, its perfect head on one side and maimed feet on the other, I carried it the rest of the way with inward mourning. When I planted it behind the lilacs in the dusk of the evening, I am sure that I helped water it with tears; yet, when I went early the next morning in a mood of sorrowful acquiescence, lo! there it stood, absolutely smiling at the world and me. And it stands there still in the company of a dozen or more of its kind, — coming up every spring in a closed bunch of leaves, much as a lily makes its first appearance in the world, and showing an entire lack of seasonable ambition of growth. It remains in semi-closed ease until July, when it begins to grow its tall flower stalks, and soon the delicately fringed and pinkish-lavender flowers go feathering up and down the stem, lapping so closely one over the other that it becomes a solid spike of bloom, pervaded with an odor like that of violets. At this stage of its existence it is certainly justified in any amount of self-value, for nothing could be finer than its perfect and abundant elegance. The characteristic which it most strongly expresses is one of dignity and reticence. It will grow in its own place with cheerful healthiness, but never a foot does it offer to its neighbor's door; indeed, it is a question whether its attitude of reserve toward the rest of the garden world is not in fact the most positive form of disapproval. I have often recognized this trait in humanity, and even here in *Onteora* I could lay a sacrilegious hand upon a perfect human orchid, — while her human opposite, the cheerfully inquisitive campanula, lays a daily hand of friendly friendliness upon me.

I find that the reserve of which I am conscious in the character of this flower influences my manner of showing it to my friends. I only show it to quiet

people, or perhaps sad-hearted ones; only to those who will not exclaim when I take them behind the screen of lilac bushes, but, saying no word of praise or enthusiasm, let these ladies of the wilderness praise themselves.

When I take a friend into a cloister or a church, or even a private house of dignity and importance, I like to be sure that he or she will show only a respectful appreciation, and I have the same feeling for the orchid corner of my garden. In fact, I myself appreciate them so humanly that I do not wish to subject them to indiscriminate introduction.

There is a pure white twin sister of this orchid standing quite alone in a wild garden at *Onteora*, which I greatly covet. In all my siftings of wild growths I have never seen another, but I remember years ago, on Long Island, a group of salmon-colored ones which grew on an unfrequented edge of the one-mile millpond, and this tint, as every flower hunter knows, is the rarest in nature. It is one of my unsatisfied longings to possess a hundred or more of these orchids at once, but the seed is so infinitesimal that it seems impossible for it to hold the germ of life, — a mere dust of vitality; and if one depends upon root propagations, so far as my experience goes, he will gain another stalk only at the rate of about one in three years. I am inclined to think that reluctance to multiply has something to do with the sense of value it inspires, and yet it appears to have a deeper or less apparent cause. In short, it is one of the mysteries of many-sided nature that a positive negative should impress us far more strongly than positive activity. We all know people who say nothing, and yet whose silence influences us more than the speech of others; and this I think is the secret of my delicate, beautiful, undemonstrative orchid. It does not *do*, but it *is*, and its being is one of my sources of content.

Possibly it is these idle speculations

which give me such interest in the *characteristics* of plants;—not so much of plant races as individuals. The things which independent specimens do with themselves fill me with delight. I am always wondering, not only how such individual manifestations will stand beside those that are purely human, but why one plant should get up and *do*, while the rest of its race plods along a track which runs back to the beginning of the world.

There is a patch of blue campanula outside my garden wall, on a strip of debatable land between it and the woods. It began when I brought just a stalk and a thread of vegetable life from George Showers' farm dooryard, and planted it one summer day among the grass blades; now it has run wild, and in its flowering season makes the wood edge as blue as heaven. I have a great friendship for all varieties of this flower, from the one which clings to the rocks of mountain heights the world over, its delicate bells shaken by the winds of Alps and Andes and Colorado peaks, through the various half-domestic roadside species, which vary with their spikes of lavender-blue and bluish purple the almost universal white of midsummer wild flowers;—I like them every one; until I come to a halt in front of something which I am sure man has evolved, the swollen, beer-keg-looking Canterbury bell, with its sticky, insect-destroying leaves, and a stalk which is altogether uncertain of its natural direction. It seems to me that in this last development it has experimented beyond the limits of good taste, and I am sorry.

The original roadside campanula is an inquisitive creature, often venturing where it is not bidden; and yet it is vastly like some unexact friend, who is always ready to fill an unexpected vacancy. I have a theory, that—wisely guided—this amiable embodiment might give us a prolonged summer of blossom instead of its habitual wink of

summer blue. This theory is supported by the conduct of an individual, one of my acquaintance, which has placed itself—so far as habit is concerned—in an entirely new category; and has accomplished this seeming miracle quite without human or scientific assistance.

One September day, two seasons ago, I discovered, in a close corner between the stone foundation of the studio and the garden wall, a wild campanula, stretching up a lengthy, wavy spike of blossom. It was long after its usual season of flowering, and, in fact, the campanula at the edge of the forest had their seed cups already filled with well-browned grains, quite ready for scattering. I looked after this enterprising specimen with the attention we are apt to give to things which outrank their kind; since, in truth, a first-class plant will make itself noticeable in the garden, as a first-class man or woman will be noticeable in the world.

The following spring I remembered and looked for it, and found a perfect mat of leaves where it had stood, with half a dozen children grouping themselves around the parent one. When the regular flowering time came, I looked in vain for a rising blossom stalk, and was fain to believe that my exceptional plant would expend its vitality in leaf, rather than in flower. In spite of the fact that its kindred outside had already blossomed and seeded and faded, still it made no sign; but when late August came it bestirred itself; a newer crown of bright and tender green formed in the centre of its leaves and began to lift itself with a show of blossom buds, while the numerous baby crowns made haste to follow. It was mid-September before the stalk had reached the height at which it thought proper to hang out its pinky-blue flower bells, and then it was a giant of its kind, surrounded by a crowd of less aspiring kindred. Through September and into October branching stems sprang from the main stalk and shook their superior five-pointed bells in

air, and when the first black frost was imminent I gathered them and set their feet in a water jar, where they went on growing and unfolding in the high English window until October was nearly ended. Now, that variation from its kind has established itself as a September blossom; I have set its younglings all along the studio wall, and it keeps step with the rose-colored wave of phlox blossoms which covers the garden when the flower season nears its end. It seems that I have acquired a new variety by what thoughtless minds might call accident; but a liberal or thoughtful one could see that it was by deliberate action of the flower. It was a true development, an aspiration of an individual plant which felt within itself a strength for unusual growth, and selected its own time and means.

Florists have a habit of taking advantage of any such manifestation of power or ambition in an individual, leading it on by cunning means of food or temperature, or perhaps even of superior companionship, until it has reached its utmost limit of development, and then by constant care, season after season, encouraging it to continued exertion, until, in scientific language, *the type is fixed*, and a permanent instead of a transitory wonder enriches the world.

We can see that this result is not altogether one of science or skill. The horticulturist must have his happy accident to begin with; in other words, the plant must have first decided to differ from its kind,—to exceed by one supreme effort what its family has done,—to claim, and use, and make advantages for itself. The self-made man repeats this variety of effort in the kingdom of man, and it requires no more of him in kind than it does of the plant; but he, poor inadequate human being, has not been able to fix his type and make his race permanent. What a thing it would be

if the type of what we call genius could be *fixed*!—if the seed could be gathered and sown and the crop of it reaped, if every kind of man produced after his own kind as infallibly as grasses or daisies or clover will do!

Perhaps we are still rudimentary, and that when the world is older man will have perpetuated certain superior qualities which are now alighting here and there upon individuals; so that they will become true characteristics, into which men will grow, as infallibly as roses and lilies and violets do. In the long future of humanity, a man may be known by his type; and his type may represent qualities. He may be known as a *Bravery*, or a *Generosity*, or some other great and good thing, and we shall name races or strains as we now name individuals,—as poets, or inventors, or explorers, or astronomers, or any other effort above the one of mere existence.

It is curious that while universities have produced an occasional wonderful specimen of manhood, they have not been so successful in developing the man strain and leading it far in advance of common lines of humanity, as the experimental stations of agriculture, or of horse and cattle breeding have been, in dealing with their particular material. If a strain of man could be developed by university culture, and fixed in possession of all those qualities which are the test of human superiority, we should have breeds as distinguished in the man race as the "*Lilium Auratum*" among lilies, or the "*Golden Splendor*" among chrysanthemums, and such races would be royal lines called by kingly names.

Finally, the world might breed a race of men whose souls burned within them for love, and with power to help humanity, so that no other seed would be sown, and it would become, indeed, God's garden, in which He might walk with gladness.

Candace Wheeler.

THE DUNGARVAN WHOOPER.

ACROSS the face of nature strode McTaggart, a gallant figure in the foreground. Through a vent in the top of his hat a tuft of sandy hair arose like a sprig of sorrel, while over his breast one red suspender was latticed in relief as vivid as a ribbon of the Bath upon the breast of nobility. But what cared McTaggart for splendor of raiment? His trousers, overwrought by adventures with the windfalls, flapped their pennants about his legs, and a jail delivery of his toes seemed impending through the holes in his moose-hide moccasins. His manner, however, with all the woe of his garments, was gayety itself, and in one hand he flourished a fish spear, — three iron prongs upon an ashen staff. Cautiously, with catlike steps, he walked out upon the sluiceway and, peering into the pool below, scanned the depths as one glances down a bill of fare in search of a dinner; for thus McTaggart prepared to dine.

"Ay," he cried with glee, "a fat fish and a big un!"

Lewis — frayed and weather-beaten like his companion — looked up from his work in the canoe, and threw back a sarcastic comment.

"Stab him, then, ye thief; or if he sees ye he'll scoot, and we'll be to bed hungrylike!"

Now, even out into the wilderness the laws of her Majesty's province reach a jealous hand. Without payment for the privilege, you shall not take her fish, nor shall you kill her game. Also, under no circumstance, shall you stab salmon with a spear. It is a misdemeanor, — brother to a felony, almost, — but what cared McTaggart for that? It was from Wiggin, lessee of the salmon water, that he was poaching; and between them no love was lost. Here, by a sharp and graceless trick, the new-

comer had bought the river rights, thus ousting Burling, who long had held the lease. Friendship runs deep in the woods, and Burling was the friend of McTaggart, — his patron and employer, — so McTaggart consoled his respect for the law with the idea that to steal Wiggin's fish was fine poetic justice. Moreover, he and Lewis were in need of food, in itself a sufficient reason. He raised his arm, his eye upon the salmon scouring the gravel below, and at this instant Lewis called out in alarm: —

"Sawny, quick! Here's Wiggin!"

But the spear had driven downward, McTaggart, with a grunt, striving against the frantic writhing of the transfixed fish. Then, with a dexterous flirt of the elbow, he started the salmon upward, and landed it gasping and quivering upon the sluiceway.

"Leave it!" cried Lewis, "leave it!"

McTaggart was not of that kind. But he had worked for his dinner, and would have it even in the face of Wiggin and of all the statutes of the Dominion. He clutched the fish by the gills, leaped for the canoe, and a moment later the bark dipped over the brink of the pitch and ran its frightened course among the rapids.

A cry told that they were pursued. They saw the lessee and his warden, Gower, launch their canoe in the eddy and ply after them with eager effort. Bending to the paddles, they urged their craft along until, rounding a turn in the stream, they plunged into the mouth of a bogan, and were hidden from view. But still, with galloping strokes, they pushed onward, resting only when a long stretch of dead water lay between them and the river.

"Ugh!" grunted McTaggart, "did ye hear 'em holler? 'Twas like the Whooper — ay?"

"The Dungarvan Whooper ye're meanin', Sawny? Like enough it was. I hear tell, man, too, that the Whooper's come back to the upper Miramichi. It's sore for the man that meets him, or Wiggin, ayther."

McTaggart leaned back to laugh, hooting in derision at Lewis's misgiving tone. "Pish, Reddy! Ye're that much of a born fool ye'd be hearkenin' to the last ole woman's tale to be settin' ye dramin' the weeks to come. The Whooper — fiddlesticks!"

"No sich at all," — this in protesting key. "Ye'll be sayin' next there's no sich as the boggy. Ye'll hole yer tongue, Sawny McTaggart, in the face of others better infarmed and ov longer experience. Wit' these eyes I have nex' to seen the Whooper, and was it not me, — ay, I ask it, — was it not me that found Tighe the teamster dead in the snow wit' a horrid light in his eyes that'll be lookin' heavenward till the last angel trumps?"

McTaggart scoffed him idly, for the tale was not new. At every hovel along the river, in every camp in the forest, along the logging roads and on the spring drive, it had been told with all its variations. At every fireside, woodsmen whispered the deeds of the something that went galloping through the forest aisles, grim and grotesquely crying, whooping into the distance. There were stories — detailed and sinister — of men left out overnight; of the brush crackling with a heavy tread, of an unseen horror that shrieked when disturbed. Half-breed, Indian, white, all had their tales to tell, some braggartly scornful, others tremulous with fright. Tighe they always told of, — Tighe, the teamster, found dead in a winter logging road, a red mark across his throat, and, far down in a black cedar swamp, the sound of awful derision. McTaggart shuddered mockingly while Lewis rounded up the story.

"Horrid, Reddy, and may the Whoop-

er get Wiggin for his sins! But 'twixt the two, lad, ye'll be losin' yer wits to a cat owl. Ay, man, but I think — Ho! what's that?"

A crackling in the brush broke the silence as some heavy body lunged through the brake. McTaggart, with an exclamation, seized the fish spear, while Lewis, pale-faced, crouched in the canoe. They listened intently, the brush crashing anew.

"Ah-r! Look at there!"

McTaggart pointed the spear toward the forest edge. A black bulk stepped out striding down the bog growth, — a moose, a big bull! But here, high up in the New Brunswick wilds, a moose is a familiar of the solitude. It was the size of this bull, the width and breadth of his growing antlers, that transfixed them with amazement. It was a bull moose, such as the two had rarely seen; and silent in admiration their glittering eyes took in its unmatched bigness. At the shoulder it stood higher than a work-horse, — black, blurred with the mud of a noonday wallow, in its uncouth greatness it seemed a stray from the primeval ages. Its square gray muffle, tentatively trying the air, swung from side to side; then, as if assured of safety, it crashed down the bank, plunging to its flanks in the muddy run.

"Reddy, Reddy, will ye look!" McTaggart cried under his breath. "D'ye see the scar on the shoulder, forrard, eh? D'ye mind the Wabsky — the one down there Burling shot at? Ay, 'tis him, the beauty!"

A long, narrow blaze, half hidden by the hair, showed upon the shoulder, — the mark of an old bullet wound. Dipping to his crest in the muddy run, grunting and guzzling in his hunger, the moose began his evening meal; and while his head was lowered beneath the surface McTaggart pushed the canoe along, the water whispering under the prow. He was bound to have a nearer view, though Lewis, in the bow, felt his fears grow

painful as they glided down upon the feeding lord of the swamps. Stroke by stroke they drew nearer, McTaggart murmuring in admiration. The moose looked up, a slow suspicion manifest as he turned his head along his flank looking backward toward the canoe. For a moment he stood motionless in stupid fright; then an angry terror transformed him. They saw the hair of his hump rise bristling, he snorted and plunged around.

"Look out!" exclaimed Lewis, launching himself backward on his elbows; "look out! He'll run us down!"

A swift stroke of the paddle drove the canoe aside, and at this, the bull's boldness deserting him, he wore around heavily and scrambled up the bank. Breasting frantically through the brush, his antlers guarded on his shoulders, he shuffled along toward the forest, and, with a final crash of deadwood, swung away into the safe haven of the woods. For some time the two men sat there silent and wondering, while far beyond in the further fastnesses of the bush the panic-stricken lord of the solitudes fled with swinging strides.

"I'll mind him when the season opens!" cried Lewis, slapping the gunwale with a heavy hand. "Them horns then 'll be worth the price of a quarter's wages o' work. That's my moose yon!"

McTaggart glared at this with uncompromising severity.

"Ye'll forgit them words, Reddy Lewis, and it's no sich thing. Him yon is Burling's moose, and if ye offer wunst to draw sight on him in these here patch o' woods, ye're no longer friend o' mine. D'ye hear?"

Lewis heard, and his jaw fell. "Five feet and a half them horns spread, and I'd like they was mine. But as you say, — as you say, — him's Burling's moose, though 't will be lookin' for one cloud after a rainstorm to find him when the runnin' season's on. Wait, though, wait till I find if this be where he works."

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He clattered ashore, all excitement, and followed swiftly in the trail of the vanishing moose. McTaggart watched him out of sight, drew forth a pipe, and prepared to smoke. A mink came skipping along a log to keep him company, a muskrat squeaked in the bank, and overhead a flight of ducks flipped to and fro in search of lodging for the night. Once the big salmon at his feet stirred with a last shudder; then silence and the twilight settled down upon the wild, and McTaggart stretched himself in an ecstasy of comfort.

"Got ye there, Sawny McTaggart," a harsh voice croaked. "Got ye, hey!"

There almost at his elbow were Wiggin and the fish warden. They had spied him from the bend below, trying the bogan when the main river drew blank, and quietly had crawled up behind his back. Wiggin was grinning in delight, and at the sight of the fish lying at McTaggart's feet his elation broke into a cry.

"There's the salmon, — taken red-handed, Sawny McTaggart, you poaching thief!"

"No names, there," he growled. "No names, or" —

The remainder was indistinguishable, but McTaggart's manner sufficed. He waved the spear, menacing their approach, and the canoe backed off in energetic haste.

"Don't bother him, Gower! Come away!" Wiggin gave these orders with less assurance than his first charge. "Let him be, Gower; it's felonious assault, and we'll swear out a warrant for that, too."

Shaking his fist at McTaggart, Wiggin helped paddle the canoe about, when they bore swiftly away. Then Sawny threw his spear clattering into the bottom of the canoe, and drew a deep breath. He was in for it. He knew Wiggin's methods and manner and was convinced that the law would be pushed to an extremity, and what would happen then?

"Sawny! Sawny!" a hoarse whisper called to him. "Air they gone?" Lewis had returned, in time to hear an echo of the colloquy between the two canoes. He listened gloomily while McTaggart told the story, and for once was dumb. McTaggart, as Wiggin had said, was taken red-handed. He must stand the double penalty of poaching and of spearing fish, all meaning a heavy fine and perhaps imprisonment. There was no escape; even McTaggart's ready imagination failed in the face of the situation. Silently the two paddled along the breast of the rising land, looking for a "night chance" to camp, and when the fire was lighted and the kettle boiling, McTaggart at last made up his mind.

"There's no other way from out of it," he explained dolefully. "I'll jus' be takin' to the bush for want o' better; and what's to happen to Janie and the bairns, I'm thinkin', when their man's out lyin' in the woods?"

There was an answer, dark enough, to this in Lewis's face. But he shook his head without other response, and glowered into the fire. McTaggart, indeed, must take to the bush, for no other alternative but jail was offered. A day's work threw up a shack for the outlaw at the head of the big pond, where Lewis left him to paddle down river with the news. And a sad day it was for Janie McTaggart when it came, Lewis fiddling about on one foot, and making the best of it by blurting out the situation. Janie listened with troubled face, but did not weep, for she was of stronger stuff than that.

"I'd like to know what's best done," she protested. "But what is it, I'm askin'? I'd sell the coo" (she meant cow), "but what'd the bairns be doin' for their milk? And what price 'ud it be bringin'? There's no way out, Reddy Lewis, but you to go back to the bush, and bring him in. It's sore times that the man be up in jail, but I'd rather him in it than to be gallivantin' nowheres out

there wit' that empty noddle o' his'n. I'll lave him to think it out a week, and then ye'll be goin' after him, Reddy Lewis, and no thanks to ye for lettin' him and us into days' troubles like this."

Lewis, with the shock-haired McTaggart children scrambling about his feet, could make no reply. He shambled out with hanging head, Janie's tongue lashing him down the road and out of hearing, and at the bridge he met Wiggin and Gower. They were bustling along, Gower with a paper in his hand that Lewis had no doubt was a warrant. Wiggin confronted the sullen-eyed Lewis, who brushed him aside. "Where's McTaggart?" demanded the lessee. "I want him."

"The devil ye do!" remarked Lewis coolly, with a scowl, passing on. He took satisfaction in the belief that when Janie McTaggart had heard their mission she would wind a blast about their ears that would add some comfort to the oppressed when he heard of it. But, after all, it was little help for the outlaw. With his uncheerful thoughts for company, McTaggart was tramping the solitude far up at the head of the river, and dark times were in store for his clan. A week later, Lewis struck into the woods. Things were in a fair way to set the McTaggarts emigrating across the line, and this dark thought was in his mind when he overhauled Gower lurking along the river in quest of other poachers. He pushed his canoe into an eddy and lay there watching, too, when Gower swung about and saw him.

"Mornin', Gower," Lewis called doubtfully.

But Gower did not resent his appearance. His brow was drawn and troubled, and care clung about him with oppressive weight.

"Oh, is it Reddy Lewis only?" he mumbled.

"Ay — only Reddy; and did ye think the lost angel was claimin' ye for yer sins, Terry Gower?"

Gower drew up his setting pole and pushed his canoe abreast of Lewis, where he clung staring into the ripping current.

"What's the news?" Then without waiting, he branched off into a new drift, rambling about from one thing to another, from the last run of fish to a bank beaver working in the upper dead water. Lewis eyed him stoutly, and then took matters into his own hands. "What's up wit' ye now, Terry Gower; and if ye're thinkin' o' Sawny McTaggart, it's an evil day's work ye done there with wit' his wife and childern."

Gower sniffed, while he looked uneasily about him. "Not that, Reddy, it's not that!" he cried sharply. "The Whooper's come back. I seen him!"

Lewis was prone to laugh, but, notwithstanding, his belief in the Whooper improved. "What's that, — the Whooper and ye've seen him?" Gower nodded dully. Somewhere in the past a strain of Indian had been infused into the Gower line, and now it showed in the man's low superstition. He was even trembling, and with little pressure told his tale. He had gone up to the big pond just before nightfall to get a mess of trout, and while at the work a figure had emerged from the woods.

"It had a red gash acrost it. I was sittin' on the big log — ye'll mind ut at the spring hole — when of a sudden I feel all creepylike. Lor'! I looks up, there's the Whooper beyant! Wit' that it screamed — ah-r — awful! Saints that be, I fell backwuds, and ut screamed agin. God forbid I live to see the like of it afterwards!" He pressed his hands over his ears as if to shut out the dread horror of the Whooper's cry, the echo of its shuddering scream, while Lewis sat back gaping at his fear.

"Terry Gower," he delivered impressively, "ye're the fust to see the Whooper wit' mortal eye. Ye're doomed man — doomed — and may the saints have mercy on ye that have sinned sore. D' ye remember Tighe, the teamster?"

He pushed on up the river with a lurking grin, leaving Gower crouched in the canoe; and at nightfall found McTaggart camped out on the pond. "Ye're to come home," he announced. "Janie swears she'll not be bidin' alone by the house wit' you to be cuttin' didos elsewhere. Ye're to come in, and I'm minded the jail's fine to what ye'll feel when yer wife's clapped eye and tongue to ye, Sawny."

"What's else for the news, Reddy?" asked McTaggart gloomily.

"Gower's seen the Whooper," was the prompt answer. "What I was sayin' to ye'll remember, Sawny McTaggart, and the Whooper's in the woods."

McTaggart questioned, and then burst into a fit of laughter. Lewis believed the other's wits gone, until McTaggart drew out of his merriment with a jocose gleam in his eye. "'T was I, ye dummy!" he tittered. "I seen him fishin' by the spring hole, and but tried him wit' a screech, bein' in mem'ry o' his lunny failin's. And the Whooper was wearin' a bloody gash, eh? Ay, 't was this," and here he stuck a thumb under the lonesome red suspender, and snapped it against his chest. But much against his will, he followed Lewis into the settlements, there to take his punishment. In matters of this order, Wiggin was hardly laggard. He pursued McTaggart into court with a jeer, and swore down upon his head every heinous detail of the offense, omitting only the assault, which he reserved for future reference. But justice, though swift, was lenient, McTaggart's previous good character serving him considerably. Yet the fine imposed was a facer, and when this judgment was set forth he was appalled at the figure.

"A fine, — ay! Then ye'd best be lockin' me up the day. D' ye think I can pay that offhand like as if I made money in me cellar?"

He was resolved, moreover, to stand imprisonment rather than to pay, but at this juncture Janie McTaggart stepped

in with a firm and decisive tread. "Ye think ye 'll be loafin' in the lockup, eh?" she demanded caustically. "D' ye think ye 'll lave the babes and me to nibble our fingers for a dinner? Ye've not the money, I'll grant, but it's a slippery mind ye have under that furze thatch o' yourn, and I'll thank ye, Sawny McTaggart, to think us out o' this, bein' that ye brung us to it unwillin' as a lamb to slaughter. Sorrow on the day that took ye and that other light o' folly, Reddy Lewis beyant, moon-chasin' into the woods together. Speak up, I say!"

"Ay, — I'll speak. D' you know where's the money to be got? Am I a banker from the States, that I can be writin' it all over the face o' a sheet o' paper? The best I'll be doin' is to give Day, the storekeeper, my hand o' wrote to a mortgage that I'm as like to pay as the whole national debt o' the univarse. What's now?"

Janie threw her apron over her head and groaned. His suggestion that he must give the farm as security read like all the awful fiction in the farm newspapers that runs hand in hand with Hubbard squash, sheep rot, ensilage, and valentine verses. She loved her home, and to pawn it for whatever purpose seemed to her to be like sitting on the doorstep and bidding disaster step in. McTaggart considered the proposition gloomily, for there was little work in the woods till the fall shooting began, and how could he pay off the debt? Yet there was no other way. McTaggart shrewdly kept clear of giving a mortgage, pointing out that the farm was there, and he'd not be making way with it overnight, and Day, who knew the man's rugged honesty in business affairs, was willing enough to advance the money on a note. But when McTaggart saw the interest to be paid, he was horrified and showed it after his manner. "Ye're good at figures, Mister Day. Eh, — what's that? Oh, I'm but notin' the intrust to be paid."

With the proceeds from this venture, McTaggart paid his fine, and for an hour breathed freer. Yet it was with heavy heart that he slouched home, and besought his wife to give him peace. "There 'll be work yet, Janie, if ye're not drivin' me first to a bedlam. Have done, and give me a bite to eat." Convinced that there was no remedy in sitting with idle hands, she bestirred herself; though with the odor of cooking there was wafted in from the cookroom a monotone of subtle compliments upon McTaggart's self-conscious character. But there is an end to all things, and Janie's garrulous complaint ceased abruptly at a thundering knock upon the door, that flung open before the answer admitting Lewis.

"Ye 'll git, — git out quick!" he cried. "Wiggin's that mad ye've got off wit' a fine he's took out a warrant for assault. Ye 'll mind wavin' the spear at him out beyant the day av it all? Git — there's no time to be lost!"

McTaggart stared stupidly, hardly able to comprehend. But Lewis drove him to haste. Wiggin was determined to hunt McTaggart to the end, and there was no time, indeed, to lose. Without the pause for a sober, second thought, they flung his things together, and once more McTaggart took to the bush, leaving Janie, sick at heart, alone in the cabin by the river. Out there in the wilderness, her husband faced the blank solitude, sick and sore at heart, and thus the summer passed with deeper woe confronting. Burling, said Lewis, would be along soon, and then there would be an end to the difficulty. But the weeks sped by, and Burling did not come. Week after week slipped by; the shooting had begun, but there was no work for McTaggart. An outlaw, driven to the woods to keep his liberty, was not exactly the sort of guide to inspire confidence in strangers. None of the shooting parties would engage him, though Lewis tried many. So McTaggart set-

tled down doggedly to wait until Burling should appear, and, in the meantime, hunted about in search of the big bull they had seen that eventful day. And just after the calling began he found the trail. The bull was keeping the long ridge far across at the Gulquoek, still unmated and ranging widely, day and night, in search of a responsive cow. McTaggart knew the track at a glance, for one point of the hoof had been broken, and its bigness was unmistakable. He followed, marking the bull's direction, and on the edge of a small black pond tried him with the horn. At the first low call, the moose answered eagerly, and came rioting down to the water's edge, where he thrashed the bushes with his heavy horns, and, at a responsive grunt from McTaggart, rushed out into the open.

"Lors!" murmured McTaggart, viewing the breadth and bulk of the spreading antlers, "it's my sow! I'd be givin' to have Burling see him wunst."

He left the bull unmolested, convinced that he would not wander far from the clustering chain of ponds, and his next adventure was to find Wiggin and Gower in the woods. McTaggart, prowling along the ridge keeping watch and ward over his big bull, spied the two stealing through the timber. He hid behind a windfall, watching, and, to his consternation, saw them strike upon the trail where the moose had passed a short time before. Gower, with an exclamation, pointed to the slot, and stooping over the marks in the soft earth, the two men ranged back and forth, all excitement. Then Gower waved the way the bull had gone, and with rapid strides they went circling off to leeward in full pursuit. McTaggart followed, clinging to the cover, the chase dipping down toward the pond. But here they lost the trail, running afoul, instead, of McTaggart's lean-to.

"Oh, and what's this?" he heard Wiggin demand of Gower, as he crawled

near. Gower, busily pulling over McTaggart's things, determined soon enough. With that Wiggin's face was convulsed with anger.

"I'll have no such vermin in the woods with me!" he cried, sticking a foot through the side of the bark hut. McTaggart, with a malediction, threw up his gun to his shoulder, and leveled the sights at his enemy. But a swift thought of Janie and his helpless children stayed the shot, and Wiggin never knew how near he had been to sudden death. Tiring of kicking at the sides of the lean-to, he whipped a match out of his pocket, and touched it to a bit of curling bark. He held the splinter downward until it blazed and crackled, and Gower, nonplussed at his employer's vindictiveness, asked what he was intending. "If ye're goin' to burn him out," he remarked, "ye'll leave the man no place to lay his head. He'll soon be homeless elsewhere, Mister Wiggin, for I mind hearin', now, that there's next to a mortgage on the farm below he's never like to pay."

"He has what?" demanded Wiggin. "And you have not told me this before. Out with it!"

His manner was crafty and eager. He ground out the blazing bark with his heel, and extracted fact after fact from his man. Then gripping his gun, he strode off through the woods, bidding Gower follow. "But the moose—the big un," the man protested.

"Devil take it!" growled Wiggin, striding on through the forest. They reached their camp, threw their things hastily into a canoe, and pushed off. At nightfall, the day after, the two reached the settlements, when Wiggin's eager inquiries found that there were hard times, indeed, at the McTaggarts'. Janie had told her sorrow and care to the neighbors, for the simple-hearted creature was in sore need of sympathy. She had drawn her children about her, weeping, when a ready-tongued gossip

came with consolations and a real desire for details. In a month the note would fall due, and she saw no escape. Wiggin heard all this on his way to the settlement store, where eager and malevolently grinning he demanded to see Day.

Mrs. Day admitted the visitor, embarrassed at the condescension of a call. "Come right in, Mr. Wiggin, come right in. Have a cheer and sit by. Yes, sir, my man's right out to the barn. 'Pears the air's gittin' sharp — hey? Yes, sir, I was" —

Wiggin inwardly cursed her volubility, cut her short and sent for Day. The man came in, and the two adjourned to the front room, leaving Gower in the kitchen with his legs sprawling and his mouth open in wonder at his employer's vindictive pursuit. Wiggin began the business without formalities. He wished to know what Day would take for the note; and when Day stared in astonishment rapped out the question again, sharply, insistently. The storekeeper demurred, Wiggin insisted, threatening to withdraw his trade, and the upshot of the matter was that he got the note, paying a stiff bonus for the privilege. It was irregular, unjustifiable, and all that, but Wiggin went out of the place, vengeance stirring in his breast, and an evil day awaiting the McTaggarts when their oppressor's opportunity should fall due.

More days passed in gloom. Wiggin and Gower had returned to the woods, and the inevitable was drawing nigh. The last week in September, Lewis, going into the post office, found a letter. "How long's this been waitin'?" he asked, recognizing Burling's handwriting. He tore it open, read it rapidly, read it again, and then crumpling it in his hand walked slowly out. Burling was not coming into the woods; he had written to say it was impossible. On the way up the road he met Janie, but had not the heart to tell her then. "No

news," he murmured, shaking his head and walking on. He launched a canoe dejectedly, put his things aboard in a disordered heap, and started out for the woods. He must tell McTaggart, and what should happen now was only too painfully obvious. He poled along, thoughtful and gloomy, utterly downcast over the prospects for the McTaggarts, who in his affections were as his kith and kin. At the head of the river, he plunged into the forest in search of McTaggart's camp, and in a hollow at the foot of a hill saw some one slinking through the bush. Just as he looked he saw the figure dodge behind a tree, and at this semblance of suspicion Lewis himself was aroused. "Who's there?" he cried sharply. It was Gower, who finding himself discovered stepped out into the open. "Oh, it's you, is it?" exclaimed Lewis disgustedly; "and what's up now, I'm askin'?" Gower hastened toward him, holding out a hand that Lewis ignored. "You seem right ready to hide yeself, Terry Gower, and what's in the wind?"

Gower shuffled about from one foot to the other, uneasily looking over his shoulder. "Well," he hesitated, "I seen a moose — an' a mighty big un — horns so big!" He stretched his arms to indicate the breadth of the antlers. "Mister Wiggin seen him, too, but sorter got the staggers. Lor', he could n't shoot at all!" Lewis looked at him keenly, for the man's eyes were shifting uneasily toward the thicket at the foot of the hill. Lewis's mind was made up that the man had something to conceal, and in a few minutes determined that it lay within the clump of bushes. "Ye've had luck!" he ventured suddenly, and leaned forward to touch Gower's knife. "Why," he exclaimed, "it's covered all wit' blood!"

Gower's face was a study of stupidity and craft. He shook his head, denying the assertion vehemently; but when Lewis walked swiftly toward the thicket,

turning a deaf ear to Gower's protests and appeals, a jet of blood along the brown autumn leaves confirmed his opinion that something was amiss, and a search showed he was right. There in the thicket lay the half-stripped carcass of a fat cow moose, and to kill a cow is a grievous offense against the statutes. "So it's this, Terry Gower!" cried Lewis sharply, "ye was tryin' to hide! And d'ye know it's a big fine and mebbe jail for the man that kills the cow moose?" Gower appealingly asserted that it was not his work. Lewis laughed, telling him to try that on the marines. "Not yer work, eh? And what's this axe o' yourn doin' standin' here by a tree, and is that yer gun yon or no, Terry Gower? Mebbe not, or have the gun and the axe been out for but a stroll in the woods, and stopped by for a rest? Ah-r! Don't be lyin' like that!"

"I tell ye 't was not me!" Gower reiterated. "Ye'll not be peachin' will ye, Reddy, for the guv'ment'd be sore after me, its own warden. What's the woman and her childer to do then?"

"Did ye think av that, Terry Gower, when ye laid throuble thick to the door o' Sawny McTaggart? — answer that now!"

"Ah-r, 't was not me, though! 'T was Mr. Wiggin, Reddy, that did that; he's yon in the camp now, and 'll tell ye!"

A sudden thought transformed Lewis's face with cunning. "Wiggin, yon, shot the cow, too!" he cried with a strong conviction. "I've guessed it," — this shrilly, — "and ye'll not be lyin' agin, Terry Gower."

Gower nodded; Wiggin had killed the cow. They had called down the big bull the night before, but a cow had come with him. Gower coaxed and pleaded on the horn for hours, knowing from the marks they had seen on the range that the bull was big. But though eager to flirt with another cow, the bull was old and suspicious, and went circling about in the darkness trying to get their

scent on the dead night air. Just as they thought they had him coming out into the open, the companion cow tired of the struggle with her lord, and rushed in to investigate. She almost charged the two in their canoe, and discovering the peril fled, crashing through the bush, thoroughly scaring the big bull. In vengeful anger at this interruption, Wiggin fired on her just as she charged the bank, and planted a bullet in her ribs. She fell, struggled to her feet and went on, and at dawn Gower had tracked her to the place where she last lay down and died.

"Yer camp's right handy across, eh?" asked Lewis. "Then I'll be payin' a visit to Mr. Wiggin." He announced this with emphasis, deaf to Gower's objections, and knowing the way, led on through the forest. Wiggin was cleaning his rifle when they arrived, and seemed perturbed at the sight of Lewis. He nodded coldly, and went on with his work, while Lewis, sitting on a fire log, pulled out his pipe and gravely filled it. "What luck?" he demanded when he had finished. He leaned forward to pull an ember from the fire, his eyes wandering from Wiggin, while he puffed deliberately at the tobacco.

"Luck?" snapped the other, "none at all."

"Dunno — that's a big cow ye got down yonner."

Wiggin shot a sharp and angry glance at Gower, who dropped his eyes in guilty consciousness. "Blast it, man, what d'you mean?" demanded Wiggin.

"Nothin', Mr. Wiggin. Cow killin' is agin the laws, though. They took up two fellers on the Wabsky las' week, I hear, for doin' the same."

"Well, my friend, I suppose you are now going in to lodge an information — hey?"

"Dunno," answered Lewis slowly. "Got any reasons why I had n't ought-er?"

Wiggin put down his gun and looked him over. He cleared his throat huskily, and apparently thought hard. "Now suppose," said he, "that it was made worth your while to let this drop?" Lewis asked how, and Wiggin told him.

"Want to buy me — hunh?" he snorted. "Think ye can buy me, hey?"

"Every man has his price," was the answer. Wiggin's philosophy included this assumption in a developed degree, and now he was disposed to give it exercise. "Every man has his price," he repeated. "Mine's high," answered Lewis. Wiggin named a figure that to him seemed reasonably high. Lewis named one higher. He was mentally calculating the amount of McTaggart's note with interest to date, and the price he named was even more. So they sat there, haggling, while Gower, out of hearing, looked on gloomily. In the end, Lewis got his price, and Wiggin prepared to write a check.

"Is it a check?" inquired Lewis. "Ye'll save the bother, Mr. Wiggin, for I'll not take it. I want money — hard cash it is, or nothin'!"

Wiggin laughed lightly, remarking that Lewis seemed to be an old hand in such affairs to have fear that a check might be used against him. "You've done this before, maybe?" he sneered.

"No, Mr. Wiggin, wit' all ye know av these things, ye're wrong. It's the first."

He got the amount in money, slung his gun over his shoulder, and walked off whistling a cocky air. "Good-by, Gower, and look out the Whooper don't get ye! Better luck next time, Mr. Wiggin," he called back, turning to wave an airy adieu, but Wiggin merely cursed.

McTaggart's camp was deserted, but a square of birch bark set in a cleft stick told where he had gone. He was away tracking the bush, he said, looking to find where the moose were working, and would be away a couple of days.

Lewis's elation subsided suddenly. He was primed to push the roll of bills into McTaggart's hand, and to end his melancholy at once. But where could he find him? He hopped up and ran to where McTaggart kept his canoe. It was gone, and Lewis knew from this that the other would stick to the water courses; so shouldering his pack, he pushed along in pursuit, but, by chance, going precisely in the wrong direction. He spent two days in this pursuit, and then convinced how futile was a search in the interminable system of interlacing dead waters, bogans, and ponds, returned to the still vacant camp. Here he spent another two days, fretting and fuming over McTaggart's absence, and then went cruising the bush again. But McTaggart had gone far, and the week had passed before he returned to the camp on the big pond. Lewis was away at the time, but McTaggart rejoiced in a letter that told he would return the following day. Weary and discouraged, he prepared his evening meal, and then turned in to sleep heavily.

The moon arose, big and bright, while the dead forest lay silent under the clear, gray light. On the pond, it silvered the wake of the plying muskrat, and set the water gleaming where the trout lunged along the sandy shallows. But before the moon had cleared the rim of the distant hills, the silence was broken by a pealing murmur. It came soft and dreamily first, and then with the repeat droned higher over the sleeping solitude. McTaggart rolled over in his blankets, and awoke with a sudden shudder. He cocked his ear and listened. A cat owl boomed far away, and a muskrat flopped in the pond with a splash that set his heart thumping against his ribs. Once more the low note sounded. It was a cow moose calling — no, a sudden inflection set his mind at rest. It was some one using a horn, trying to call out from his retreat the lord of the woodland ranges. Softly launching a canoe,

McTaggart stole down the pond, clinging to the black shadow alongshore and awake to the chance that they might fire on him in the dark by mistake. Softly he pushed along till he heard a bark horn rattle against the cedar splints of a canoe bottom and a rustle as some one rose. Again the call droned across the stillness, echoing upon the hilltops and beating back from ridge to ridge. On the quiet air it drifted afar, stillness again following in its wake. E-ee-ee-uu-oooo-Ooonh! McTaggart listened, and then — Unh! Unh! — a bull grunted the answer.

“There!” a shrill whisper proclaimed. “I hear him!”

McTaggart was near enough to distinguish the tone; it was Wiggin. Again the bull grunted, and slowly drifting to the bank McTaggart crept ashore. As he dragged the canoe after him its bilges scraped upon the bushes, and a sharp exclamation — a whisper of warning — told that the others had heard. He held his breath and waited.

“Ain’t nawthin’ but a mushquash, likely,” he heard Gower explaining after a pause. “I’ll tell ye if the moose comes in. Don’t shoot les’ it’s the big un.”

He called again, and once more the bull answered. He was coming fast. McTaggart heard the moose swing over the ridge and plunge down toward the pond. His horns clanged against the tree trunks as he pressed onward; a dry stub cracked as he surged against it, and at every other stride he grunted — unh! unh! — unh! Then, halfway down the slope he paused, quiet as a mouse, and only the distant booming of a cat owl broke the stillness drifting down upon the night.

“E-unh! E-unh!” Gower was trying him again. The muffled note whined dolorously, simulating with a keen inflection the gurgling of a complacent cow. Even McTaggart admitted the man’s woodcraft, and “Unh! Oonh!”

the bull answered, beating his antlers upon the saplings. But old and suspicious, the moose waited to make sure before plying his courtship further. McTaggart heard their canoe creak as Gower cautiously moved; then slosh! slosh! slosh! close at hand. He started. But it was not the bull; it was Gower imitating with his paddle the tramp of a cow upon the shallows. The moose grunted fiercely; there was a crash in the brush, and peering through the undergrowth McTaggart saw a black form stride out upon the bog. With a rending of dry wood and a resounding splash, the bull stepped down into the dead water, his head held aloft and swinging from side to side. His nose, stretched out, ranged upward trying the air with a deep breath, while the broad antlers lay back upon his bristling shoulders. McTaggart stared, a sudden thought suggesting that this might be the big bull returned again to his old ranging ground, the big bull he had been watching for Burling’s sake. He saw the others’ canoe drift out from the shadow, Gower, with noiseless strokes, driving it down upon the quarry. Along the bank strode the bull, grunting once as he searched on all sides for the wooing cow he had heard from his haunt high up among the hard wood. As he turned, the moonlight shone upon his horns. McTaggart started, an exclamation breaking from him. It *was* the big bull. In the dim light he watched the canoe drift slowly forward, while his heart beat wildly as he awaited the crack of the rifle. Then, clenching his teeth, he leaped upright, and screamed with all the strength of his lungs.

A startled cry answered. The bull, splashing across the shallows, halted snorting. McTaggart screamed again. A flurry overwhelmed the canoe; he saw Gower struggle to his feet. “The Whooper!” screamed the man, and tumbled backward into the stream. Crash followed crash — the bull, leaping

to the shore, burst his way through the thickets. Trembling but satisfied, McTaggart lay upon the ground clutching the pulpy moss, while the moose bounded up the slope, his horns clanging on every tree trunk, the thickets crashing beneath his tread.

Dawn came. Wiggin and Gower sat in camp — Gower, his clothes drenched, leaning over the fire vainly seeking warmth and dryness; Wiggin enraged and scornful.

"The Whooper, eh?" He glared at Gower, his lip curling. "You fool!" The man sullenly wagged his head and crouched lower over the blaze. His hair, dull and matted, hung over his low brow, its blackness contrasting the pallor of his face. With his eyes shifting about, he answered heavily, "No, sir — no — no, don't say that. I see Tighe when the Whooper got him. Oh, sir — oh — oh" — His voice broke into whimpering. "I seen him and it was orful. I seen him lying limp in the snow wit' the red mark acrost his throat, and, way off in a black swamp, the Whooper was howlin' and hollerin' like a lunny. Ugh-r — it was orful, sir!"

He shuddered anew, bending still closer to the cheerful, crackling blaze. Even the daylight failed to clear his terror. Wiggin, as contemptuous as ever, demanded whether he had ever seen the Whooper, and Gower cried please God that he never should again. Wiggin laughed mockingly. "You get into that canoe, Gower; we'll see what tracks your Whooper leaves."

"Oh, sir — please!"

Wiggin cut him short. Baffled and trembling, Gower launched a canoe, and steadied it until Wiggin walked aboard. Then, under direction, he paddled down the pond and into the head of the dead water toward the scene of the night's frantic doings. Wiggin eyed the situation keenly; he marked the slots in the mud where the bull had walked out into the open; then further

on his attention was directed to a broad track in the bank.

"There!" he exclaimed. "What's that?"

Gower looked. To his accustomed eye the trail told its own story. "A canoe — some un's hauled ashore there!" He was all excitement, and with a strong stroke drove in to the bank. There in the soft ground he made out moccasin tracks, and with an oath leaned forward to pick up a pipe.

"By God!" he cried. "That's Sawny McTaggart's pipe or I'm a liar!"

"No — not McTaggart's, Gower. It's the Whooper's, and what sort of tobacco does the thing smoke?"

Gower's face was livid with passion, and all the craft and cunning hatred of his remote Indian ancestor burned upon his brow. He ground his teeth and, with a gesture of rage, hurled the pipe far from him. "Hush! Listen!" exclaimed Wiggin, raising a warning finger. "What's that?"

He kneeled behind a bush on the bog, his eyes glittering. Then Gower, watching this pantomime of expression, saw his face twitch. He pointed a finger across the pond, and Gower looked. There was McTaggart paddling along-shore, and watching sharply ahead. He saw their canoe drawn up on the bank and halted. He had returned, no doubt, to look for his pipe, and the sight was too much for Gower. He sprung to his feet, snatched the rifle from Wiggin's hands, and sent a bullet ringing across the water. The forest roared with the echoes of the explosion, the empty shell leaped upward from the breech and Gower fired again. But his rage destroyed his aim and, ere murder could be done, Wiggin knocked up the muzzle and snatched the rifle from his hands.

"You fool!" he screamed into Gower's ear. "He was as good as caught. Damn you — stand away from me!"

McTaggart, with a derisive wave of

his hand, whirled his canoe about and made off down the pond. But he was hardly out of range when a shout brought fresh alarm. A figure came out of the woods and waved to him, and for an instant he thought either Gower or Wiggin was pursuing and crouched lower to escape the expected shot. But the shout was repeated, and looking again he saw it was Lewis. With galloping strokes he drove his craft ashore.

"They tried murder!" he cried. "They were shootin' at me!"

"Heavens, then, be praised!" exclaimed Lewis, "I thought they were shootin' the big bull. Is that all, Sawny?"

But McTaggart was in earnest, and in a few words he made Lewis understand what had happened. "Murder, ye say!" roared Lewis, "and by him yon? The divvil — I'll fix him!" He put McTaggart into the bottom of the canoe, bidding him lie hidden, and drove back to the head of the dead water. "If they try shootin' on me," he promised, "I'll satisfy them!" Boldly he paddled up to the bank, where Wiggin and Gower still stood, the employer venting his spleen upon the other's head. "Drat ye, be still, ye loafer!" cried Lewis, after listening a moment to Wiggin's words. "Yes, it's ye, I mean — I'll have a word wit' ye, me man! Ye've been tryin' murder, is it?"

"A good thing, too," was the answer. "That sneaking poacher would be better off with a bullet in his ribs. I'll see him into jail, now, and make sure of him!"

"And ye'll follow into it after him, Mister Wiggin," responded Lewis sharply. "Ye know that ye cannot shoot at a man as ye please even out here in the woods. I grant it, ye'll be sure o' mind what a jury down river'll say to ye, Mister Wiggin wunst they get ye afore 'em. Ye mind that, eh? Ye and yer man, there, is not much liked — eh, my friend, — and what'll happen when murder's the charge?"

The warning was strong with meaning. Wiggin glanced at him, wondering what was the next to come, and on that score, Lewis soon set him at rest. "I'll throuble ye, Wiggin," — he had dropped the deferential prefix and was slanging the other without regard, — "I'll throuble ye to hand over the warrant ye have agin Sawny McTaggart, or I'll be down, the day, to the justice, and have ye properly took up."

Assuming a cool and independent attitude, Lewis pulled out his pipe once more, watching Wiggin sharply over his fingers as he touched a match to the tobacco. "How about it — eh?" he demanded, whiffing out the light. In Wiggin's face anger and self-possession struggled for mastery. Lewis fixed him with an unflinching eye, and Wiggin, cursing under his breath, drew out the warrant, tore it across, and tossed the fragments into the stream. "I've not done with the dog yet, though," he warned, his face wrinkling craftily, and at this McTaggart sat bolt upright in the canoe. Wiggin greeted him with a curse.

"Ah-r, there you are — eh! You've escaped jail, my man, but you wait — you wait!" Here he shook his fist vindictively at McTaggart's head, grinning with malevolence. "Mark me — at the end of the month when you're turned out of house and home — thrown out, mind you — just remember me!"

"Ye'll rest content I'll never forget ye!" retorted McTaggart. "I misdoubt ye mean the note now — hey?"

Wiggin chuckled jubilantly. "Right you are, Sawny McTaggart. I've got you there, for I've bought the note from Day, and I'll drive you from the place when I'm done." He drew out the note and waved it tauntingly, but Lewis cut in with a hoot of disdain. "Pass up that note there!" he cried, noting that Wiggin was waving it in McTaggart's face. "Pass it along here!" he roared. Before the other knew, he had reached across and snatched the paper

from Wiggin's hand. "There, now, and this is the money for it, ye pawn-brokin' thief." He tossed the roll of bills into the canoe, and driving his own craft about paddled down the pond, McTaggart wild with curiosity. "It's nothing," Lewis casually remarked; "I but caught him in evil and made him pay for it." He told the story, and McTaggart protested. "But, Reddy, it's a jail offense — it's blackmail — and he'll have the law on ye." But Lewis was as derisive as ever. "He'll have no laws on me, and what odds if he do? I've no wife or childer, and a trip to the lockup will be but food and fun for the price o' nawthin'."

"Worry be the day," moaned McTaggart, "ye've shifted my sins to yer own head."

"Sure, Sawny, and now we'll be goin' arter the big moose — hey, man?"

In the dusk of a gray afternoon, a week later, a moose with horns spreading like the limbs of a wasted pine was pawing potholes in the runway at the foot of a wooded hill. His flying strokes flipped the leaves and soggy soil high over his haunches, and at times he paused to beat a sapling with his antlers. A twig cracked sharply on the hill and, at this, transformed into a statue, he stood, with bristling mane, staring along his flank. One ear hung forward over the beam of the broad antlers; the other quivered backward. His gray nose wrinkled while the neck stretched forth. Then a rifle cracked, the woods clattering with the detonation. Down upon his knees crashed the colossus, swaying heavily, and Sawny McTaggart, leaping the windfalls and breasting through the bush, raced down the hillside screaming like the Dungarvan Whooper.

Maximilian Foster.

ESCAPE.

MASTERS twain of Wont and Use
It is time to set me loose
Who have worn your galling chain
Till my wrists are girt with pain,
Served you well — O words which curse;
Would that I had served you worse! —
Not to you alone my duty.
Am I not the thrall of Beauty?

I have said her "Nay" too long —
May she pardon me the wrong.
She has called to me and waited.
I will be emancipated.

First to feel that I am free
I must hie me to the sea;
Glad as any bird that sings
Will my spirit find its wings.
Floating there 'twixt deep and deep
I shall waken as from sleep,

On my brow to know the chrism
Of the spray in new baptism,
Like a child to laugh and wonder
At the crashing ocean thunder.

Then away where twilight spills
In the hollows of the hills
Pools of palest purple wine,
And the purple columbine
Fastens fairy bells to nod,
Brodering with bloom the sod
That goes groping up to God.

Jealous masters Wont and Use,
Let your wretched servants loose.
Very heavy is the chain
That has girt their flesh with pain.
They have labored for their bread
Which they eat and are not fed;
They have listened to "Thou must,"
And go downward to the dust.
Toil their hands to what avail
If their hearts grow faint and fail?

Grant us freedom from our care
That we be not unaware
Of the flush of dawn so tender
And the sunset's awful splendor,
The perfection that uncloses
With the crimson summer roses,
Looks that startle from the features
Of earth's humblest human creatures;
All the loveliness supernal,
All the echoes of Eternal
Music that the soul surprise
And forever tantalize.
Long, too long, has Beauty waited.
Let us be emancipated.

Alice Lena Cole.

THE CIRCLE OF DEATH.

THE red, solemn sun was rising clear of the prairie when he stumbled out from the wagon. He had settled her comfortably upon the bed, — the dead need but little! — and had tied down the canvas sides and back of the wagon. Now he fumbled his way through the sagebrush to where the brown horse was fastened by its trail rope to a cottonwood. He brought the horse to the

wagon, saddled and bridled it, then mounted and rode determinedly away. When he had climbed to the top of the first hill that rose above the hollow in which lay his camp, the wind struck him full in the face, blowing strongly but unsteadily from the north. He bent in his saddle and started against it at a good gallop, always looking this way and that in search of some sign of life.

After he had been traveling for upwards of an hour, his ear was suddenly struck by the sound of galloping behind him. He drew rein and faced about. Thump—thump! thump—thump! the steps came pounding toward him. His horse threw up his head and whinnied. The man sat straight in his saddle, his hungry eyes turned in the direction of the sound. The wind roared behind him, blowing his horse's mane out on both sides. Out of the desert help was coming, help and salvation! Thump—thump! thump—thump! nearer, nearer; then a horse rounded the base of the hill and came lumbering toward him. It was riderless! As it drew nearer he saw that it was the other of his two horses, the white one, which he had left hobbled near the wagon. Helplessly he looked from it out across the windy prairie and up into the blue, bright sky. Then, without a word, he turned his horse about and started off again in the teeth of the wind.

As the sun rose higher the wind increased. Now he caught it from this side, now from that; now in front, now behind. In winding among the little hillocks he was obliged continually to change his direction. Also the wind veered frequently. He had forgotten to either eat or drink before he left the wagon, and, as he had slept but little through the night, he began to feel very heavy with exhaustion. His knees refused to hold to the saddle. Finally he crossed his arms on the saddlebow and rode heavily, sometimes peering to the left and right, sometimes sitting with

his chin buried in his breast, forgetting where he was and what his errand. Now and again the gray horse startled him from his stupor by galloping heavily alongside its mate. And once or twice the fury of the gale nearly bore him from his seat. Far away over the prairie one could hear the storm roaring.

By the time the sun had climbed to the height of the heavens, his thirst had grown very bitter. He shaded his eyes with his hand and looked on every side for some sign of water. At last he thought he could distinguish in the distance a white glimmer. The horses seemed to see it, too. They pricked up their ears and began to whinny. He urged them forward in the direction of the little white strip of water. Unswervingly they made toward it, now quite losing it among the hills, now being forced by the twisting course to turn their backs upon it, but always finding it again on one side or another, beckoning them with its little white hand of hope. Just at this side of the pond lay a low hill. The horses clambered up its pebbly side and scampered down into the hollow, their noses pushed forward eagerly, but before they reached it they slackened their gait and began to sniff the air uneasily. The man looked, and turned sick in his saddle. The pond was nothing but a bed of dry alkali. On several sides lay the shriveled carcasses of beasts, horses, and cattle, which had come to drink, but instead had turned away to die. The horses clambered back over the hill, then stood together, their heads low.

"Death! death! death! only death!" said the man helplessly.

But little by little the wildness of the wind and of the prairie had been creeping into him and filling him with their madness. He clenched his fists and stretched out his arms in the wind. As long as there was breath in his body he would fight to his utmost! He got off his horse and took the hobble off the

gray. It had not occurred to him to do so before. He stretched himself deliberately, settled his hat, looked to his girths, climbed heavily into the saddle, gathered up his reins, and then, with a great oath, he struck both spurs deep into his horse's sides. With a leap the creature sprang away through the wind, the gray horse tearing after.

Where he went, from that hour to the time when the sun began to sink near the edge of the prairie, neither he nor the failing horse knew; hither, thither; up, down; among the sagebrush, over gopher holes, tearing through grease-wood bushes, stumbling among the cacti; burning with fever, bent over for want of food, alone, alone, seeking life in the wilderness and finding — death! Suddenly a great cold fear seized him by the shoulders and pulled him straight in the saddle. The horses stopped with a jerk. In a flash it had come to him that he did not know his way back to the place where he had left her! In his mad longing for help he had forgotten to mark his path even in his memory. How to find his way back across the wastes of this trackless sea? He saw her lying alone in the old white wagon, her sweet young face looking up through the light and through the dark; unburied, waiting, forever waiting.

Mad with agony he began to strike his breast with both hands and to groan and to cry out, until at last the sound of his own voice struck terror to him; so dreadful a thing is it to stand alone on the broad face of the earth and cry out against God! After a while, worn out by fear and agony, he buried his face in his hands and began to weep piteously. He had fought his fight in the dark, and in the dark he had lost. The horse, meantime, feeling the reins loose on his neck, turned his back to the wind and started, walking with long strides, across the prairie. The gray followed close behind. The man sat a long time with his face in his hands, sobbing. After a

while he looked up. At first his eyes wandered wearily over the vast, bright expanse of earth; then suddenly a great light began to shine in his face. Far out ahead of him, on the gray-green stretch of the prairie, lighted up by the slanting last rays of the sun, he saw a prairie wagon! White as an angel it looked to his eyes, and like an angel it stood and beckoned to him.

"Help! help, at last."

He called to his horses and urged them into a gallop, this time without the spurs. Heavily, together, they stretched away over the prairie. The fever was in his eyes, and tears, ah, so many! Sometimes he could hardly see the vision, yet there on the bright, broad stretch of the earth it stood, ever before him.

In the wagon they must have seen him, for they seemed to be waving to him. He tried to call out to them, but most of the breath was shaken out of him by the rough gallop. Steadily faster the tired horses labored on, until, not twenty paces from the wagon, they stopped short beside a little brook that had dragged itself thus far over the long wastes, and, burying their muzzles, they gulped down the half-warm water in long, famished gasps. With difficulty the man got from the saddle. He crossed the brook without stopping so much as to taste, though his tongue clave to his dry mouth. He stumbled blindly through the sagebrush to the wagon. The canvas sides flapped noisily, the door curtain was thrown wide open. He mounted the steps at the back and looked inside. From the low bed, in the glow of the sunset, the sweet, pale face of his wife lay upturned to him!

Outside, the wind shrieked and danced about the wagon. The torn canvas flapped and twisted tumultuously. The man sank down upon the bed beside his wife and slept until dawn. He was awakened by the howling of a coyote among the near hillocks. The wind had fallen, and through the still air the coy-

ote's voice came in short dry yelps like sobs. Heavily and with pain he got up from the bed on the floor. At his feet lay his alien dead. He leant against the side of the wagon looking at her. He would have cried, but there were no more tears left in him. Wearily he turned about at last, and opened a box from which he took some food. Then he went out to the creek and drank long and deeply. He was so stiff and sore that every movement gave him pain, and the fever had left his head empty and dizzy. How his body ached! far into his bones, a dull, weary weight of pain. He opened a box that was fastened under the wagon and took out a spade. He stood with it in his hands, looking this way and that, to choose the spot. At last the top of a little hill close at hand seemed to him to be the best place. He shouldered the spade and began to toil up the slight ascent. Before he reached the top it occurred to him that after he had dug the grave he should have to carry her up the hill. He stopped, hesitated, then turned about and came down the hill. Without further thought he began to kick away the cactus leaves and to pull up the sagebrush not five steps from the back of the wagon. He struck his spade into the dry earth.

The air was sweet and sunshiny, and all the prairie lay radiant in the early morning light. The gale of yesterday had passed without leaving a trace. While he was digging he repassed helplessly in his mind the long, mad, fruitless ride of yesterday, the following of the white horse, the finding of the alkali pond, and the great misery at the end. Sometimes he stopped and sat down because the weakness and pain grew too heavy to bear. Then he got up and toiled on. Once he turned his head and looked into the wagon where his wife rested peacefully. Something like envy welled up in him at the sight. After a while he finished the grave. He went to the brook to wash his hands and

drink. He came back to the wagon, took a blanket from it and laid it in the bottom of the grave. Then he lifted his wife. She lay very strange and stiff in his arms. He carried her awkwardly down the two little steps at the back of the wagon. How his body ached! At last he laid her safely in the grave. It was shallow enough God knew! He put another blanket over her and tucked it in scrupulously. Just as he lifted the spade to throw over her the first shovelful of earth, he remembered that he had forgotten to kiss her. He pulled away the blanket from her face and bent over her a long time. The coyote was still howling among the hills.

After he had covered all the earth over her he went out to find the horses. He saw them a good way off, and after walking a long time he overtook and caught the brown one. It was still saddled and bridled. He brought both horses back to the camp, watered them, then harnessed them to the wagon. He picked up the few things that lay scattered about and threw them into the wagon. As the afternoon wore on, the fever came back to him, so that he felt very unsteady. When he was quite ready to start he went over to the stream to drink again. Then he came back, passing around the dry mound of earth, and climbed up on to the seat of the wagon. He gathered up the reins, then he lifted his head and looked out over the smiling prairie.

"Where am I going?" he said suddenly. "In God's name where am I going?" He could think of no answer. He repeated the question half a dozen times out loud. All the time his eyes wandered over the prairie. Suddenly his face went very white and his eyes stretched wide open. He sat and stared straight ahead of him over the prairie, the reins slipping from his hands. He lifted his face in the sunlight. "I will stay here," he said hoarsely; "God knows I was mad to think of going!"

Then he climbed down from the seat of the wagon and began unfastening the straps he had but just buckled. He pulled the harness off the horses and turned the beasts loose. They shook themselves, thrust out their noses, and began sniffing the light, dry air as though it were new to them. Then the gray kicked out his heels and galloped away, the brown, rather stiff, followed after.

The man stepped across the scattered harness to the grave. He sat down beside it and buried his face in his hands.

At sunset the coyote began howling again. Soon another joined him. The man looked up. Bright and smiling lay the prairie, serene and blue stretched the sky. Slowly his eyes traveled over the wide scene; after a while he began fumbling in his pocket for his pistol.

G. D. Wetherbee.

SUBMARINE SIGNALING AND MARITIME SAFETY.

A SHIP approaches port. Thick weather prevails. A dense fog, or it may be fiercely driving snow, obscures the vision. Everything that might serve to guide is hidden by the baffling mantle that cloaks the ocean's face. Soundings give but uncertain indication; the clanging of bell buoys, the hoarse booming of fog horns, are voices that convey little assurance amid the anxieties of such perilous gropings. Perhaps on the shore a powerful steam siren makes robust hailing, to be heard many miles away. Yet the atmosphere may be furrowed or pitted with treacherous troughs and cavities; areas in density, temperature, or movement so different from its main body that the tremendous blasts may remain unheard even close at hand.

Indifferent, however, to warnings of that sort, the ship keeps steadily on. The pilot, with chart spread before him, listens intently, his ear held against a simple rod of wood. Sounds indeed guide him, sounds sent from shore; but a more trusty messenger than the erratic air is that which brings the signals; the faithful water bears them unerringly and with invariable persistence. Noting the difference in the intervals, the pilot finds immediately the position of the ship upon the chart, and the location is true within the vessel's length. So the good craft

keeps confidently on through the murk, and finds her path surely and accurately into port, her course as true as were the sun shining and every landmark plain in sight.

Little knowledge of maritime conditions is needed to perceive the value of anything that makes possible so fortunate a landfall, which means the prevention of disasters otherwise innumerable. With safe approach to shore made certain, seafaring loses the greater part of its terror. It is all so new, and yet so clear and so beautifully simple, that the brief story of how it becomes possible cannot fail to be of wide interest.

"Acoustic triangulation" is the name appropriately given to the principle that makes this thing a reality, and Mr. Arthur J. Mundy, a Boston gentleman, devised and elaborated the system. Mr. Mundy had been studying the problem of submarine signaling in association with the eminent physical scientist, Professor Elisha Gray, and together they had invented a remarkably successful apparatus for the purpose, — ringing a bell under water by electrical connections. The question was how to make this invention effective in the simplest possible way, so that it could become at once of service to the navigators of any craft, whether large or small, without the necessity either of

using elaborate special instruments or of following instructions and rules more or less complicated. It occurred to Mr. Mundy that, since surveyors are enabled to fix very definitely the location of any point where they may chance to be, by determining its relation to the position of three other points in sight, whose location is known with exactness, a like result might be achieved in determining the situation of a vessel by means of sound signals transmitted from three dif-

ferent stations located at certain known points. Accordingly the problem was worked out upon the basis of the following theorem: "*The fixed mathematical relation of time intervals subsisting between simultaneously sounded signals received at any unknown point from three triangularly disposed signaling stations established at known distances from one another, determines the angles between these stations and the point of observation.*"

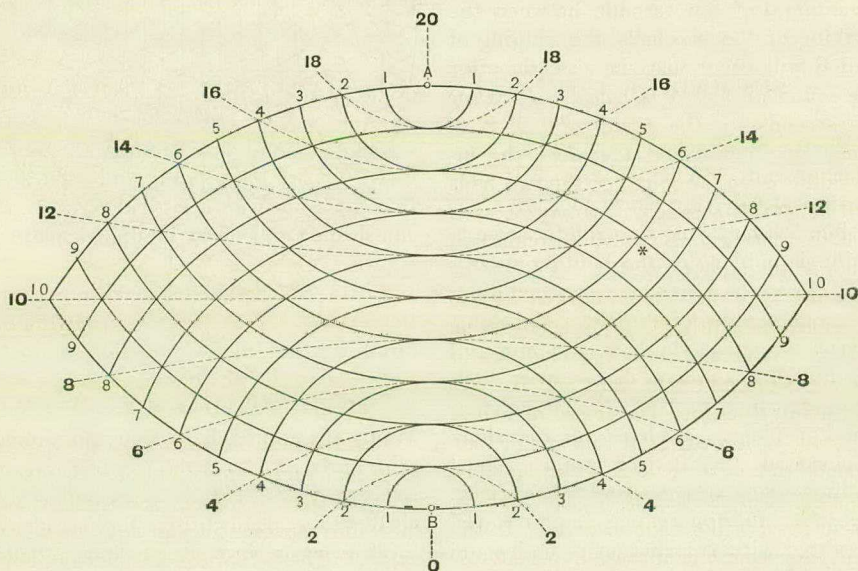


Fig. No. 1.

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This being the case, it is clear that, with sound signals transmitted from stations located off the entrance of a harbor, the navigator of a vessel approaching the harbor can determine his position at any unknown point at which such signals can be heard. While sound travels in the air at the rate of 1100 feet in a second, its velocity is increased to 4712 feet in a second when it is transmitted by water. The simple working of this principle is illustrated in the accompanying diagrams.

In Figure No. 1. two bells are located, at A and B respectively, separated by

the distance that sound will travel in ten seconds, which, under water, is ten times 4712 feet. Sound radiates from its source in an expanding circle, like the ripple made by casting a pebble into the water. The circular lines in the diagram represent these expanding circles of sound at the end of each second, as they spread out from the two bells. If these bells are rung simultaneously, they would be heard simultaneously at any point on the straight dotted line in the centre, numbered 10; as may be seen by counting the circles. It is likewise evident that any point on dotted line 12 is

two seconds nearer to bell A than to bell B. For reasons that will appear, however, the diagram is drawn on a basis of an interval of ten seconds between the sounding of the two bells. The interval between the sounding of the bells on dotted line 12 is therefore twelve seconds, as may be seen. At the point on this dotted line that intersects with a line drawn directly between bells A and B, the sound of bell A will be heard four seconds after it strikes. There being an interval of ten seconds between the striking of the two bells, the ringing of bell B will occur just six seconds after the sound of bell A is heard. It takes six seconds for the sound of bell B to reach that point, and therefore the interval between the sound of the two bells will be twelve seconds. It may be seen that this interval of twelve seconds will occur at any point on dotted line 12. For instance, take the point marked by the asterisk where this dotted line intersects with the six-second circle from bell A and the eight-second circle from bell B. At this point, therefore, the sound of bell A is heard six seconds after it is rung; four seconds thereafter bell B is rung; eight seconds after that it is heard, making the interval still twelve seconds. In the same way each one of these hyperbolically curved dotted lines represents a line of equal sound-intervals between the two bells, and the length of the interval expressed in seconds is represented by the numbers at the ends of the lines.

Therefore the observer who knows the distance between the two bells and the intervals at which they are sounded can determine upon which of these dotted lines he is located. He cannot tell, however, his exact position from this, for he may be at any point on the line denoted by the interval. A third bell is necessary to reveal his position on the line. These three bells should sound at intervals of just ten seconds between each, making a cycle of thirty seconds.

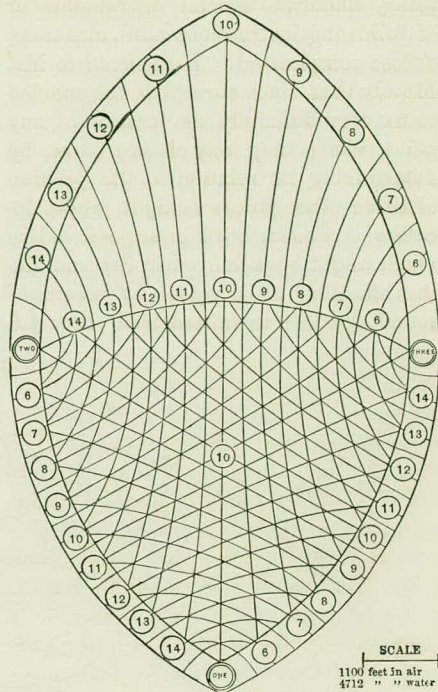


Fig. No. 2.

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The diagram shown in Figure No. 2 depicts such an arrangement of bells placed at equal distances from one another, and therefore representing an equilateral triangle. The bells here are marked One, Two, and Three. The lines of equal sound-intervals are, of course, the essential things, and are given here as continuous lines, without the circular lines that denote the sound-distances from the respective bells. The distances between the bells have been reduced one half, — five seconds instead of ten, — and the sound-interval curves represent half-second intervals. The diagram is formed by combining three diagrams with lines of equal sound-intervals as in Figure No. 1, partly overlapping and forming the shield-shaped triangle with intersecting lines.

If we stand at exactly the centre of the triangle, at the circle marked 10, we shall hear the bells sounded at inter-

vals of precisely ten seconds, making a total of thirty seconds. Let us move to the second point of intersection directly over the circle. Here there will be an interval of nine seconds between bells One and Two, ten seconds between bells Two and Three, and eleven seconds between bells Three and One; again a total of thirty seconds for the complete cycle. The marginal numbers at each line represent the intervals as heard anywhere along said line. Consequently the intervals between the bell-sounds will denote the point of intersection within the triangle where we may be. A location without the triangle and within hearing of the three bells may be determined in a similar way. While equilateral triangles are preferable, it is possible that geographical conditions might make some other form more convenient in certain instances, in which event the location of the signals could be adapted to the purpose by different geometrical arrangements.

In practical operation the submerged sound-signals would be installed in the manner represented in Figure No. 2, making a distance of something like four miles apart. A series of careful experiments shows that sound can thus be transmitted unerringly, controlled by electric connections, and heard on shipboard at a distance of two miles, simply by pressing one end of a wooden rod against the skin of the vessel anywhere below the water line, and holding the other end firmly against the ear. With a special telephone-receiver, however, invented for the purpose by Professor Gray, the signals can be heard more than five miles away. This instrument may be attached to the outside skin of the ship under water, near the keel and on either side of the bow, like a pair of ears, with wire connections made to the pilot house therefrom, or it may be dropped over the side like a sounding-line when there is any occasion to use it. Such a simple device naturally makes the system universally ap-

plicable, from the biggest ocean liner down to the smallest craft that floats.

Signal No. One would be located at the entrance of a harbor, with Nos. Two and Three off shore, to the right and left. With a special cable laid to each, the signals would be automatically sounded once in thirty seconds, at intervals of ten seconds between each. To identify each signal, No. One would declare itself by one stroke, No. Two by two strokes, and No. Three by three strokes, sounded in quick succession, as in the clicking of a telegraph instrument. These signal stations would be accurately located on the coast chart. The curves of equal sound-intervals could either be printed on the chart, or better still, to the avoidance of confusion with other markings on the chart, they could be printed or engraved on some translucent substance like glass or celluloid, and laid upon the chart.

A ship approaches shore in thick weather, either by day or night. The navigator listens. Coming within range of the signals and hearing No. One, he presses a button on a little recorder invented for the system by Mr. Mundy. He repeats the operation on hearing No. Two, and again at the sound of No. Three. The record gives a certain series of intervals—say the following:—

Between One and Two, 9 seconds;
Between Two and Three, 8 seconds;
Between Three and One, 13 seconds;
Total 30 seconds.

Finding the marginal numbers with these figures and following the corresponding lines, their point of intersection will accurately represent the position of the ship. The sum of the three intervals always amounts to thirty seconds. In this way the correctness of the observation is proved. Should the footing show a different result, there would be some error in observation, to correct which an additional one would be taken. As a safeguard against error, the recorder is so arranged that two or

three cycles of observations can be made and their average obtained.

It might be that the best course to port would be along the straight line from No. One, passing midway between Two and Three. Should the vessel find itself anywhere upon this line, signals Two and Three would be heard at an interval of exactly ten seconds. This observation could be made at a distance of at least eight miles from the harbor mouth. The course would then be followed by keeping the interval at ten seconds. Immediately on hearing No. One, the position on this line could be exactly located. On passing close to any submerged signal its vibrations would be actually felt on board, as well as heard.

Not the least merit of the system is the fact that it is not necessary for the

navigator to understand the underlying scientific principles. All that has to be done is to listen for the signals and record the intervals by means of the simple instrument, whereupon the position of the vessel can be immediately located on the chart.

With this system in operation a vessel can find its way in thick weather all along the coast as well as into port. Another invaluable use is that of a warning at points of danger. With such a triangle of sound-signals located near Sable Island, Cape Cod, Nantucket Shoals, the Goodwin Sands, the Scilly Islands, the Needles, and other dreaded places that have terrible records as ocean graveyards, unspeakable losses of life and of property would hereafter be averted.

Sylvester Baxter.

THE TREE-TOAD.

I.

SECLUDED, solitary on some underbough,
 Or cradled in a leaf, 'mid glimmering light,
Like Puck thou crouchest: haply watching how
 The slow toadstool comes bulging, moony white,
 Through loosening loam; or how, against the night,
The glowworm gathers silver to endow
 The darkness with; or how the dew conspires
 To hang at dusk with lamps of chilly fires
 Each blade that shrivels now.

II.

O vague confederate of the whippoorwill,
 Of owl and cricket and the katydid!
Thou gatherest up the silence in one shrill
 Vibrating note and send'st it where, half hid
 In cedars, twilight sleeps — each azure lid
Drooping a line of golden eyeball still.
 Afar, yet near, I hear thy dewy voice
 Within the Garden of the Hours a-poise
 On dusk's deep daffodil.

III.

Minstrel of moisture! silent when high noon
 Shows her tanned face among the thirsting clover
 And parching orchards, thy tenebrious tune
 Wakes with the dew or when the rain is over.
 Thou troubadour of wetness and damp lover
 Of all cool things! admitted comrade boon
 Of twilight's hush, and little intimate
 Of eve's first fluttering star and delicate
 Round rim of rainy moon!

IV.

Art trumpeter of Dwarfland? Does thy horn
 Inform the gnomes and goblins of the hour
 When they may gambol under haw and thorn,
 Straddling each winking web and twinkling flower?
 Or bell-ringer of Elfland? whose tall tower
 The liriodendron is? from whence is borne
 The elfin music of thy bell's deep bass
 To summon fairies to their starlit maze,
 To summon them or warn.

Madison Cawein.

 ANGELS AND MEN.

"The services of Angels and Men in a wonderful order."

THERE is an evil City. Long ago men drove from its streets the fair angel, Peace. There are but two angels that they summon still, Life and Death, and them they summon rudely, nay, clutch and drag and use outrageously, the angels being patient. The air is hot and troubled in that place: so madly throb the hearts and brains of men, so madly runs the tide between the two, the air can but burn and throb in unison. The very babe draws in sorrow with the breath of life, and is burdened in his cradle with an anguish not his own.

There are places in the City where the evil is less apparent, where the strongest men have pushed and crowded, thrust

out broad shoulders, planted sturdy feet, until their weaker brethren have given way and left them in possession of the lion's share. There, within barriers, have they set up palaces; there they walk "in purple and fine linen and fare sumptuously every day;" there they have made the air heavy with perfumes until the drowsy senses are unconscious of its quivering; there, last of all, have they set up in their midst the fair white statue of a woman carved in stone. And when a child asks, "Who is that fair woman so white and still?" they answer, "Behold, my child, it is the angel Peace, who loves us and has come to dwell among us."

But yonder, the men who have been driven out herd between the barriers and the City wall, sore straitened for space

in which to stretch their limbs, or air to breathe into their lungs that they may fill them and cry out that they too are men. There are hovels and filthy rags and hunger; there the air beats most madly by reason of the crowding, and for perfume there is stench. In that quarter men have no tools, no skill, no rare white stone to carve out images, no space to set them in. Sometimes, those upon the barriers' edge look over and catch a glimpse of the great marble Peace, and go and tell the others that they have seen an angel. And the others mock them and answer bitterly, "Ay, an angel! A marble angel! And does gazing on a marble angel fill your empty stomachs?"

But in the heart of the City, breaking down the barriers for a space, there stands a House. Men call it by many names, but as for me, I will call it the House of God. And the foundations of the House lie after the manner of a Cross. Its long beam fills the barriers' breach, its arms stretch equally on either side. And under the wide-arching dome hovers, on even pinions, the angel Peace; warm, living Peace, how different from the white stone woman in the square! Beneath her wings the air within the House is still.

The House is strongly built. "Come," say men, "let us go out and dig about the House of God and undermine the walls, and when it topples over we can make the barriers whole again." And others cry, "God have a House and we go roofless! Tear it down!" So, all day long, they ply their picks and spades and fill their little barrows, and go home well content. "You shall see," they say, "the foundation is riddled through and through. The very weight of the great superstructure and the next puff of wind will end the matter." So men swarm ever about the House of God, and when storms come they curse Him, and, rushing in, take shelter in His House. And the House stands firm.

The mystic Tree put forth three buds after this manner:—

On a day, Life the angel, he who of all the angels suffers most and knows not his Master's secrets, drew near the City's gates. And the heart of Life was heavy by reason of a burden that he bore warmly in his bosom. Then one overtook him who was of his own kin, and they held converse together.

"Thou goest slowly, O my brother Death. Thou art in no haste to do thy day's errand in the City."

"Nay," answered Death, "I but keep to the appointed times. When the hour strikes, I go to meet one by the Altar of the House. But till the hour strikes, I am free."

"Who goes to-day? Is it the old high priest?"

"Ay, the old high priest. He will go gladly."

"Alas, alas," moaned Life, "my poor fair babes, I have brought you to an evil City, in an evil hour. And will there be none righteous left?"

"He is not wont," said Death, "to leave Himself without a witness, even in this place."

Then Life thrust his hand into his bosom and showed what he bore there: three tiny babes, who lay like rose petals on his broad white palm, two maids and a man child.

"Take them, O my brother," he besought, "let them sleep more soundly on thy bosom than they have slept on mine. Where shall I find a nurse of babes tender as Death? Surely thy strong arms will not be overweighted by one poor old man and three little babes. Bethink thee of the evil City! To leave them there were to throw lilies in a trough of swine!"

But Death shook his head. "No word was sent," he said. "Whatever men may do, angels must needs obey. Go your way, my brother."

It was high noon when Life, passing

along a narrow street on the hither side of the barrier, lifted a door latch and entered in. The room was plain and bare. A fire burned on the hearth, and was yet too feeble to make the whole room warm. Food was on a table, but it was a meagre loaf, too small to satisfy the mouths that longed for it. A man sat there, and little children leaned against his knees. His tools and working blouse lay beside him on the floor. He was pale and worn. Almost from his cradle he had toiled early and late, and never yet had known the meaning of the word *enough*. Within an inner room a woman lay on a hard, narrow couch and waited patiently, for a message had come that she should have a visitor that day. Then, as she opened wide her eyes, she saw in the fullness of his beauty the great angel Life, who laid his gift in her bosom and was gone. The woman took the gift, and by reason of it and the mystery of mother love, poverty was riches, sorrow was joy, despair was hope. And she called out to her husband, and when he came she showed him what she had. The man's eyes filled with tears. He turned away his head, but not before she saw them.

"Yes," she said, "my husband, who knows better than I how heavy the burden is already?"

"No," he made protest, "my tears are for you and them. What right has a slave to take a wife and children with him into slavery?"

"Not so," she answered. "Who can tell what blessing this new year and this new babe bring with them?"

And she lifted the child and bade him say, "Welcome, my little son." And he repeated after her, "Welcome, my little son," and added to himself, "May He who sent you send the wherewithal to keep you." And it was so. Through the years that came there was hunger in that house, but not famine—cold, but not death. And He who made the babe considered him, lying in his cradle, and

He gave him two gifts: sympathy, that he might feel the sorrows of his brethren; and song, that he might comfort them.

Before the sun was set, Life's second burden lay on silken cushions in a bed of ivory. The chamber was great and lofty, and the carven creatures of the roof looked down on rich adornments. The little bed stood on a dais beside a greater one, both shadowed by the same canopy. The hangings were of velvet, with lilies and a passion-flower vine done in a needlework of gold and gemlike colors. The same device of flowers showed not only in embroideries, but was carved in ebony and ivory, was wrought out in all the smithwork, whether of silver or of gold, and was blazoned on the rainbow panes of painted windows.

There was something very still beneath the purple of the great bed's coverlet; a woman's body it was, no more; for a hand that meant all kindness had held a potent sleeping draught to the pale lips, and so set wandering, for a while, the weary soul, against the coming of the master of the house. She matched well with her token flower, for of all creatures she was most like a lily, but broken at the root; a sweet white length along the ground. But the little maid shone like a rosebud among that white and sad-colored purple, and no world-wonder jewel of the place was half so fair. And the great angel stood beside her loath to part. Then a servant carried word to the master, and he made haste to go up into his wife's chamber, where they brought him the babe upon its cushions.

"What," he cried, "a girl! A girl to me! I'll warrant there have been a score of sons this day born to beggars,—and a girl to me!"

Then they besought him: "Let not my lord be angry. Life may pass this way again, bearing your heart's desire. It were best not to anger him. Besides, the child is fair and likely to thrive."

"She would be a fool else," he sneered. "Who would not thrive, born heiress to the greatest wealth, the greatest name, in all the City! Well, keep her safely till her brother comes."

But Life, still lingering in the room, liked not the words and drew his great wings about the baby's head. He did not choose that she should hear, and standing there, he spoke and said, "'The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof.'"

The man turned and went out peevishly. He was not used to angels and their sayings. And Life went no more to that house. But his brother went there, and when he left, two left with him, one gladly and one bitterly. And the little maid was in sole possession of the lands, the gold, and the great name.

It was black midnight when the angel came to the laying down of his last burden. He had drawn forward his soft wings and folded them to shield his bosom from the bitter cold, and as he passed along the ragged pavement he left red marks behind him. In the midmost evil of the City there was a plague spot called the Kennel, and they who dwelt there were for the most part like beasts, knowing not good from evil, knowing not that there *is* good and evil, conscious only that there is a something, pain, which means one's daily life, and that there is another something, pleasure, costly and hard to come by, paid for with heart's blood. Even Life, the angel, grew sick and faint in the Kennel, and how might a babe endure what daunted an angel? Yet so the order ran. Crouched beneath a wall he saw a ragged heap, and knew this was the place. He drew forth the babe and bent his head and kissed it on the mouth. And the warmth of Life's tears and the warmth of Life's kisses met on the little face together — and his day's work was over.

Now in the heap of rags there was a

heart, and in the heart there was that which was greater and stronger than the heart was, so that the heart must needs give way and break. Even as she felt the child against her breast, the head that had never known soft lying lay at rest, and the body that had known cold knew cold no more, and the little babe rolled helpless on a thing as senseless as the stones beneath.

There came a time when the man child knew himself to be a man, and, weary with the sorrows of his people, he went up into the House of God. It was an hour when the angel Peace had left her place beneath the dome and walked the many aisles. Some knew her and followed, but for the most part men and women turned their poor, pain-burning eyes upon the angel and saw her not. But when the boy met her, her majesty and beauty smote his brain and he desired her madly. And Peace, looking into the young, eager eyes, loved him and withdrew herself from him. After that, there was no day but that he went up into that place to woo Peace, and it was a stormy wooing. Many a time he caught not so much as her shadow on the wall, and he would cry: "O Peace, are you, too, pitiless? Is your heart no softer than the marble statue men have made? O Peace, I desire you not for myself, but for them, my people. Do you never hear them crying, here in the House of God? If you would walk with me but one hour, between the barriers and the City wall, and see them in their helpless agony, you would never after shut yourself here in this safe, still House. What right have you, O Peace, to such a broad, warm bosom, who will not pillow there one aching head, or to those strong, tender arms, who will not lift a suffering child? What right have you to eyes so steadfast that they might calm a madman's fury to reason, but will not?" So he railed at Peace, and would have

plucked her by the very wings and dragged her out into the streets that so the sight of her might heal his brethren.

But Peace was patient, and one day she said, "Come hither, look into my eyes." And for a whole day's space he looked into her eyes. Then she said: "Do you love this people better than He who made them or even better than I who am His angel? Does your heart yearn for them as mine does, that has yearned for ages? Is it my fault or theirs, that they have made their streets broad enough for thousands and too narrow only for the feet of Peace? There is but one place now where I may meet them, and do I not keep tryst here forever? Go, bring them here to me and see to what aching head, to what suffering child, to what maddened brain, I shall refuse to minister. There is a voice here that has long been silent, there is a body here that waits a soul. Breathe your soul into it, take unto yourself its many tongues. Make yourself persuasion, so you shall become my servant and interpreter, and in the years to come, it may be, now and then, one may stop and listen."

So they made him chief Musician in the House, and when the doors of the four sides were open, the voice of the great organ poured out toward the four corners of the City.

On a day, the Musician walked in the Kennel. There he saw a sight, a vision, beauty's self. A girl stood by a half-choked fountain. Her bare white feet were like twin lilies on the stones, but no lilies are so fair as were her bare white arms. As for her mouth and eyes — what must be mouth and eyes whereon Life's kiss had met his tears? The loveliness smote into him like light and pierced his soul; and the soul, so happily aroused, perceived and knew as eyes may not. And the words of the song came to the Musician, so that he

spoke aloud, "'As a lily among thorns so is my love among the daughters;'" for he already loved her.

He made his way to her, he touched her hand. His hand, his eyes, his lips, his heart said, "Come."

And she laughed at him for answer.

Again he said, "Come."

Again she laughed at him, and laughing, she was gone.

And the horrors of the place made his heart sick to leave her there, "a lily among thorns."

But he could not stay. It was the hour when it was his duty to make the House sweet with music. Turning, he went his way thither, and sorrow wrapped him more closely than his garments. He mounted to the loft. He opened wide the windows that looked toward the Kennel's reek and dissonance. It was toward evening; the streets below were full of dusky shadows. The lamps of the great House but served to change darkness to dimness. Yet into the windows of the high loft a white light came. He raised his face up toward the light, he stretched his arms over the keyboard's checkered black and white, and there was mingling of flesh and blood and wood and ivory. The tall, mysterious pipes felt the dominance of a soul, and the instrument yielded to the master's touch, to his every thought. The House thrilled with harmony. Men's hearts beat all together. A flock of golden singing birds poured out of the organ and fluttered from roof to pavement. And as the flock increased, until even that great space became too narrow for them all, some began to take their flight out of the high windows, Kennelwards. The darkness spread; the white light was gone; the House was still. The Musician's head fell in very weariness upon the keyboard. Had she heard? Had his winged messengers flown so far, or had they dropped, spent, before they reached her? Had she heard, — or hearing, had she heeded?

After that, every day, the Musician searched in the Kennel, but in vain. Every day, he sent his golden singing flock out of the windows, but he knew not of their flight. He would have been glad to have gone the world over, after her, but that he could not do. He had made vows to Peace, to be her faithful servant to the end, and Peace would not release him from his vows. He was bound to the organ. He could only send his birds. He sat disconsolate and considered his sturdy feet, which might not bear him according to his own will. And a thought came to him, and he prayed, "Let the strength of youth and of desire, which I lay down, be given to the organ, for her sake, that its birds may fare forth, whither I may not, and lure her up out of the Kennel." And the Musician caused himself to be bound to the organ with a fetter which none might loose, that, should his will give way, the steel might hold. But a bird flew out of the organ loft into the morning light, and when the Musician, in the pauses of his music, turned and looked down toward the people, he saw — her. Every day he saw her. What mattered fetters now to the master of the golden birds?

The Musician was sitting on his bench. His gaze was outward through the window. He was at rest. A foot stumbled on the stair. One in a servant's livery, holding a purse of gold, stood by him and said: "My mistress is ill at ease. She prays you to come and comfort her with music."

"That I cannot do," pushing the gold aside. "Bid her come here to me, and when I play to-night I will have thought of her in my heart." But the message angered the servant's mistress. And because she was a willful lady, she would send and send; and because she was a proud lady, she would never go to listen when he played for all and not for her alone; and because she was a lady who

had never known a desire ungranted, the desire grew and grew and filled a heart that had been empty and asleep. So that, at last, in spite of pride and willfulness, she went herself to the Musician. She was a proud lady and a fair, indeed. Her gleaming hair, her garments rich with gold and costly dyes, were very bright against the dusky background of the loft.

The Musician and the Lady looked long at each other. He, born on the barrier's hither side, was ignorant of the customs of her world; and, as for her, she followed her own will. Then she questioned him. Why had he refused to go to her?

"I may not leave this place," he said. And he thrust forth his feet so that she saw the fetter.

"Why are you bound ignobly? Are you prisoner or slave?"

"A prisoner, lady."

"And your captor?"

The Musician smiled and answered, "Love."

The Lady's heart went hot within her. She turned and went down the stair in anger. For she, who had all the world to choose from, had chosen the Musician for herself. Therefore she was angry for the fetter and for the Musician's answer, and angrier still for that Love deals hardly with his servants.

That was a strange time. Each day the Musician poured his love, his soul, his strength into the great organ, which poured them out again and so called the Girl out of the Kennel to the House. Sometimes, she even turned her face up toward him above the pointed arch of the high Altar's baldachin. How beautiful it was! And each day the Lady climbed the stair, and sat and talked to him, and tried to fill him with her own discontent. For now she too must needs serve Love, and his hardness filled her with rebellion. So the Musician loved the Girl who loved him not, and

the Lady loved the Musician who loved her not.

One day he missed the Girl; she came neither morning nor evening, nor the next morning nor evening, nor the next, nor many a bitter morning nor evening. And the Musician's heart went near to breaking. The organ's voice sounded but faintly; there seemed something gone out of the City's life. Evil things peered at him through the windows and beckoned, — beckoned, till his heart was sick. Had not Peace come and barred the opening with her wide wings, his life would have ended on the stones below. But she strengthened him. "Call," she said, "persuade. How can you tell how far your message may be borne. Your only hope of ever reaching her lies in the doing of your daily task, which is to call all men to the House of God." And the Lady came. It had not taken her a glance's time to learn that he was in sorrow. She did not rest until she had drawn from him all the story of the other, of his love for her, and of his high purpose which had so failed. The poor proud Lady! It was hard for her not to cry out. There was another, Kennel-reared, who was more beautiful than she, and might be loved where she was not. She went back to her house, and there she wandered restlessly in its wide chambers. And, at last, Love subdued in her all else but the old rebellion for him she loved.

Why that hard, wageless service! Was he never to have the common pleasures of other men, — never even the poor satisfaction of that other's face? He whom she *loved* never to have his own will? Nay, then, he should have it! She whom he slighted would be kinder to him than that hard master who repaid his faithfulness with sorrows. She would go herself, search for that other until she found her; and that other, willing or unwilling, should be his. Though it were her own death, she would bestow his heart's desire upon her love.

Why else did the blood of kings run in her veins, but that she should give gifts royally?

The Lady went to say "good-by" to the Musician, and it saddened him. He felt so much alone now in the loft, and he had come to love this strange, fair Lady as his friend.

He said, "Whither go you?"

She pointed out of the window.

"Then, when I look out of my window, I will think of you and wish you home again. Maybe, some day, one of my birds may find you."

"May it be so." And when his head was turned she bent quickly down and laid her lips upon the organ's keys, where his hand must fall, and left him.

The Lady covered her bright beauty as well as might be with sad-colored garments. And except that she took certain jewels with her, she left all her wealth behind. First, she crossed the barrier and made her way into the Kennel, which had strange sights and sounds for one, kinswoman to the king. And when she made inquiry there, they mocked her.

"Had this one seen the Girl?"

"Yes, but an hour ago."

"Had that one seen her?"

"Why, such an one had died during the last plague time."

Her brain had been turned, but that at morning and at evening the golden birds of melody had come from the organ loft, speeding toward the City wall. The Kennel would have missed the golden birds, Kennel though it was.

One day, she chanced upon a narrow lane, and following it, it brought her to a small postern in the wall, where sat an old man counting money in a bag. Him she questioned.

"Where does this door open out?"

"Into the Pleasure Garden."

"What Pleasure Garden? How can there be a Pleasure Garden here?"

"It was made for such as you," he

said. "It would go ill with us without our Pleasure Garden."

"Who go there?"

"They who can pay the price. Can you?"

"Have any passed in of late?"

"They pass in — they who can pay the price — day and night."

"Saw you such an one, a woman, very beautiful, with bare white arms and feet, and lips and eyes the fairest ever opened in the City?"

"The fairest ever go this way. How may old, dull eyes like mine tell one fair woman from another? You are fair, yourself."

"Quicken your sight with this," drawing a jewel from her bosom.

The old man laughed. "My eyes could find beauty in a hag for such a bribe. I do remember such a woman passed, so many days ago."

"Then I will pass."

"But can you pay the price?"

"Have I not paid it? Is not such a jewel enough?"

"Not for such as have more jewels. Have you more?"

And not until the old man had gotten from her all her jewels would he let her pass through the postern of the wall.

That was a wild place. The pleasures there were very strange. The paths were labyrinths which led into other labyrinths. There was no night there and no day, yet light and darkness. The earth brought forth no natural, wholesome herbage, and nourished no fair, kindly beasts. And yet there were both flowers and fruit and birds and beasts and fishes in the garden, but none might tell the one distinctly from the other. There were palaces there, and bowers and fountains, and gold and gems, and beauty of mankind and womankind. Some feasted, and some laughed, and some told others that they loved them; and beside all these were others learned in strange, deep knowledge. There was in the garden some

semblance of all things that are in the world — save three — and a thousand curious things that are not. And the three things that the garden lacked were these: music and little children and happiness. None there would answer any question that she put. There was no mocking of the Kennel like the silent mocking of the Pleasure Garden. The Kennel with its filth and noise was rest compared with the Pleasure Garden. So she questioned and searched and toiled, and all she did came to nothing, until, at last, she fell, too weary to seek to rise, and waited for the end.

The Musician, with his hands resting upon the organ keys, made a prayer, "For her sake let life go out of me into the organ, that it may sound even where she is." In the night the Musician's sight went from his eyes. And a bird flew out into the morning light, flew on and on, out of the City, even to the Pleasure Garden, and passed over the head of one who lay there, to whom its master never thought of sending it. But when she heard the faint, sweet sound and saw the golden gleam, she knew it meant deliverance. She sprang to her feet, she followed it, she ran, she stumbled, she endured pain unspeakable, but she kept the bird in sight, and when it vanished she was free. The solid earth was under foot, the sky was overhead. It was a Desert place, but she had won clear of the hateful Pleasure Garden.

She journeyed in the Desert. And they who pass the Pleasure Garden and cross the Desert are very weary. There was an angel who had his dwelling thereabouts, and he sheltered her, albeit he is a stern angel. When her weariness had passed somewhat, he led her forth and brought her by ways unknown to a low hill, at whose foot lay a black pit. The angel said to her, "What do you see?"

"I see the black mouth of a pit, fearful and very wide."

"What more?"

"I see a narrow plank that spans it."

"What more?"

"Nothing."

And at times he asked, "Do you see anything besides the pit and the bridge?"

Then once, as she looked out, she saw a figure at the foot of the hill, moving toward the bridge, as if to cross.

"I see a woman!" she cried out.

"Yes," said the angel, "it is the woman you have sought so long."

With that she trembled and made haste and fell, and hastened on again, and so came herself to where the bridge began. The angel was close behind her, and the other woman had begun the crossing. Just as she reached the narrow plank the angel bade her look once more. As she looked she saw the frail thing bend beneath the other's weight and knew, should she set foot upon it, both would fall into the unknown depth. And it was for this she had left all behind, had battled through the Kennel, the Pleasure Garden, the Desert. The other was within reach and she might never reach her. It was all in vain, her labor, her love, her sacrifice.

The stern angel said, "Sit down and watch her."

"Shall I never find her, then?"

"Truly, I do not know."

"Why did I never come upon her in the Pleasure Garden?"

"Because she was not there."

"But I had word of it from the old man at the postern."

"He lied; it is his business. Would you have given him your jewels otherwise?"

"How came she then in the Desert?"

"Many paths lead from the City to the Desert. There is one so hard none tries it of his own free will. One loved her and drove her thereto. Now do not speak. Sit down and watch."

The other woman toiled on. Her steps were so slow that it seemed each one would be her last. When midway, she stopped and swayed and struck out with her arms. The end had come. She on the brink felt death at her own heart.

Then, suddenly, there came a faint, sweet sound, a gleam overhead that passed swiftly as an arrow and settled down just before the swaying creature on the bridge. Her outstretched hands touched the bright thing, which used its strong, wide wings with steady strokes, and, led by it so, she won her way over, and, safe, passed out of sight upon the other side.

That same day, the Musician, playing upon his instrument, had made this further prayer, "If need be, let my very life flow into the organ, for her sake." And, suddenly, one stood behind him. And the Musician felt his head grow very heavy, and it sank upon broad shoulders. And he felt his arms grow powerless until two strong hands supported them, and then — the great organ was hushed, but with its last note a strong, bright bird flew swiftly out of the loft's window, out over the City, over the Pleasure Garden, across the Desert, until it found her whom it sought upon the bridge, while Death bore from his long-time prison the blind Musician.

At a day's close, two women made their way wearily up to the House. Meeting within the doors, they looked into each other's eyes. One was of princely blood and one beggar-born, but each recognized the other as of the high kinship of the Desert, and so they loved, and went into the House hand in hand, and sat themselves down together. It was very silent in the House, — but in the women's hearts there was that music which is memory.

Thus it was with those three buds in their flowering.

Caroline Franklin Brown.

OUR RIGHTS IN CHINA.

THE rights of an American citizen in China are very different from those which he enjoys in most foreign countries. They are derived from our treaties with China, and indirectly from treaties between other countries and China by virtue of the most favored nation clause in our own treaties, from imperial edicts, from international law, and, finally, from laws enacted by Congress in pursuance of our treaties with China. The most important of these rights are the right to lease land and reside at certain places which have come to be called "treaty" or "open" ports, although many of them are inland; the right of extritoriality; the right to travel, under passport, throughout the country for business or pleasure; the right to navigate the inland waters; the right to import goods upon the payment of a duty prescribed by treaty; the right to trade with the Chinese people and employ them in any service; the right to build and operate manufactories at the treaty ports, including the right to import machinery; and the right to propagate Christianity. While the merchant is not permitted to lease land and reside inland, the right of missionaries to do so is now well established. This remarkable anomaly is due to the fact that a French missionary, who was employed as an interpreter, surreptitiously introduced into the Chinese text of the supplementary treaty of 1860 between France and China the following clause, "It is, in addition, permitted to French missionaries to rent and purchase land in all the provinces and to erect buildings thereon at pleasure." This clause was not discovered by the Chinese government until it was too late to disavow it without losing face. The French missionaries promptly acted upon the right thus secured, and the English and

American missionaries did not hesitate to claim the same right under the most favored nation clause. Subsequently the Chinese government, under pressure from the powers, formally acknowledged the right of missionaries of all nationalities to reside inland for the purpose of propagating Christianity.

The right of extritoriality exempts the foreigner from the jurisdiction of the Chinese courts. One of our citizens in China can be prosecuted only in the United States consular court of the district. On the other hand, if he wishes to prosecute an Englishman, either civilly or criminally, he must institute proceedings in the English court. Chinamen within the foreign settlements are prosecuted by foreigners in a mixed court presided over by a mandarin, who has a foreign associate as an adviser.

At most of the important treaty ports, the foreigners reside in what is termed a foreign settlement. At Shanghai, for example, a tract of a few square miles just outside the walls of the native city is set apart for the residence and control of the foreigners of all nationalities. Within this tract the foreigner may lease land from the native owners; build his residences, offices, warehouses, factories, and wharves; establish roads, parks, and recreation grounds; do business with the native merchants, and live free of any control by the Chinese government. Contrary to the original design, the natives have come into the settlement, until now there are over two hundred thousand of them who have voluntarily submitted themselves to the jurisdiction of the municipal government. The foreign city of Shanghai is divided into the French, English, and American settlements, or concessions. The French maintain a separate municipal organization, which is not very successful. Most French-

men at Shanghai live and do business in the English settlement. The English and American settlements are under one municipal organization. The American settlement, or concession, is so called simply because the first settlers in that part of the foreign city happened to be Americans. It has no separate legal existence, and our government has never claimed any special jurisdiction over it. The American consulate is in the English settlement, which, in a legal sense, is no more English than American. The government of the settlement is vested in the consular representatives of the foreign powers, in a municipal council elected by the land renters, and in the land renters assembled in town meeting. The ultimate executive and judicial authority is in the foreign consuls. The municipal council is an administrative board, and has charge of the police, roads, parks, and waterworks. It collects the municipal taxes, and is the trustee of the municipal property. The legislature of the little republic is the annual town meeting of the land renters. It votes the annual tax levy and passes ordinances. In the scope of its authority and the character of its procedure, it is remarkably like the town meeting of our New England states. The municipality has a constitution, or charter, prosaically called Land Regulations. This charter derives its authority from the joint sanction of the Chinese government and the foreign powers. It is obvious that Shanghai is not an ordinary colony. It is not governed from Washington, London, or Berlin. It falls little short of being an independent constitutional republic, and constitutes a capital illustration of the inherited capacity of our race for local self-government. Although the government owes its character to the early English and American settlers, it is thoroughly cosmopolitan. Every foreign land renter has a vote in the town meeting and is eligible to municipal office.

At most of the important treaty ports there is a municipal government resembling that at Shanghai. These cosmopolitan, self-governing communities constitute a serious obstacle to any thoroughgoing partition of China. They have an international status which cannot well be changed without the joint consent of the powers. Germany may claim Shantung as her sphere of influence, but she would hesitate long before attempting to exercise jurisdiction over the American and English residents of Chefoo. England claims the Yangtze valley as her sphere of influence, but any attempt on her part to exercise jurisdiction over the large Russian population at Hankow would mean war. The existence of these little commonwealths where the great bulk of the foreign trade is carried on, and where immense sums of money have been permanently invested, is the best guarantee we have that there will be no actual partition of the empire. The great centres of foreign trade in China are fixed, and they are fixed at places over which all the Western powers exercise a joint jurisdiction, and in which trade is conducted on terms of perfect equality. This immutable fact is a better insurance against discriminating duties than any possible paper guarantee. Spheres of influence may be claimed and ports leased, but the great centres of foreign trade will remain at Shanghai, Canton, Hankow, and Tientsin.

The commercial and property rights of our citizens at the treaty ports have not been very seriously threatened by the recently acquired spheres of influence and leaseholds, but they are so important in themselves and in their vital relation to the larger problem of the future political integrity of China that Secretary Hay was wise in seeking to safeguard them by specific assurances.

The following is the general declaration of policy to which our government, in what has come to be known as the

Open Door Correspondence, sought the assent of all the powers interested in China : —

“First, that it will in no wise interfere with any treaty port or any vested interest within any so-called ‘sphere of interest’ or leased territory it may have in China.

“Second, that the Chinese treaty tariff of the time being shall apply to all merchandise landed or shipped to all such ports as are within such sphere of interest (unless they be free ports), no matter to what nationality it may belong, and that duties so leviable shall be collected by the Chinese government.

“Third, that it will levy no higher harbor dues on vessels of another nationality frequenting any port in such sphere than shall be levied on vessels of its own nationality, and no higher railroad charges over lines built, controlled, or operated within its sphere on merchandise belonging to citizens or subjects of other nationalities transported through such sphere, than shall be levied on similar merchandise belonging to its own nation transported over equal distances.”

Great Britain, Italy, and Japan gave their unqualified assent to this declaration. The replies of France, Germany, and Russia are given below in full. It will appear that while the replies of France and Germany are satisfactory, that of Russia is vague and evasive. All the assurances were made conditional upon the assent of the other powers. However unsatisfactory the Russian reply may be, it was regarded by our government as a substantial assent, and sufficient to make the assurances of the other powers operative.

REPLY OF FRANCE.

[Translation.]

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

MY DEAR AMBASSADOR, — I find your note awaiting me on my return. The declarations which I made in the *Cham-*
VOL. LXXXVI. — NO. 514.

ber on the 24th of November last, and which I have had occasion to recall to you since then, show clearly the sentiments of the government of the Republic. It desires throughout the whole of China, and, with the quite natural reservation that all the powers interested give an assurance of their willingness to act likewise, is ready to apply in the territories which are leased to it, equal treatment to the citizens and subjects of all nations, especially in the matter of customs duties and navigation dues, as well as transportation tariffs on railways.

I beg you, my dear ambassador, to accept, etc. DELCASSÉ.

REPLY OF GERMANY.

[Translation.]

FOREIGN OFFICE.

BERLIN, *February* 19, 1900.

MR. AMBASSADOR, — Your Excellency informed me, in a memorandum presented on the 24th of last month, that the government of the United States of America had received satisfactory written replies from all the powers to which an inquiry had been addressed similar to that contained in your Excellency's note of September 26 last, in regard to the policy of the open door in China. While referring to this, your Excellency thereupon expressed the wish that the imperial government would now also give its answer in writing.

Gladly complying with this wish, I have the honor to inform your Excellency, repeating the statements already made verbally, as follows : As recognized by the government of the United States of America, according to your Excellency's note referred to above, the imperial government has from the beginning not only asserted, but also practically carried out to the fullest extent in its Chinese possessions absolute equality of treatment of all nations with regard to trade, navigation, and commerce. The imperial

government entertains no thought of departing in the future from this principle, which at once excludes any prejudicial or disadvantageous commercial treatment of the citizens of the United States of America, so long as it is not forced to do so, on account of considerations of reciprocity, by a divergence from it by other governments. If, therefore, the other powers interested in the industrial development of the Chinese Empire are willing to recognize the same principles, this can only be desired by the imperial government, which in this case upon being requested will gladly be ready to participate with the United States of America and the other powers in an agreement made upon these lines, by which the same rights are reciprocally secured.

I avail myself, etc. BÜLOW.

REPLY OF RUSSIA.

[Translation.]

MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

December 18-30, 1899.

MR. AMBASSADOR, — I had the honor to receive your Excellency's note dated the 8th-20th of September last, relating to the principles which the government of the United States would like to see adopted in commercial matters by the powers which have interests in China.

In so far as the territory leased by China to Russia is concerned, the imperial government has already demonstrated its firm intention to follow the policy of the "open door" by creating Dalny (Ta-lien-wan) a free port; and if at some future time that port, although remaining free itself, should be separated by a customs limit from other portions of the territory in question, the customs duties would be levied, in the zone subject to the tariff, upon all foreign merchandise without distinction as to nationality.

As to the ports now opened or hereafter to be opened to foreign commerce by the Chinese government, and which

lie beyond the territory leased to Russia, the settlement of the question of customs duties belongs to China herself, and the imperial government has no intention whatever of claiming any privileges for its own subjects to the exclusion of other foreigners. It is to be understood, however, that this assurance of the imperial government is given upon condition that a similar declaration shall be made by other powers having interests in China.

With the conviction that this reply is such as to satisfy the inquiry made in the aforementioned note, the imperial government is happy to have complied with the wishes of the American government, especially as it attaches the highest value to anything that may strengthen and consolidate the traditional relations of friendship existing between the two countries.

I beg you to accept, etc.

COUNT MOURAVIEFF.

The primary object of our government in the recent correspondence was to conserve our existing treaty right of importation and trade. At the present time we have by treaty the right to import goods and trade upon terms of entire equality with every other nation. While the right of importation and trade is limited to the treaty ports, our goods pass, through Chinese agencies, to every part of the country. No nation has any peculiar trade privileges or immunities. The tariff on imports is fixed, not by legislative enactment or royal edict as in Western lands, but by treaty, and the treaties which China has entered into with the several powers establish uniform rates. On practically all the dutiable goods the rate is five per cent *ad valorem*. Inasmuch as this is fixed by treaties, the Chinese government cannot alter it at will, nor can it grant any special privileges, owing to the existence of the most favored nation clause in all the treaties. It is apparent, therefore, that our trad-

ing privileges in China do not resemble those which we enjoy in other countries. They are in the nature of vested rights, which cannot be abrogated or impaired at the will of China so long as she exercises sovereignty over her present territory. China is not a full sovereign state. The treaties which were forced upon her by war materially limit her sovereignty and make her, in a very real sense, the ward of the Western powers. The rights of the powers in China are by treaty joint and equal, and hence any assertion of exclusive rights may be opposed by the other powers as a matter of strict right. Conceding that China might defeat these treaty rights directly by voluntarily ceding portions of her territory, can she do so indirectly by leases for long terms of years, while retaining the ultimate sovereignty? Are our treaties with China operative within the territories recently leased to England, Germany, France, and Russia? These were the grave questions which our government was anxious to have definitely settled, and so far as our commercial rights are concerned, the outcome of the recent correspondence is all that could be desired. It is to be observed, however, that the political and property rights of our citizens residing in the leased territories remain unsettled.

It was feared by our government that Russia, Germany, and France might, in the future, impose discriminating duties on our goods at the ports recently leased to them by China. It was to guard against this contingency that Secretary Hay asked for more specific declarations of policy than the vague diplomatic assurances which had already been given voluntarily. It is no detraction from the merit of Secretary Hay's achievement to point out that the powers had already disavowed an illiberal policy within their leaseholds, and that our commercial rights have not been greatly enlarged. The readiness with which the assurances were given is evidence that the powers

have yielded nothing they wished to retain or thought they had a right to retain. The strongest considerations of expediency impelled the powers acquiring leaseholds to adopt a liberal policy therein. It would be commercially suicidal to adopt an illiberal policy at Talien-wan and Kiao-chow so long as the neighboring ports of Newchwang and Chefoo are open to all on equal terms. Their recent assurances are in the nature of solemn promises to continue a preëxisting policy, and a recognition of our treaty rights. We may now rest assured that our treaty rights will not be destroyed or impaired by alienations of Chinese sovereignty under the guise of leases or spheres of influence. We have acted out of abundance of caution and wisely forestalled possible future complications. This, we may be sure, was the main object of Secretary Hay.

It was a brilliant stroke of diplomacy to seek an international guarantee of equal rights at a time when, owing to recent avowals of liberal intention, the powers could not well refuse without blazoning their insincerity. A possibly temporary policy of equal rights has been made permanent and placed under the highest sanction. The content of the agreement is far less important than the fact of its existence. For the first time the great powers have come together, and partly defined their relations to one another in China. This was a signal triumph for American diplomacy, and a happy augury for that future concert of action which is indispensable if the integrity of China is to be maintained and a war over its partition averted. Secretary Hay has not solved the Chinese problem, but he has rendered its solution far easier by securing from the powers a full acknowledgment that China ought not to be exploited to the exclusive advantage of any single power or combination of powers. In the negotiation of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, our Secretary of State showed himself a broad-minded

statesman. In the present correspondence he shows himself a clever diplomat as well.

There is danger that the scope and effect of the correspondence will be misunderstood, and wrongly regarded as a final solution of the Chinese problem. The real danger to American interests does not lie in the establishment of spheres of influence nor in the leasing of ports; it lies in the actual partition of China and the assumption of full sovereign rights by the partitioning powers. The recent action of our government was mainly precautionary and conservative. Excepting the assurances of equal railroad rates, and the establishment of Chinese custom houses in the leased territories, we have acquired nothing we might not have demanded as a matter of strict right under our treaties. We have received no assurances against the actual partition of China. We did not ask Russia for equality of trading privileges in the event of her acquiring the full sovereignty over Manchuria. Our government wisely refrained from taking the dangerous position that our treaty rights forbid the absolute alienation of Chinese sovereignty, or stand in the way of a thoroughgoing partition of the empire. No responsible statesman would urge us to take any such stand alone. We have not undertaken to guarantee the integrity of the Chinese Empire. That is a matter for international agreement.

The present anti-foreign outbreak is certain to mark a new era in our relations with China. We have necessarily joined the other powers in protecting foreign life. It was a call of humanity compelling us to ignore every consideration of political expediency. We could not limit our action to the direct defense of our own citizens. The peril was common to all foreigners, and could be effectively met only by joint action. When order is restored a conference of the powers will undoubtedly be called to determine the future international status of

China. Inasmuch as the United States, Great Britain, and Japan will have a controlling voice in the conference we may be sure that a partition of the empire will not be seriously considered. China must be strengthened and reformed under foreign direction and control so that she may discharge her international obligations and no longer be a menace to the peace of the world by reason of her weakness. We must be insured against a recurrence of present conditions, and a mere money indemnity would be inadequate. An exasperating experience of more than half a century has proved conclusively that any promise of administrative reform made by the government at Peking will be nullified by the obstruction of the local officials from whom there is no practical appeal for the foreigner. The requisite security for foreign life and enterprise in China can be attained only by means of drastic administrative reforms initiated from without. The government at Peking does not desire reforms, and its tenure is so insecure that it could not introduce them if it desired. The mandarins cannot be expected to destroy a system upon which they thrive; and the people at large are ignorant, indifferent, unpatriotic, and without any inherited capacity for concerted political action. The extreme decentralization of the political system has destroyed all national feeling.

The attitude of our government in any conference that may be called is foreshadowed by the Open Door Correspondence. The general policy of the administration was admirably expressed in the note of Ambassador Choate to Lord Salisbury: —

“It is the sincere desire of my government that the interests of its citizens may not be prejudiced through exclusive treatment by any of the controlling powers within their respective spheres of interest in China, and it hopes to retain there an open market for all the world's commerce, remove dangerous sources of in-

ternational irritation, and thereby hasten united action of the powers at Peking to promote administrative reforms, so greatly needed for strengthening the imperial government and maintaining the integrity of China, in which it believes the whole Western world is alike concerned."

Here is the key to the whole situation. The fundamental need of China is administrative reform; and this can be accomplished only under foreign compulsion and supervision. Without it the political integrity of China cannot be maintained, nor can foreign trade largely increase. The difficulty lies in determining the extent and mode of such foreign control. For many years the customs service has been managed by foreigners with the cordial approval of the Chinese government. Recently the postal service was voluntarily placed under the same management. Here is a precedent which might well be followed by the powers in compelling China to place her military and internal revenue systems under the general management of foreigners. The army must be reorganized so that it may be an effective police force for the protection of foreign life and property. The internal revenue system must be reorganized in order to free foreign trade from unlawful exactions. The powers will be inclined to demand these reforms unconditionally. To the mind of the present writer, it would be far wiser to se-

cure the consent of the Chinese government by offering adequate compensation in the form of an international guarantee, for a term of years, of the neutrality of Chinese territory. This would save the face of the Chinese government, and secure its consent and coöperation. It would do far more. It would preserve the balance of power in the Far East, avert war, and open up China to the vivifying influences of Western civilization without violating the integrity of her territory or destroying the ancient fabric of her civilization.

The United States is admirably qualified to take the lead in such a movement. We are on friendly terms with all the powers concerned, and the disinterestedness of our motives would be universally conceded. The present administration has won the approval of the American people, the gratitude of the Chinese government, and the respect of the European powers, by its bold championship of equal commercial rights in China. We have assumed a leadership in the solution of the Chinese problem which it is fitting we should not willingly resign without a final success. The note of Ambassador Choate quoted above shows that our government is already committed to the policy of joint action. It would be exceedingly gratifying if such action should be agreed upon in a congress of the powers sitting at Washington.

Mark B. Dunnell.

SOME RADICALS AS STATESMEN: CHASE, SUMNER, ADAMS, AND STEVENS.

ROBERT WALPOLE'S oft-quoted remark, "Anything but history, for history must be false," would not have been regarded as either cynical or jocose if he had added that historians largely rely upon biographers, who are rarely impartial. The old style of biography was to

be indiscriminating, — to praise as if the subject had been a faultless hero throughout his life, making no reference to his shortcomings, or to criticise him as an unusually successful villain. This sort of writing can influence only immature minds; it rarely appeals to thoughtful

readers, because it fails to make real the incidents and the characters it describes. The pioneers of the new school of biography began to appear many years ago, but the earlier methods and ideas are often met with. "If you see so much to criticise in your subject," a writer of the new school was asked, "why have you spent so much time in studying and writing about him?" His answer was, "I studied his career because it interested me, and I wished to speak with some authority if I discovered anything new."

Biography of the highest order has two general characteristics: it conveys correct impressions, and attains the rank of literature. Schopenhauer was writing less like himself than like Emerson when he said, that the way to appreciate men of genius is to attend to the qualities in which they excel; that genius should be estimated by the height to which it is able to soar when the circumstances are most favorable. And one of Seward's many wise observations was, that the faults of great men drop out in history. If either opinion meant that only what was best or most attractive should be mentioned, it was not sound; but both were right if the idea was that real greatness is not to be understood or qualified by incidental failings. The biographer, at least, must not keep back from the reader anything that would help to make the picture lifelike; yet if he should tell everything he would certainly shock some persons, bore others, and mislead all. To put as much stress upon the private lives of Franklin, Webster, and Clay as upon their public services would probably cause every third person to strike these names from his list of national heroes. So the accurate biographer must imagine the thoughts of his reader almost as much as he must study the acts of his subject. And in many respects, it is as difficult to write good biography as it is to write good history.

The style, method, and purpose of political biography in the United States have

been greatly improved by the American Statesmen Series. It must be confessed that a few of these volumes are commonplace; a few others show neither research nor knowledge of men and public life; but fully three fourths of the twenty-nine studies are excellent in scholarship and composition; and several of them, such as Mr. Morse's Lincoln and John Quincy Adams, and Mr. Schurz's Clay, prove that biography can be brought up to the level of pure literature, and can be made as interesting as any literature. But the purpose of these few pages is not to describe the series, but only to comment on the four volumes that bring it to an end.

The task of writing a satisfactory narrative of Chase's varied and important public life would have been difficult under the most favorable circumstances. To make it complete, scholarly, and attractive, and yet short enough to fit into the procrustean measure of this series, was a problem that only a very few persons could have solved. Warden and Schuckers lack almost everything except historical material and ink and paper. The way they left the field reminds one of the backwoods of New England; here and there a half-cultivated patch, studied with great boulders and stumps, and the remainder part swamp and part hill-side covered with scraps of forest. The prospect must have been rather discouraging even to an enthusiast for work.

There were four distinct periods in Chase's political life. The first comprised the years from 1828 to 1848, when his interest in public affairs was shown by his activity in writing anti-slavery addresses and resolutions, encouraging anti-slavery efforts of nearly all kinds. He was heroic in his generous championship of fugitive slaves, and came to be known as their "attorney general." His ringing appeals for independence from the narrow and selfish aims of existing parties influenced thousands of Democrats to revolt from the leadership of such

men as the time-serving Cass and the scheming, energetic Douglas. By rare good fortune he became the intellectual leader of the Free-Soil party, and was chosen United States Senator. Professor Hart's account of Chase's influence in hastening the development of the anti-slavery movement in Ohio, and what was then regarded as the West, is fresh and interesting; Chase was the best exponent of a great uprising which as a rule used political methods wisely.

The second period covers the years from 1849 to March, 1861. During most of this time Chase was United States Senator or governor of Ohio. As Senator he was peculiarly excellent. He was more than a man of principles and courage and independence, for his principles were thoroughly statesmanlike, his courage was well directed, and his independence was not due to selfish motives. Doubtless on account of lack of space, Professor Hart has not given an adequate account of Chase's great services in undermining the Democratic party after the introduction of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. But the author's characterization of Douglas displays insight and a critical faculty of a high order. With the formation and growth of the Republican party, the belief steadily grew in Chase's mind that he must reach the White House.

Chase's theories and acts in the field of national finance are now for the first time explained in so clear and popular a manner as to make them thoroughly intelligible. And although some serious mistakes are frankly admitted, his right to be regarded as a financier of the first order is satisfactorily demonstrated. It is therefore time to give him a place in history determined by his positive services, rather than by his inordinate but not fundamental weaknesses. His ambition thwarted itself, and he has had rather more than his share of critics.

Chase as Chief Justice is not admirable. The main influences that led Lin-

coln to appoint Chase were undoubtedly a desire to treat him magnanimously while removing him from politics, and to put in Taney's seat a man that was the antithesis of Taney, whom Republicans hated so bitterly that the hatred is transmitted from generation to generation. It was one of Lincoln's few great mistakes to overlook such lawyers as Trumbull, Evarts, and Fessenden, not to mention a score of others. Chase lacked the mind, the temperament, and the training for the position; and not even Professor Hart can convince us of the contrary. To suggest that the appointments of Marshall and Taney from political life warranted the selection of Chase is sophistical. One might as well attempt to defend the appointment of politicians to high military commands because a few of the political generals of the civil war became excellent soldiers. However, the careful exposition the author has made of Chase's leading decisions is sure to increase his reputation as a justice. The candor with which the author tells us how Chase continued to dream of reaching the White House is commendable, but it creates a feeling of pity for the unwise Chief Justice. Yet we ought not to be surprised, as Senator Chase had the amazing egotism to say, "I should like to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and overrule all the pro-slavery decisions; I should like to be President of the United States and reverse the policy of the administration as Jefferson reversed it."

For a man of wide political experience Chase was strangely lacking in *savoir-faire*. His petty weaknesses and consuming ambition, which did not affect the perfect rectitude of his life, seriously injured him in the opinion of both contemporaries and scholars. Professor Hart has told us practically everything of importance about Chase; and — what is the biographer's most difficult task — he has stated the facts and arranged his proportions so as to give due weight to the really important acts. We cannot quite

reverence Chase nor regard him as a great political leader, but he had real nobility of character, and his life is intensely interesting because he was so very human.

No public man whose career is reviewed in this series has been less written about than Charles Francis Adams. His acts attracted very little attention except between 1860 and 1868. He was conspicuous for only a few months at other times. Many persons must have been surprised when it was announced that he was to have a place among the American Statesmen, and that his career was to be described by his son and namesake, in complete disregard of the axiom that there should be no kinship between the subject and the biographer. But fears were all in vain. The present biographer writes with a freedom and good-natured independence such as hardly any one else would have been likely to feel. Already a reviewer of the book has charged him with not doing his father full justice. The charge is not quite groundless, for Mr. Adams seems to regard it as useless, or worse, to fill his space with praise. He knows how to marshal the facts with dramatic force, and leave nearly all else to the judgment of the reader. Especially after 1860 the narrative is much like a series of historical essays, with only a thread of biography. And on all questions between the United States and Great Britain during the civil war, it is by far the best short study that has yet been made. The book has a special charm, because the author is able to see and to appreciate all that his father understood, and to view the whole field as no one could do when the events were taking place. His style is unstudied; it is more like the talk of a thoughtful scholar, with a keen sense of humor. It both fascinates us and inspires entire confidence.

In the winter of 1860-61 Adams believed with Weed and Seward that the recent Republican victory meant the permanent overthrow of the influence of

slavery in national politics; that as the Republicans had not then the power to resist secession by force, it would be better to offer such concessions as would indicate that they had no unconstitutional purposes, and that therefore secession was unwarranted. When the Southern leaders rejected all concessions as inadequate, they put themselves in the wrong, weakened their influence over Southern conservatives, and made it clear to Northerners that the revolutionary movement must be resisted. To help bring about this conclusion was Adams's important service in the House of Representatives. As Minister, he went to England with the conviction that a war with Great Britain would soon lead to the recognition of the independence of the Confederacy by nearly all foreign powers. Adams's method was to gather careful information as to the assistance, direct or indirect, the Confederacy was receiving from Englishmen. He used his facts so effectively that he put the British government on the defensive. Neither Palmerston nor Russell was a match for him in a diplomatic argument. He was always straightforward, sincere, and well prepared. He used none of the artifices of the sly diplomatist, and had no fear of them. As has been aptly said, Adams was a strange combination of ice and fire. When Russell was cold, Adams could be a little colder; and when Palmerston was hot, or for political effect pretended to be, Adams could show indignation of decidedly higher temperature. At another time, when the signs indicated that the Confederate ironclad rams were to be allowed to go forth from England, and that peaceful relations must cease, Adams sent Russell that impressive warning, "It would be superfluous in me to point out to your lordship that this is war;" but he was too discreet to throw down the cards, or in any way make matters worse. His courage and perfect self-control enabled him to get past this difficulty as he did others.

And one of his greatest successes was in eliminating from the regular Alabama claims those that were called the "indirect claims." No man of the time was Adams's superior in personal dignity, self-possession, sound judgment, and ability to make the most out of circumstances without running any great risks. He had no marked weaknesses; he made few mistakes; he grew with the dangers; he was a thorough success.

Charles Sumner was an idealist and a politico-moral revolutionist. He acted with enthusiasm and intense feeling, and was the representative of the anti-slavery extremists. In regard to all the phases of the question of slavery, he was as unyielding as cast iron. He entered the United States Senate as an exponent of the protest against Webster's ideas of compromise in 1850, and representing the hatred Northern reformers felt against slavery in all its manifestations. He was determined to give expression and emphasis to their conviction that it was not only wrong, but was so demoralizing also that slaveholders had no right to claim high respectability; he meant to put them under a ban. He thought of other subjects, and gave some of them his serious attention; but he considered it to be his mission in life to undermine slavery. After the civil war began, of course his purpose changed; then the problem was how to destroy slavery in the shortest possible time, and to free the negro from all danger of subjection to the white man.

Few persons conscious of their political power have been less selfishly ambitious than Sumner. Although egotistical, vain, and overbearing, he never sought control and glory chiefly for his own advancement. To him public life was not a personal affair. If there ever was a brutal, cowardly act, it was Brooks's assault. It made Sumner an invalid for years, and permanently injured his health; yet the victim bore the bully no grudge. In the days of Reconstruction many Republicans, notably Stevens, in-

sisted that the Confederate leaders must pay a bloody penalty. If not practicable to deprive them of their heads, they must at least be impoverished and disfranchised. But whatever extremes Sumner advocated were not for purposes of revenge or punishment, but strictly for what he supposed to be the welfare of the negro. Perhaps he was exhibiting his idealism quite as much as his statesmanship when he advocated so soon after the war the removal from battle flags of the names of victories won over fellow citizens. Whatever we may think of his judgment, there can be but one opinion as to the magnanimity of his character. He never saw a wrong that he dared not attack, and never deceived himself with that most demoralizing question, "What is the use?" He was preëminently a man of principles and strong personality.

Sumner also possessed some of the best attributes of statesmanship; he was a great student, and always commanded a vast fund of information. By far his best work was done as chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs. His influence and his argument regarding the Trent incident were excellent. But he was in many respects very much of an agitator and a zealot; his imagination often conjured up horrible images; he was impatient to lead an attack. Mr. Storey's biography is too subdued to give the reader the impression which Sumner made upon persons who knew him. It chills enthusiasm to represent Sumner as a wise, sober-minded statesman. Even Mr. Pierce, on whose great work this volume is based, only incidentally shows the ardor and intensity of Sumner's nature, which often blinded his judgment, and made him wholly unconscious of the significance of the words he was uttering.

Thaddeus Stevens was in character and temperament unlike Adams, Chase, or Sumner. They were primarily philanthropists and reformers, and, in differ-

ent degrees, men of sentiment. While Stevens did many generous and philanthropic acts, his course was the result of careful, logical thought, often radical and daring, yet still a product of the mind rather than of the heart. In fact, the reason he could see so clearly was that no sentiment came in to obstruct the view. Chase and Adams were cultured, polite, and considerate; but Stevens was often harsh, intolerant, cynical, and even brutal in his severity. The twist of his club foot seemed to be a true expression of his nature. He was a gnarled oak. It would not be easy to find three men with less humor or wit than Adams, Chase, and Sumner. None of their contemporaries possessed quite so much wit or used it with such effect as Stevens; at times he employed it roughly, almost fiercely. To a person still living he said, shortly after the attempt to assassinate Seward, "Why, it won't kill him; you might cut out his heart and he would still survive; but if you deprived him of offices, that would be fatal!" It was only in jest, but it was typical of his lack of fine feeling and sympathy. Although born and educated in New England, and never a resident of the West, he belonged in the class with Ben. Wade, Oliver P. Morton, and Zach. Chandler. They were all virile, daring, and aggressive rather than refined or brilliant.

These facts have very little to do with a proper estimation of the value of Stevens's services to his country; they were hardly more than the clothes he wore. His public life commenced over thirty years before the civil war, but he was near the line of threescore and ten years when he began to play a leading rôle. An opponent of Jackson, a political anti-mason, a Whig, and then a Republican, he had always been anti-slavery, and usually a member of the opposition; yet his manner and his ideas suggest the politician much more than the reformer: he was extreme and fearless, but he never lost sight of what was practical, — a rad-

ical, yet also a partisan. When the Republicans came into power, March 4, 1861, there was never more need of men with clear vision and a capacity to shape and push through policies that would grow in scope as fast as the dangers they were designed to overcome. In this respect, at least, Stevens met the first demand of the time. From July, 1861, until his death in 1868, he was the leader of the Republicans in the House of Representatives. He fully realized the seriousness of the conflict with the Confederacy, and constantly insisted that nothing less than promptness, energy, and a determination to succeed would make success possible. The slaveholders were trying to destroy the Union to save slavery; so Stevens, almost from the first, was in favor of destroying slavery to save the Union. The Southern states had broken the Constitution in the attempt to gain their independence; so Stevens would play their own game and wage war against them regardless of the Constitution until they were conquered. He always stood ready to give the Federal government all the resources it could use; he was dictatorial in his management of affairs in the House, and had only scorn and contempt for those who wished to debate or to protest against measures he advocated. We may not like men of this type, but they are necessary in a really serious civil war.

Stevens's influence in reconstruction was much less beneficial if, perchance, it was beneficial at all. When the war ended he was in his seventy-fourth year; his health was shattered; he knew that but little time remained for him. Yet he was never more eager to lead nor more confident of the importance of his opinions. He was in favor of keeping the seceding states as conquered provinces until the leading secessionists should be punished by confiscating much of their property, and until there should be a change in social and political relations. And he was enough of a partisan to feel

that it was his duty to provide for the supremacy of the Republican party for a long time to come. So when the cotton states passed their "black codes," and Johnson undertook to restore the states to their old places and otherwise to disregard the wishes of Congress, Stevens favored giving suffrage to the negroes and impeaching the President. Stevens's satire and bad manners greatly embittered the conflict between Johnson and Congress, and without his resentful and angry leadership matters would not have gone to such extremes. His remark, that since Seward had entered into Johnson he had been running down steep places into the sea, was characteristic of his rasping wit.

Mr. McCall's style is clear, and he grows in power and self-confidence as he proceeds. He has collected many of Stevens's witticisms, which have historical importance, besides being very amusing. On the whole, however, he has taken Stevens too seriously. The man that ridiculed others so freely should have been treated less solemnly.

If any one had prophesied, early in the fifties, that within ten years Chase would be at the head of the nation's finances, and then a little later be Chief

Justice; that Charles Francis Adams, the Free-Soil candidate for the vice presidency, would have the most important office abroad; that Thaddeus Stevens, the favorite of Free-Soilers for the speakership in 1849, would rule the House of Representatives; and that Charles Sumner, the fiery and passionate orator, would be the most powerful Senator, — he would have been regarded as insane. But in time they came into power, and even the preservation of the Union was very largely dependent upon their ability to devise and carry out well-considered and far-reaching plans. Stevens died before the election of 1868; but before that of 1872 Chase, Sumner, and Adams had broken away from the Republican party, and had again become independent. Their careers illustrate how circumstances may change the radical into a statesman, and how the statesman may again seem to be resolved into the radical. These interesting volumes bring this important series to a conclusion. It would be still more interesting and important if it contained biographies of Stephen A. Douglas and of Jefferson Davis. Where Cass and Calhoun are admitted, it is not well to bar Douglas and Davis.

Frederic Bancroft.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WE all know the ancient saying, and most of us hold it to be true, that "old wines, old books, and old friends are best." But to this fair list would it not be well to add "old enemies" too? For, consider the importance, nay, the very necessity, of our enemies in the just economy of life! What would we do without our old enemies, whom we have been fighting all our lives? It is hard to conceive what life would be without them.

There are, for instance, my old enemies, the ascetics. If it were not for their unceasing opposition to all the joys of life, for me at least half the zest of my delight in the good things that are the direct gift of God or the fruit of man's ingenuity would be taken away. I love to pursue with my maledictions these cursers of gladness, from the Buddhists of Asia and the monks of mediæval Europe to the latter-day saints of America. Shall there be no more cakes

and ale, because these crazy zealots have interdicted pleasure in the name of the Lord? Sometimes they war against meat diet, sometimes against marriage. They have now a mystic reason for warning us against wine and all the beverages that uplift the heart, and now against dance and song. Here they plant their batteries against all forms of dramatic art, and there against luxury in dress. They scout tobacco, and they rage against monuments. Would you have them cease these madnesses altogether? Would you have no revilers of the arts, no sticklers for Sunday laws? What would there be left us then to laugh at? The sane would hardly be conscious of their sanity if all these forms of lunacy were removed from the world.

Then, there are my old enemies, the literalists. These are the men who comprehend no figure of speech. To them metaphor is fact and hyperbole is the quintessence of doctrine. See what they make of Holy Scripture, turning into incontrovertible dogmas every Oriental trope they come across! It is needless to specify. Every sect can see clearly enough where the other sects commit this logical fallacy.

To the literalists humor is as the schedule A in the array of specifications. Statistics can give no stronger warrant. *They* see into the heart of humor? No, indeed; they have an admirable knowledge of its rough rind, and can give you a scientific demonstration of its texture, color, protuberances; but of its inner richness they know as little as the unborn babe. Cervantes "laughed Spain's chivalry away," forsooth! Horace played the coward at Philippi, it seems, the witness being that playful reference of his to the *parmula non bene relicta*! What good to tell these dull fellows that no knight errant that ever lived excelled Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra in daring courage, self-sacrificing devotion to his comrades, heroic fortitude? What good to tell them that of all the Romans of

his time none could compare with Horatius Flaccus in loving admiration for the heroes of the olden days, none sang so divinely of men like Regulus, none so lamented the ruin of the republic?

Then, there are the enemies of literary art, the men who hold any form of knowledge, however dry and choky, to be superior to fiction. Unaware that a work of creative genius is the rarest of gems, they rank the droningest old compiler of facts above a Fielding or a Thackeray, and rebuke the sensible boy who is poring over *Ivanhoe* or *The Maid of Sker* instead of some third-rate pretense of a history. To these slaves of the treadmill, these devotees of the divinity that presides over public school ideals of education, a textbook is really a book, and all that Charles Lamb has written seems no doubt the mere syllabub of literature. James Payn once had a good laugh somewhere in print over these folk who love to "stodge themselves with information;" but his glee had no effect on the tribe of grovelers after fact and grubbers for statistics, since I find them growling savagely to-day at the numbers who are taking delight in Richard Carvel, *The Battle of the Strong*, and *To Have and To Hold*.

Close akin to these enemies of mine are those sciolists who would have art put on the garb of science, and utterly ignore the great truth that art is in its very nature selective.

I cannot relish these people, and must make war on them with pellets of the brain and gusts of Homeric laughter to the very verge of the grave.

Yet, as I have said, life would be but a dreary round of unappetizing pleasures without the stimulus afforded by the pricks and stabs of these enemies of mine. The ascetics, the literalists, the denouncers of fiction, the adorers of photographic minuteness in art, — all these have done, it is true, a vast deal of harm at critical periods of human development; but, on the whole, what a pre-

cious hoard of mirth has been gathered into literature at their expense! what a fund of exquisite amusement they afford at all times! how diverting their antics! Sidney and Shakespeare, Molière and Fielding, Sydney Smith and Erasmus (the clergy should go in pairs), Mark Twain and Oliver Wendell Holmes, to name a few among the cohorts of those whom I count on my side, have helped me to make sport of these Philistines; and if the sons of folly were rooted out altogether, where would be the game for such keen and blithesome hunters any more forever?

No, no, for Momus' sake, let us keep our old enemies.

GOING, one morning in early June, while the horse-chestnut and acacia blossoms were still making an outdoor fête in Paris, to the Louvre, to pass a consecrated hour or two with the pre-Raphaelite masterpieces on the walls, it was my unexpected fate to be started off in a train of thought entirely foreign to the occasion. The company of the pre-Raphaelites is usually the most soothing in the world. One loves these early Italian masters, not because they make one think, but because they make one feel. It was therefore not only surprising, but disappointing, on this brilliant spring morning, to have all my previous experience of their influence flatly reversed by a faded, partly defaced, and generally overlooked fresco by Botticelli, or by the pupils of Botticelli.

This fresco is not in the Salle des Primitifs, where the works of Sandro and of his school naturally belong. It hangs instead at the head of the great staircase known as the Escalier Daru, and it came, together with its companion piece on the opposite side of the landing, from the Villa Lemmi, near Florence. The subject is allegorical, being the presentation of the youth Lorenzo Albizzi to the Liberal Arts, who are personified, after the fashion of the period, by seven female figures.

Never was allegory conceived under a more delightfully natural and human aspect. Gazing at the group of lifelike and life-size figures, one is tempted to believe that they must have been revealed to the painter in a prophetic vision of the nineteenth century. The sedate, graceful, charming person placed on a raised dais to the right, as you face the picture, might be sitting for an idealized portrait of the dean of a modern female college. Her figure, as she bends earnestly but gently forward, is hidden under a scholar's gown, probably a doctor's, hooded and heavily trimmed with fur. On her head is a cap, an eminently scholarly cap, yet at the same time such an individual, appropriate, preëminently feminine one that it is in no wise marred by any suggestion of its having been borrowed from a wearer of another sex. It is of purest white, with a curtain falling lacewise about the throat and veiling it. And over the cap, around the crown of the head, is wound a heavy tress of plaited hair, which passes under and gracefully catches up and loops the long, veiling curtain. Nothing could ornament a woman's head more effectively than this lovely band of plaited hair. Its owner's right hand is raised in a gesture of exhortation, as of a lecturer who would enforce a point. Between the fingers of her left hand, which rests in her lap, is held what seems to be a slender branch of palm. At her knees and feet are grouped, three on either side, her feminine dons. They also are gowned in scholarly fashion, but they appear without caps, *en cheveux*, as the French say, with the exception of one, who by the Eastern burnous twisted around head and shoulders, as well as by the crab and wand in her hands, would seem to be the professor of astronomy. The youthful professor of music wears a delightfully dreamy inspired air, while the holder of the chair of mathematics is plainly not oblivious of the decorative value of elaborately

A Reaction-
ary Sugges-
tion.

woven locks. To this presence enters from the left of the picture the young Lorenzo, led by a grave-eyed but light-footed girl graduate.

It was the surprisingly modern note in this graceful composition of the Cinque Cento which irresistibly connected it with one of those disturbing contemporaneous questions that ought to lie comfortably dormant in the mind, in the serene presence of an old master. "Has the movement for the higher education and equal rights of women after all really improved the sex from an all-round point of view?" I futilely asked, and still sometimes ask myself, when I happen to look at my framed photograph of the fresco from the Villa Lemmi.

Sociologically — yes, no doubt. But with an appreciably increased number of reasonable beings and of competent workers, are there in the world to-day as many adorable wives and mothers and sweethearts? In lieu of the charm of the emotional, instinctive, intensely individual woman, it is not easy to accept mere reasonableness and usefulness. While women think as clearly as men, and act as promptly as men, side by side with men, who is left to appeal to the imagination, the chivalry of mankind? It is undeniably much to help, but it is assuredly still more to inspire. And therefore I now and again irrelevantly wonder if the female graduate is likely to furnish an ideal for the poetry and romance of the future, and if an artist will some day be inspired by a female college president to place on canvas a figure as charming as the pretty Dean of the Liberal Arts in the Louvre.

A PROMINENT Shakespearean lecturer has playfully described Shakespeare, recalled to earth, making a tour of our best theatres. He pictures the great dramatist as charmed with all the perfect stage appliances, delighted with our wonderful improvements, and viewing us with steadily increasing respect and admiration, —

Modern
Stage Set-
ting.

and then the curtain rises, and he listens to one of our modern pieces, first with curiosity, then in astonishment, and lastly with disgust, until he shudderingly withdraws, marveling that folks apparently so clever really possess no brains at all.

Berlioz asserts that dramatic art in the time of Shakespeare was more appreciated by the masses than it is in our day by those nations which lay most claim to possessing a feeling for it. Whether this be true or not, it is a fact that our complex modern civilization has failed to produce any great dramatic masterpieces. Its very complexity doubtless accounts for this. Passions, vices, virtues, tastes, and wants are more plainly expressed among primitive races: thence the strength and classic simplicity of the ancient drama. We of to-day, who cultivate our tastes, disguise our thoughts, and carefully conceal our wants, are more intent upon analyzing our emotions than expressing them. If, however, we cannot supply the conditions necessary to produce a great drama, we can at least proclaim our dissatisfaction with a mediocre one. We can refuse to lower our ideals, and our persistent demand for something great must sooner or later be rewarded by something better than that which we now possess.

The rude, irreverent Mysteries and Miracle Plays delighted our ancestors, whose training had not made them oversensitive to the incongruous, nor yet endowed them with delicate discrimination such as we boast of; though they were perhaps possessed of mightier imaginations by way of compensation. These crude performances were, as we know, gradually succeeded by more elaborate stage mechanism and display; and yet, witness the contrast between a stage performance in Shakespeare's time and our splendid representations of external nature! We have developed an extraordinary technical skill, but the decline of the drama may in a great measure be

attributed to this movement. The attention of the audience is now directed to the efforts of the painter rather than to the work of the dramatist, whose small creations are often almost lost amid the marvelous effects of light and shade on our gigantic stages.

It would be senseless to ignore the value of proper stage setting, of lighting and costume, and a genuine artistic background. Shakespeare, we may surmise, never lost sight of the importance of costume and stage effect. His methods called for an accurate mounting and costuming of every piece. He delighted in an artistic picture for the eyes to dwell upon, but he never lost sight of its relative importance. It was first to the ears of his audience that his drama was intended to appeal, and its elocutionary rendering was a weighty consideration. Indeed, the Elizabethans laid great stress upon the art of elocution. The audience of that age was trained to comprehend that which was "written with the voice," for they "read with the ear," instead of with the opera-glass. Actors to-day speak with their hands and feet, rather than with their voices, while the spectators listen with their eyes. There is so much to see, that what they hear is of small consequence.

Are we not doing our best to eliminate the intellectual activity of a supposedly intelligent audience, when we produce varied pictorial effects combined with manifold mechanical devices and term the heterogeneous result a drama?

Surely we must often question to-day whether the drama belongs to the stage mechanism or the stage mechanism to the drama. Let us take warning, lest our carefully executed detail fail of its mission. Better no detail at all than that it should obscure the vital subject by its prominence, and rival instead of help to reveal.

We are not only judged by the things we do, but also by the things we can do without; the latter are perhaps even

more characteristic of us. Can we do without a great drama, and content ourselves with stage appliances? What does our stage detail of to-day teach us of ourselves, and what will it tell to future generations? Will it tell of a people quite devoid of imagination, more troubled about minutiae than motive, — a people blinded by a multiplicity of lights, a band of realists who first shut out the sun, and then try patiently to reproduce it?

Truly it has been well said, "It is not so much the day of judgment that we need fear as the day of no judgment."

My friend, a prominent educator, conspicuously identified with institutions for the education of negroes, both at the North and the South, has made himself unpopular of late by his advocacy of white teachers for negroes under all circumstances, if possible, holding that certain marked characteristics of the race, — mental defects, mainly, which impede progress, are sure to be perpetuated by the negro teacher, no matter what his acquirements, — defects that might be lessened, and possibly eradicated by the white disciplinarian. Of far more interest to me than his theories, and his exhaustive support of the same, are his notebooks, particularly that one containing a collection of answers given by negro students when wrestling with examinations. Now I am sure that the Club will pardon my omitting classification, etc., if I but give them a few of those answers, adding only, that the owner of this notebook declares that they could only have been given by negroes, and that each one reveals to him the locality where the student was raised, and the school where the examination was held. "What was the religion of the Ancient Britons? A strange and terrible one: that of the Dudes. Where is the earth's climate the hottest? Next the Creator. What can you tell of Ben Jonson? He survived Shakespeare in some respects.

All of Which
Goes to
Prove —

What causes perspiration? The culinary glands. What is the spinal column? Bones running all over the body and very dangerous. What is the function of the gastric juice? To digest the stomach. For what is John Milton famous? Keeping bad angels out of heaven. Name some of the early Christian Fathers. Jerome, Oxigen, and Ambrosia. What is the form of water drops? Generally spherical, for reasons known only to the gracious Providence who makes them."

To his notebook of genuine negro dialect he could add the following, taken by shorthand, from the babblement of our black cook, when she came in from church one evening; we having given it to test his skill in locating negroes by their speech, particularly if they had had some educational advantages, as our Jinny was careful to have known of herself. "That precha's no 'count. Heze a pisturpol from the osturpol. He cawn't preach to me no moah. His prayin' was cheerin' 'nuff, but he preached pow'ful low. The tex'? Oh yes; 't was 'bout the bower and the weeper. The bower shall be destroyed with fiah — dem's the words — and the weeper shall come forth, and there shall be wah! wah! wah! ovah all the earth." We were charged to note that some words were correctly pronounced; those gave him his clue. Of course, the sermon she had heard was about the sower and the reaper, and her report was largely imaginary, or, what was more likely, her interpretation was a misconception of the meaning of words. Where did Jinny hail from? "From

the Southwest," was the prompt answer, "and she has been taught in a mission school by negroes." He was right, — puzzling as it was to understand how he knew. In compliance with his request that we send him additional specimens of Jinny's dialect, we were able to make but few contributions, owing to her setting forth again not long after on her wanderings to see the world. When reproved for idleness one day, she had retorted that she was no idolater. Flannels never flinched when she washed them, and she had been shocked upon learning that a woman of her acquaintance had become an interloper (had run away to get married). From Boston came the last we may ever hear from Jinny, — and very hard it was to decipher her queer hieroglyphics, — she was "gladdest of all that she could reed and rite and figer in her hed."

THE following is an exact copy, saving names, of a bill found For Dentistry, please. among the papers of a venerable friend.

"John Smith Esq.,

To Charles Robinson, Dr.

"May 26, 1826. To one piece of dental statuary, with six flukes and seven points, fitted nicely to the anterior, inferior processes of the Maxilla superior, and warranted three years (provided the dental Radices are capable of retaining the pivots) for twenty-one dollars."

Disputing that bill must have been out of the question. It recalls the story of somebody's silencing a termagant fishwife by calling her an isosceles triangle.